



A Christmas Prayer for Parents

By Principal McIntyre, L.L.D., Winnipeg Normal School

O BLESSED GOD, our Father and the Father of our Lord: we bow before Thee on this Christmas morn in thankful praise. We thank Thee for Thy Son who lived among us pure and spotless—undefiled—that we might know Thee in the Beauty of Thy Holiness, the Glory of Thy Majesty.

We thank Thee for Thy countless gifts of love and mercy—praise, good will; the glorious joy of living.

Especially do we praise Thee now, this children's day, for those Thou hast committed to our care—our flesh and blood—our children — whom we now do consecrate afresh to Thee.

May they, O Father, in their early days, commit their ways to Thee, that they may follow holiness and truth and love. So may they daily grow in purity of heart and kindness of speech. In sweet experience may they realize the blessedness of service. May they know the joy of doing good.

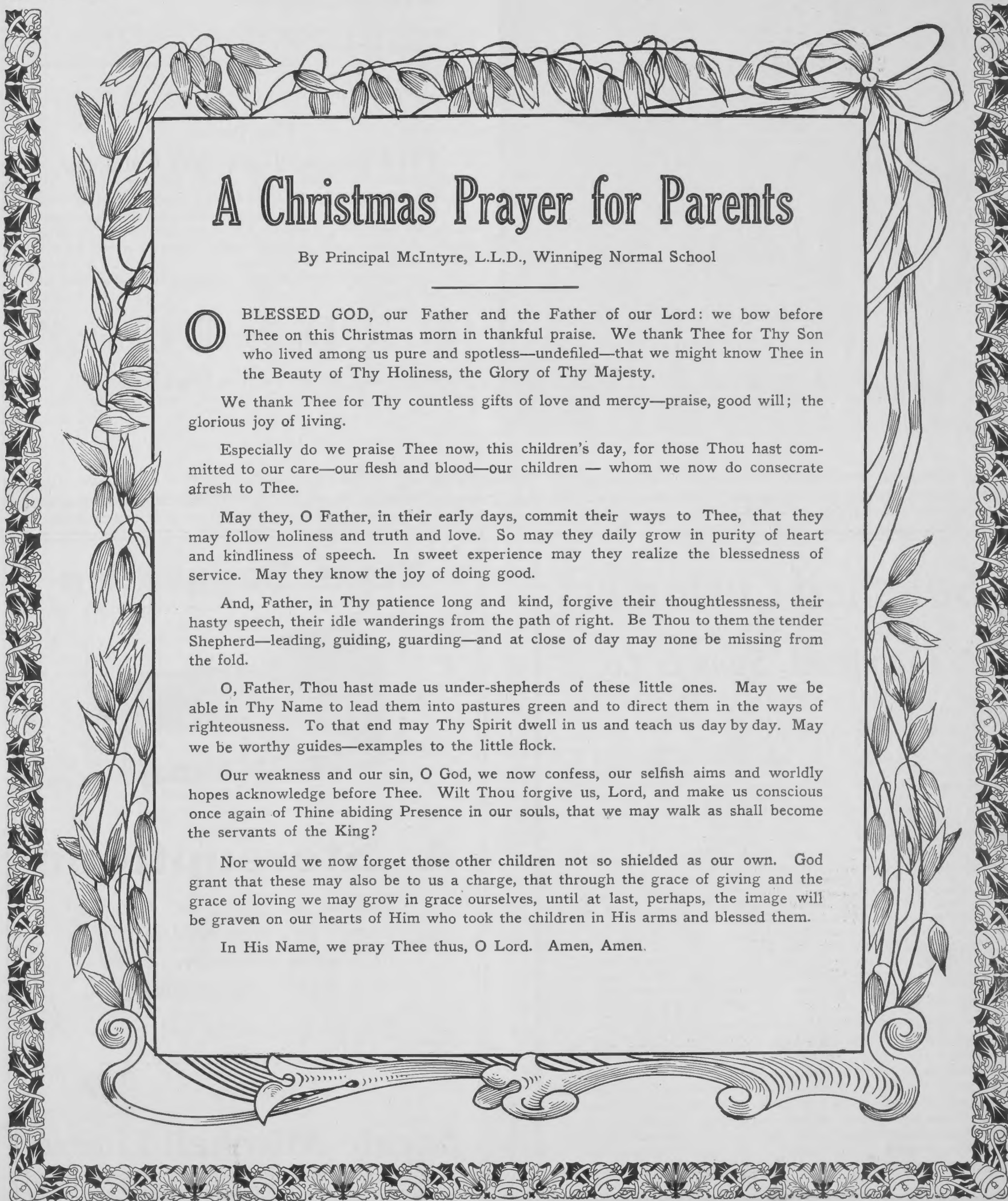
And, Father, in Thy patience long and kind, forgive their thoughtlessness, their hasty speech, their idle wanderings from the path of right. Be Thou to them the tender Shepherd—leading, guiding, guarding—and at close of day may none be missing from the fold.

O, Father, Thou hast made us under-shepherds of these little ones. May we be able in Thy Name to lead them into pastures green and to direct them in the ways of righteousness. To that end may Thy Spirit dwell in us and teach us day by day. May we be worthy guides—examples to the little flock.

Our weakness and our sin, O God, we now confess, our selfish aims and worldly hopes acknowledge before Thee. Wilt Thou forgive us, Lord, and make us conscious once again of Thine abiding Presence in our souls, that we may walk as shall become the servants of the King?

Nor would we now forget those other children not so shielded as our own. God grant that these may also be to us a charge, that through the grace of giving and the grace of loving we may grow in grace ourselves, until at last, perhaps, the image will be graven on our hearts of Him who took the children in His arms and blessed them.

In His Name, we pray Thee thus, O Lord. Amen, Amen.



Household Suggestions

Christmas Chafing Dish Candies

To make chocolate nut wafers place one or two five-cent cakes of German or French sweet chocolate in the upper pan of a chafing-dish. The under pan should contain a pint of water. Then light the alcohol lamp underneath. Place a cover over the upper pan to keep the steam away from the chocolate. When the chocolate becomes soft and not too thin remove the pan and set it in some convenient spot, slightly tilting the dish. With an ordinary teaspoon dip out a small portion and drop it on wax paper or a sheet of aluminium. If it is dropped out when nearly cold the wafers will keep their shape better. Crest each one as they lay in regular rows with a glace cherry or half a walnut or pecan, a ribbon of pineapple glace or a blanched almond. Then set them in a cool room to harden.

Chocolate Fig Dainties.—Melt some chocolate as directed above. Have a quarter of a pound of firm Turkish pressed figs cut in threads with a sharp knife. Stir the threads of fig into the melted chocolate so as to make the mass quite thick. Dip out a small portion of the confection with a dessertspoon, and with a three-tined steel fork scrape the dainty out of the spoon on to wax paper or an aluminium plate. Dip them out when the mixture is nearly cold so that the dainties will hold their rough appearance. Make them the size of hickory-nuts or nutmegs. Place them in a cool room to harden.

Cream Coconut Wafers.—Place one pound of powdered sugar (icing sugar) in the chafing-dish and add two ounces of water to it, or enough to make a firm dough when mixed in with a spoon. Have half a pound of shredded cocoanut dampened a little with sweetened water. Light the alcohol lamp under the water-pan and set the chafing-dish containing the dough-sugar into it. Soon the mixture will melt down thin like milk. When the sugar becomes blood-warm stir the dampened cocoanut into it. This should make the cream very thick. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon extract while stirring in the cocoanut. Dip out in lumps the size of English walnuts and arrange in rows over the surface of wax paper and flatten each one out into a thin wafer with a fork. Two or three tablespoonfuls of melted chocolate may be added at the time of stirring in the cocoanut.

Cream Fruit Wafer.—Slice up some glace pineapple into ribbons, also a few figs and glace pears. Mix them into the melted dough-sugar, after the cream cocoanut wafer mode. Have an ample supply of fruit slips to make the mixture thick and easy to dip out. Make the whole into a wafer-sheet on a sheet of wax paper; thin it out with a fork and when it sets firm cut it up into blocks.

Chocolate Crackle.—Procure or make some butter-scotch wafers. Crack them up in very fine bits and roll them down almost to a powder with a rolling-pin. Melt chocolate in the usual way, and stir in an equal quantity of powdered butter-scotch. Mix it all in nicely and when the mixture becomes quite cool dip it out like chocolate fig dainties. Finish in the same way.

Chocolate Mince Lumps.—Shred a quantity of blanched Jordan almonds, also some figs and Canton crystal ginger; mix them in with melted chocolate the same way that the butter-scotch meal was added in the chocolate crackle. Dip out and finish after the manner of other dainties.

Chocolate Roast Titbits.—Blanch half a pound of almonds by placing them in the hot-water pan of your chafing-dish; let them remain in the hot water long enough to loosen the brown skins; dip one out with a spoon, and if the meat will slip out nicely by pressure of the thumb and finger they are all ready. Remove pan or skim them out on a plate and blanch each one. Let them dry and place them in a moderate oven to roast. Have them in a bright tin and stir carefully to have each one roasted through evenly. They may be roasted in the lower pan by attending to the stirring often. Put them in the dry pan and light the alcohol underneath. When they are

roasted bruise them into small particles or chop them finely in a chopping-bowl. Melt half a pound of chocolate and stir the almond crumbs into it thoroughly. Drop them out in buttons on wax paper. Finish in a cool place.

Chocolate Butter Dates.—Select the fresh glossy Persian dates; slit them down the sides and remove the pits. Stuff them with fresh peanut butter. Melt some chocolate; hold a stuffed date, butter-side up, and dip the lower part of date in the melted chocolate. Stand them on wax paper or aluminium plates

another plain wafer with it to form a sandwich effect. Cream wintergreen, pistachio or vanilla wafers are nice when sandwiched with chocolate.

Combinations for Date Stuffing.—Raisins and blanched almonds chopped to a paste; Canton ginger and glace cherries reduced to conserve; a general assortment of glace fruits chopped to a thick mass; peanut cheese and chopped filberts; figs, prunes and shredded cocoanut finely minced.

It is well to know that cooking utensils which retain a disagreeable odor from fish or onions cooked therein, may be made sweet and fresh by being thoroughly heated after washing and drying.

thickly with grated cocoanut, and serve immediately.

To Cook Squash

Cut a thick slice from stem-end of the squash, and scoop out seeds and pulp thoroughly; return the top piece to its place, and put the whole in a shallow pan in the oven to bake. Let cook slowly from one to three hours, according to the size. (A very small squash will require an hour.) It should be so tender that the rind will separate readily from the inside. Season as for the boiled vegetable, adding a little sugar if not of the sweet variety.

Coffee Ice Cream

Coffee ice cream is one for which the materials are quite certain to be at hand, and consequently is frequently in demand, for the fruit supply may fail and other flavorings be put out of reach for the time being. To one quart of cream allow one pint of milk, two eggs, a cupful of sugar and a cupful of strong black coffee. Put the milk in a double boiler and when hot pour slowly over the well-beaten eggs, add the sugar and return to the fire. Stir until the mixture thickens, then remove from the fire and add the coffee. When cool, beat in the cream, add half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and freeze.

Lunches for Travelling

Nothing is more unappetizing than to have to eat from the same lunch basket several meals in succession. After the first meal it looks mussy and scrappy. Try this plan:

Do up each meal by itself in a paste-board box with change of menu as you would for luncheon at home. Strap boxes compactly together.

Let one, for instance, contain sliced ham, olives, brown bread and butter, cookies and apples. Another fried chicken, white bread and butter, cup of jelly, slices of cake and oranges. Another tongue, chow-chow, rolls and butter, ginger cookies and bananas, and so on.

Throw box and scraps away at close of each lunch.

Still another attractive way is to wrap each separate article of food in oiled tissue paper and then arrange neatly in a lunch basket or box. Thus the sandwiches, meats, relishes, cakes and fruits would each be by themselves.

A generous supply of paper napkins (they are so cheap—3 cents a hundred) should be found in all lunch baskets. These should be thrown away after each meal.

Bottled tea and coffee will make quite an addition to a lunch; and where an alcohol lamp is used can easily be served hot.

I find tin cups more convenient for use in travelling than china or glass. Regular travelling cups may be purchased at a small expense.

A dozen lemons squeezed out into a bottle will make it possible, with the addition of sugar, to convert the ice-cold tank water into delicious lemonade.

Sterilized milk will also keep well, and is nice where little children are of the party.

Note—A small child doesn't think it is any fun to travel unless there is a lunch or something to eat on the journey. An older child scorns the idea of carrying a lunch, considering it green and cheap looking, but the wiser ones realize the convenience and true luxury of the lunch box. The coming car may be a delight for one or two meals, but it is not always that dining car service can be obtained; then the hurried station restaurants must be resorted to. The greatest inconvenience is in being obliged to wait until the meals are called.—Josephine Weatherby Cooking Club.

Do not throw away the green leaves of celery. Wash the perfect ones and dry on a plate in a warm room, or on the back of the stove, turning frequently, then keep in a tightly covered tin box, and when celery is out of season they will prove a great addition to soups, stews and dressings.

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| 5 cupfuls flour | 1 cupful canned fruit (strawberries best) |
| 3 lbs. raisins | 1 doz. eggs |
| 2 lbs. currants | 2 tablespoonfuls spice (cloves, cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg) |
| 1 lb. mixed peel | 1/2 teaspoonful salt |
| 1 lb. brown sugar | |
| 1 lb. butter | |
| 1/2 teaspoonful soda | |
| Bake 5 hours | |

GINGER BREAD

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| 1/2 cupful butter | 3 cupfuls flour |
| 1/2 cupful sugar | 2 teaspoonfuls ginger |
| 1 cupful molasses | 2 teaspoonfuls soda |
| 1 cupful milk | 1/4 teaspoonful cloves |
| 1 egg | 1/4 teaspoonful cinnamon |

ORANGE SHERBET

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 4 cupfuls milk | Juice two lemons |
| 2 cupfuls sugar | Juice two oranges |
- Mix juice and sugar together; freeze milk until it is a mushy consistency, then add fruit juice and sugar and continue freezing; pack and let stand several hours before using.

SHORTBREAD

- | | |
|-------------|----------------|
| 1 lb. flour | 1/2 lb. butter |
| | 1/4 lb. sugar |

Mix butter and sugar together on baking board; gradually draw in flour, kneading well and keeping dough firm in both hands; press into a shallow cake tin; pinch round the edges and prick over with a fork. Bake in a slow oven for 3/4 of an hour. Sprinkle fine sugar over top.

TOMATO JELLY

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1 can tomatoes | 2 teaspoonfuls sugar |
| 2 bay leaves | 1/2 teaspoonful salt. |
| 2 slices of onions | 1/2 teaspoonful pepper |
| 6 cloves | 1/2 box gelatine |

Baking Powder Biscuits

Two cups of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of salt, mixed and sifted. Add three-fourths of a cup of milk mixed with flour and one-half tablespoonful of olive oil, mixing well with a knife. Toss on a floured board, roll lightly to one-half inch thickness. Cut with a biscuit cutter and bake in a hot oven from twelve to fifteen minutes.

Ginger Creams

Make a soft gingerbread of two eggs, three cups of molasses, one cup cream, one cup of shortening, six cups of flour, one tablespoon of soda, and two of ginger. Bake in thin sheets. While hot, cut the gingerbread circle with a cookie cutter, place a generous spoonful of whipped cream on each one, sprinkle

to finish. Wrap each one in wax paper and twist the ends of the paper.

Chocolate Crackers.—Use little crisp crackers. Melt the chocolate nicely. Roll one cracker at a time in the melted chocolate with a steel-tined fork; drop them on wax paper in regular rows and finish in a cool room. Have the chocolate very thick while dripping the crackers.

Confections from Confections.—Fresh marsh-mallows are fine if half dipped in melted chocolate. When they are finished dip raisins, glace cherries, walnut halves, and so on, slightly in the melted chocolate and place them lightly over the half-dipped marshmallows. They will soon dry and will then be ready to serve.

Mint Wafer Sandwich.—Purchase some plain cream mint wafers at the confectioner's and dip the flat side of one slightly in melted chocolate, and put

YOU CAN'T BUY "JUST AS GOOD" AS



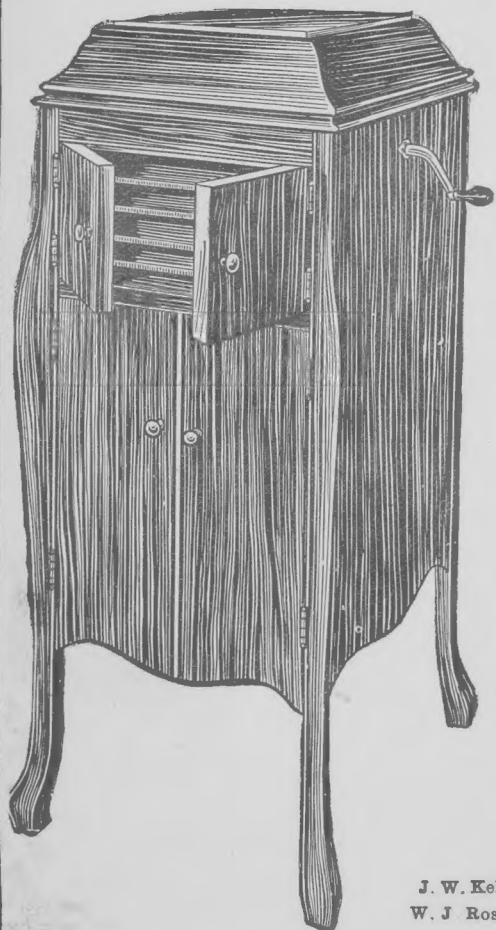
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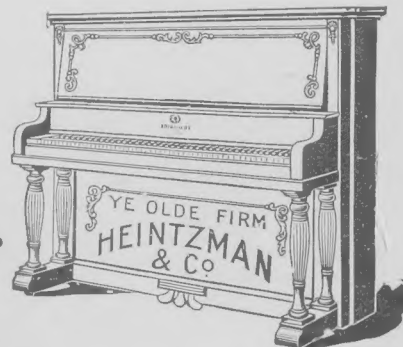
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Vol 14

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NUMBER

WINNIPEG, CAN.

DECEMBER 1913

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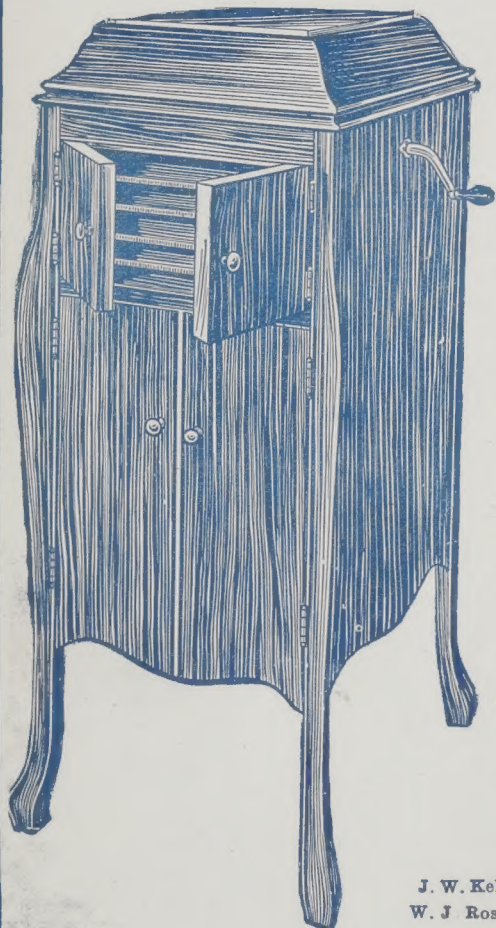
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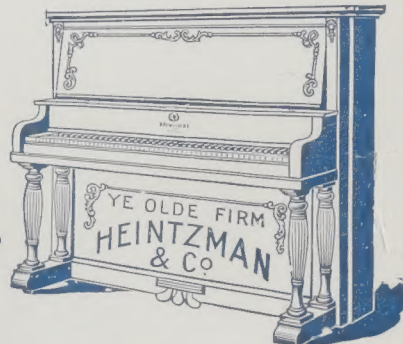
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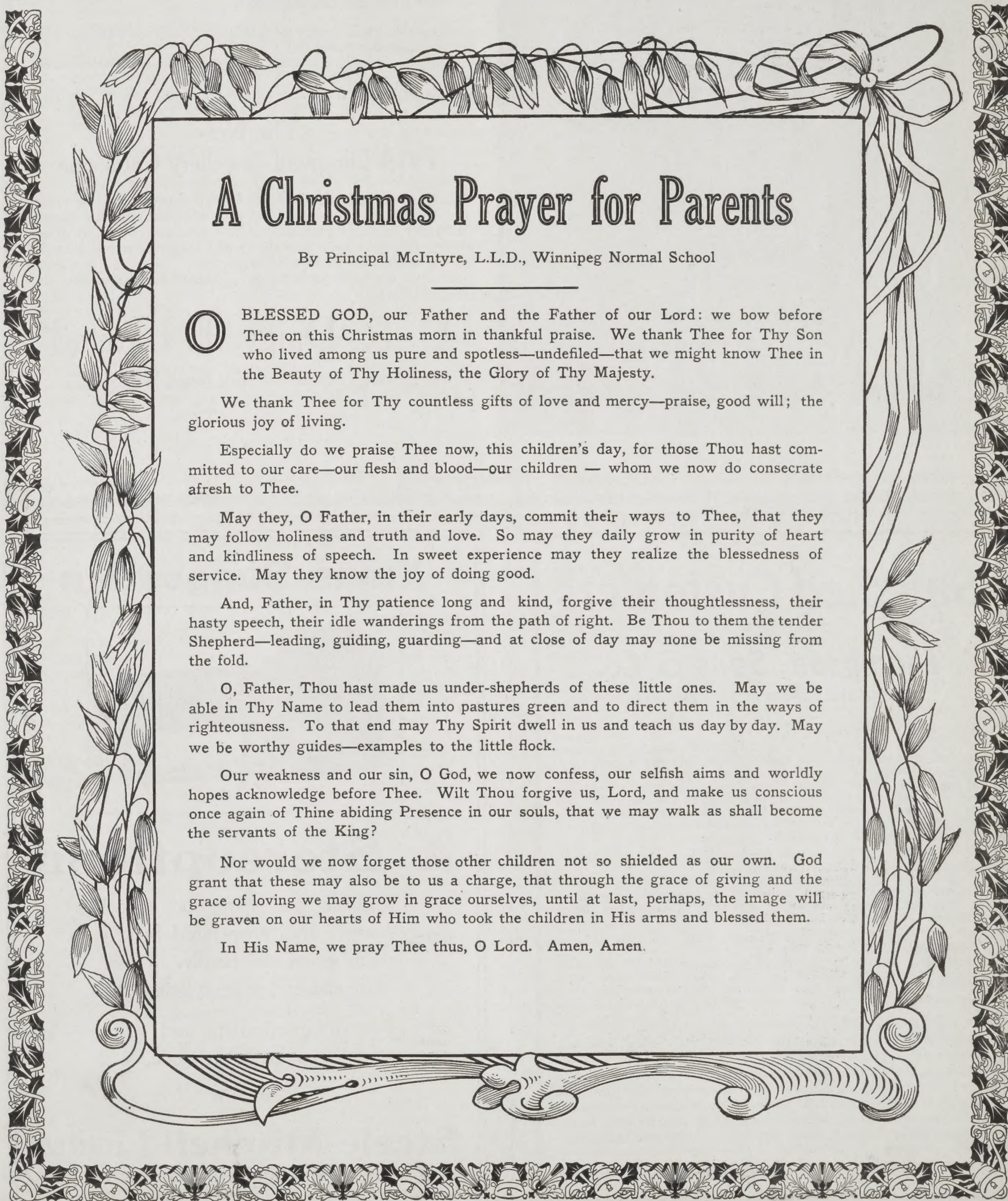
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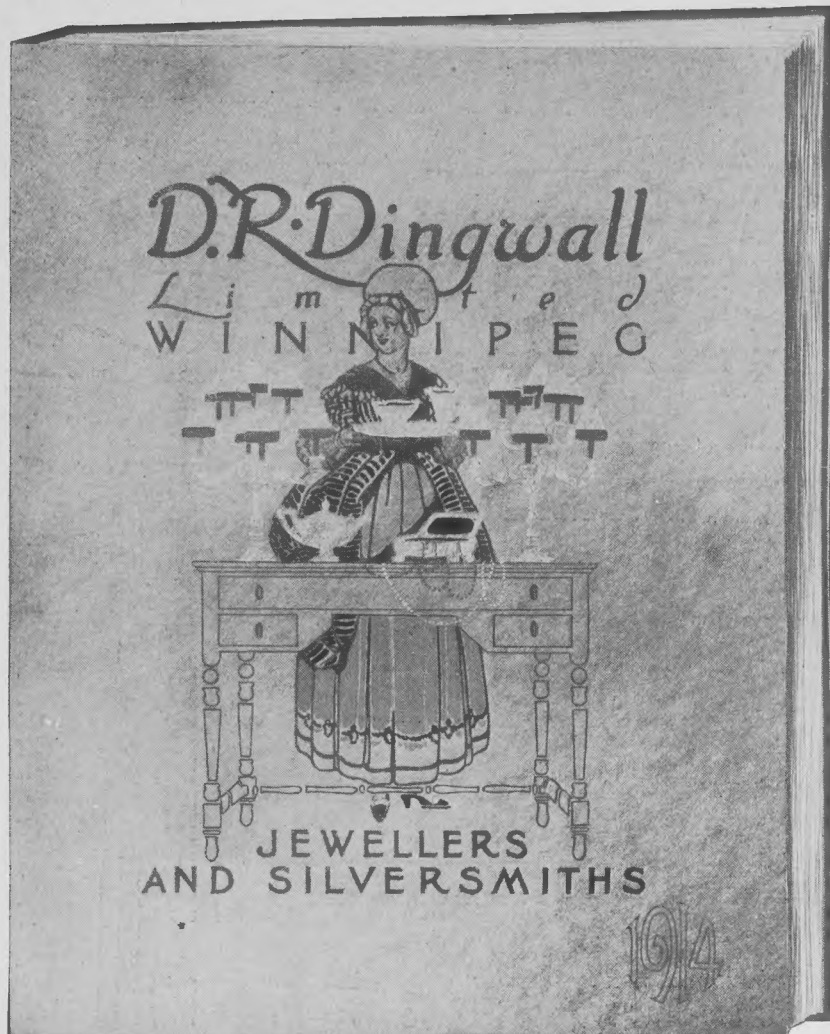
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A Book of Helpfulness in time for Christmas Buying

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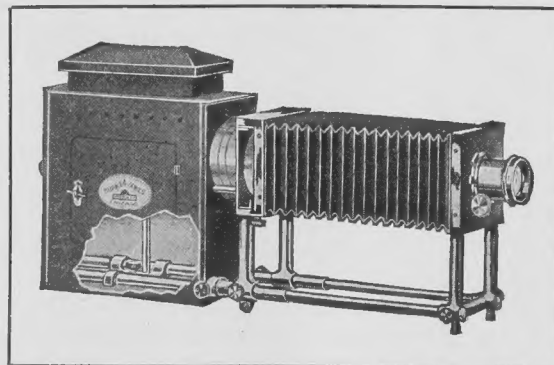
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We hear again the song of reverence and good will and peace—the song “new-old, yet ever new,” the only song that has lived through the years, cheering alike to the young and the old, the sinner and the saint, the poor and the rich, the grave and the gay. It is a song of love and hope and faith. It expresses our loftiest aspiration and our warmest gratitude. It reaches from earth to heaven. Its echoes are heard in the darkest corners of the dreariest homes, and are caught up by the hosts that worship around the Throne of God. “Glory be to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!”

Worship

Nothing is more becoming to mankind than worship. He who has no God can rise no higher than himself. He who continually adores an Infinite of Holiness and Beauty must grow to be like Him. Man advances towards the limits of his ideals. Such is the law of his being. To see God as truth is to become wise; to see Him as beauty is to become pure in heart; to see Him as goodness is to abound in deeds of kindness and mercy.

Strange too is it that man has power to create his own God. That man who yearns for faith and hope and love—the God of Christmas seems to satisfy. That man who looks for ease and luxury, will find a Being vastly different in His attributes. It may be that many of us have forgotten the God of peace and love and pardon, because our hearts have been set on lower aims. And it is in vain that, looking at evils around us, we should cry: “God give us men! God give us men!” For in the very nature of things we cannot get the men unless we first of all have God. There is no alchemy which can transmute the earthly into the heavenly, the material into the spiritual. Better far that we should cry: “Men give us God! Men give us God!” It is for us to choose this day whom we shall serve, and woe be to us if we choose the God of lust and pride and low ambition. To see the God of love and yield Him reverence is the only real need of this age and this people.

God in the individual life — how His presence would illuminate, transform and sanctify! God in the family—how He would bring peace and love and kindness! God in the state—how He would dispel injustice, wrong and misery! God in the church—how He would end formality and pride and unseemly rivalry.

Would you know the origin of worship? Go find the mother who is sweet and holy, womanly and kind; go find the father who is brave and truthful, considerate and just. Where you find these you get worshipping children. And worship of a sainted mother, of a noble father, is indeed a stepping stone to worship of the God and Father of mankind.

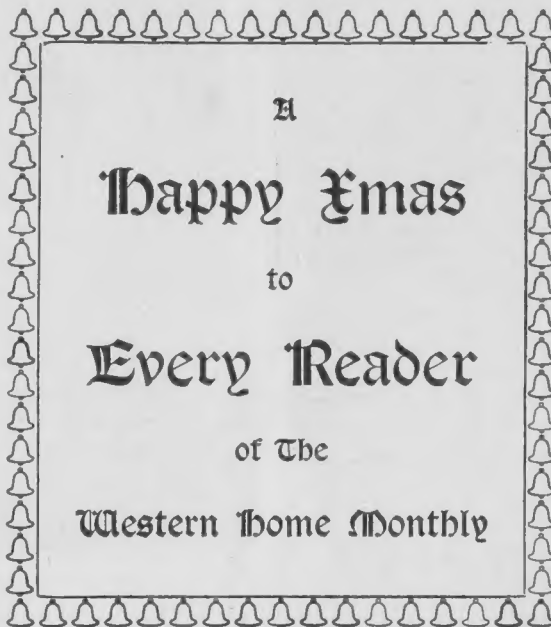
Good Will

When the heart is warmed by the indwelling presence of the Spirit of Love; when the will yields loyal submission to the Prince of Peace; when intelligence cheerfully admits His right to reign, on Earth even as in Heaven; then in thought and word and deed will there begin the

manifestation of that good will which is the condition of all joy and happiness in the world of men.

Good will in the home! How it establishes right relations between husband and wife, between parents and children! How it banishes all selfishness and meanness and deceit—prompting each member of the little group to seek first the comfort of others, and impelling each to speak the truth in love! You have been in a home where good will reigned, and your visit there remains with you a blessed memory, or perchance such a home is now your own, and it is your most cherished possession. Value it then, my friend, above all earthly riches, and seek no higher delight, for God has nothing in this world to offer you that is so much to be desired.

Good will in industrial life! How it does away with recrimination and bitterness! How it promotes confidence and loyalty!



You know of a business in which employers and employees are ranged up in hostile opposition, you know of the lock-out and strike and all the sorrows and evils which follow in their wake. You know, too, of a business in which the lowliest worker honestly and cheerfully strives to give good measure, and in which the owner has constant regard to the welfare and comfort of his men. You know which business of the two is likely to thrive and which will come to an unhappy ending. And what is true of every individual industry is true in a national sense—industrial supremacy can not be attained by any people, unless the economic conditions which prevail are founded in justice and equity. Lasting success depends upon a co-operation that is conceived in friendship and good will.

Good will in the state! How it would sooth the animosities of parties, and gradually erase the distinctions of race and creed! How it would make possible those enactments which render it easy to live a life of virtue, and difficult to live a life of crime! Just to admit that my neighbor has the same rights and probably as much honesty as myself; just to concede that his judgment is possibly as sound as my own; just to confess that he is in all likelihood just as patriotic, as farsighted and as ready to further the public good—this would

hasten the day when each man, forsaking the more ignoble ambitions, would aim first of all at his country's good. Right here in Canada, right now in 1913, is it necessary for us to realize that more important than the affiliations of race and language, party and religion, are the bonds that unite us in a great national brotherhood.

Good will in the church! But why dwell on such a theme? The divine institution founded by Him who came to preach good will to men, should have in it nothing of pride and envy and ill will, for these are contrary to its nature. If at times we perceive tendencies and practices which lead us to suspect the presence of these evils, let us attribute it to the fact that religion is the greatest need of man, that it calls forth his greatest earnestness and zeal, and that, therefore, it naturally leads to intolerance and impatience. But we would that good will were so common that we could join with Scott in his notable remark: “Had it pleased the Almighty not to permit the varieties of worship, our observances would have been as distinctly presented to us as they are laid down under the Mosaic law.”

Peace

Now good will has, as its fruition, peace—peace in the home and society; peace in the nation; and peace in the world.

Never was peace needed more than now. Never was it more to be desired. The world is on the verge of a great war, and at the same time it is weary of war. Nations have seen their best and strongest sons slain in battle, while the weak and decrepit have remained at home to beget a race of weaklings. In the glorification of the masculine and more brutal virtues, the feminine graces, which make for sweetness and loveliness, have been neglected. It has been a losing business all around. The victors have fared almost as badly as the conquered. Well has war been termed “The Great Illusion.”

More fearful still is civil war—a war between parties, creeds or classes—a war between ideas. Every such war is a confession of inability for self-government; a confession of intellectual and moral weakness. Redmond with his insistence that Ireland be not divided, and Carson with his inability to see that the only way for a country to rise out of what he evidently believes to be ignorance and spiritual blindness is through the gift of self-government—both are taking the hard way to victory. The former should say: “We shall show you Ulsterites that we are able to be just and progressive and able to rule ourselves.” The latter should say: “We glory in the opportunity of leading you to a higher life.” That would be the way of peace.

In our own land we need peace. There is the clash of financial interests, the warring of creeds and races, the opposition of political parties—it sometimes seems that it is all war and nothing else. We long for a community in which there is no fault-finding and no room for it; no discord, because all is harmony in thought and action; no recrimination, because there is no injustice.

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The Christmas Tree and its History

By Clement A. Miles.

THE most widespread, and to children the most delightful, of all festal institutions is the Christmas-tree. Its picturesqueness and gay charm have made it spread rapidly all over Europe without roots in national tradition, for, as most people know, it is a German creation, and even in Germany it attained its present immense popularity only in the nineteenth century. To Germany, of course, one should go to see the tree in all its glory. Many people, indeed, maintain that no other Christmas can compare with the German "Weihnacht."

In Germany the Christmas-tree is not a luxury for well-to-do people, but a necessity, the very centre of the festival; no one is too poor or too lonely to have one. There is something about a German "Weihnachtsbaum"—a romance and a wonder—that English Christmas-trees do not possess. For one thing, perhaps, in a land of forests the tree seems more in place; it is a kind of sacrament linking mankind to the mysteries of the woodland. Again the German tree is simply a thing of beauty and radiance; no utilitarian presents hang from its boughs—they are

Germany. In many places, however, it was not common till well on in the eighteen hundreds; it was a Protestant rather than a Catholic institution, and it made its way but slowly in regions where the older faith was held. Well-to-do townspeople welcomed it first, and the peasantry were slow to adopt it.

In England it is alluded to in 1789, but its use did not become at all general until about the eighteen-forties. In 1840 Queen Victoria and Prince Albert had a Christmas-tree, and the fashion spread until it became completely naturalized.

In Munich, and doubtless elsewhere, the tree appears not only in the church and in the home, but in the cemetery. The graves of the dead are decked on Christmas Eve with holly and mistletoe and a little Christmas-tree with gleaming lights, a touching token of remembrance—an attempt, perhaps, to give the departed a share in the brightness of the festival.

The question of the origin of Christmas trees is of great interest. Though their affinity to other sacraments of the vegetation-spirit is evident, it is difficult to



Group of Nurses on the balcony of St. Joseph's Hospital, Victoria, B.C.

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laid apart on a table—and the tree is purely splendor for splendor's sake. However tawdry it may look by day, at night it is a true thing of wonder, shining with countless lights and glittering ornaments, with fruit of gold and shimmering festoons of silver. Then there is the solemnity with which it is surrounded, the long secret preparations behind the closed doors, and, when Christmas Eve arrives, the sudden revelation of hidden glory. The Germans have quite a religious feeling for their "Weihnachtsbaum," coming down, one may fancy, from some dim ancestral worship of the trees of the wood.

As Christmas draws near the marketplace in a German town is filled with a miniature forest of firs; the trees are sold by old women in quaint costumes, and the shop windows are full of candles and ornaments to deck them.

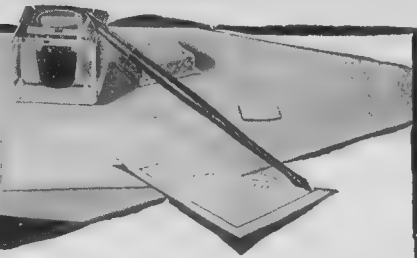
There is a pretty enough story about the institution of the "Weihnachtsbaum" by Martin Luther: how, after wandering one Christmas Eve under the clear winter sky lit by a thousand stars, he set up for his children a tree with countless candles, an image of the starry heaven whence Christ came down. This, however, belongs to the region of legend; the first historical mention of the Christmas tree is found in the notes of a certain Strasburg citizen of unknown name, written in the year 1605. "At Christmas," he writes, "they set up fir trees in the parlors at Strasburg and hang thereon roses cut out of many-colored paper, apples, wafers, gold-foil, sweets, etc."

With the advance of the eighteenth century notices of the "Weihnachtsbaum" become more frequent: Jung Stilling, Goethe, Schiller, and others mention it, and about the end of the century its use seems to have been fairly general in

be certain of their exact ancestry. Dr. Tille regards them as coming from a union of two elements: the old Roman custom of decking houses with laurels and green trees at the Kalends of January, and the popular belief that every Christmas Eve apple and other trees blossomed and bore fruit.

Before the advent of the Christmas-tree proper—a fir with lights and ornaments often imitating and always suggesting flowers and fruit—it was customary to put trees like cherry or hawthorn into water or into pots indoors, so that they might bud and blossom at New Year or Christmas. Even today the practice of picking boughs in order that they may blossom at Christmas is to be found in some parts of Austria. The custom may have had to do with legendary lore about the marvelous transformation of Nature on the night of Christ's birth, when the rivers ran wine instead of water, and trees stood in full blossom in spite of ice and snow.

Let us turn to the customs of the Roman Empire which may be in part responsible for the German Christmas-tree. The practice of adorning houses with evergreens at the January Kalends was common throughout the Empire, as we learn from Libanius, Tertullian, and Chrysostom. A grim denunciation of such decorations and the lights which accompanied them may be quoted from Tertullian; it makes a pregnant contrast of pagan and Christian. "Let them," he says of the heathen, "kindle lamps, they who have no light; let them fix on the doorposts laurels which shall afterwards be burnt, they for whom fire is close at hand; meet for them are testimonies of darkness and auguries of punishment. But thou," he says to the Christian,



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"art a light of the world and a tree that is ever green; if thou hast renounced temples, make not a temple of thy own house-door."

That these New Year practices of the Empire had to do with the "Weihnachtsbaum" is very possible, but on the other hand, it has closer parallels in certain folk-customs that in no way suggest Roman or Greek influence. Not only at Christmas are ceremonial "trees" to be found in Germany. In the Erzgebirge, for instance, there is dancing at the summer solstice round "St. John's tree," a pyramid decked with garlands and flowers, and lit up at night by candles.

Nearer to Christmas is a New Year's custom found in some Alsatian villages: the adorning of the fountain with a "May." The girls who visit the fountain procure a small fir-tree or holly-bush, and deck it with ribbons, egg-shells, and little figures representing a shepherd or a man beating his wife. This is set up above the fountain on New Year's Eve. On the evening of the next day the snow is carefully cleared away and the girls dance and sing around the fountain. The lads may only take part in the dance by permission of the girls. The tree is kept all through the year as a protection to those who have set it up.

In Sweden, before the advent of the German type of tree, it was customary to place young pines, divested of bark and

convey its life-giving, fructifying influences. Probably the idea of contact with the spirit of growth lay also beneath the Roman evergreen decorations, so that, whether or not we connect the Christmas-tree with these, the principle at bottom is the same.

Christmas and Common Sense

Christmas will soon be here, trailing in its wake boundless good cheer, numberless gifts inspired by love and friendship and numberless other gifts dictated by foolish extravagance and the desire to equal someone else in the value and quantity of gifts bestowed. One of the least desirable results of Christmas is the thousands of tired, wan, overworked shop girls and boys and men. Why can't we be a little more sensible in our gifting? Why this orgy of merchandising each Christmas season? Is friendship and love to be absolutely gauged by the strength of the pocketbook as exhibited in Christmas gifts? Mrs. Jones sends a "little remembrance" to Mrs. Smith. It's nothing Mrs. Smith cares a picayune for, but she is bound by all the ties of honor and Canadian custom to go Mrs. Jones one better in the cost of a gift. Next year it will be Mrs. Jones' turn again to raise Mrs. Smith in the matter of value. So it goes on in endless



"Don't Monkey With your Teeth!"

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In the Old Land affectionate care is bestowed on the little Terriers

branches, outside the houses at Christmastide. An English parallel which does not suggest any borrowing from Germany was formerly to be found at Brough, in Westmoreland, on Twelfth Night. A holly-tree with torches attached to its branches was carried through the town in procession. It was finally thrown among the populace, who divided into two parties, one of which endeavored to take the tree to one inn, and the other to a rival hostelry. We have here pretty plainly a struggle of two factions—perhaps of two quarters of a town that were once separate villages—for the possession of a sacred object.

Though there is no recorded instance of the use of a tree at Christmas in Germany before the seventeenth century, the "Weihnachtsbaum" may well be a descendant of some sacred tree carried about or set up at the beginning-of-winter festival. All things considered, it seems to belong to a class of primitive sacraments of which the example most familiar to English peoples is the Maypole. This is, of course, an early summer institution, but in France and Germany a Harvest May is also known—a large branch or a whole tree, which is decked with ears of corn, brought home on the last wagon from the harvest field, and fastened to the roof of farmhouse or barn, where it remains for a year. Mannhardt has shown that such sacraments embody the tree-spirit conceived as the spirit of vegetation in general, and are believed to

procession and it's small wonder we feel the high cost of living and have to strain body and mind to keep up with the foolish procession. Let us get out of the swim long enough to get a view of ourselves in perspective. Let us at least try to give such things as will be appreciated. Carefully selected books and magazines are among the most sensible gifts, but wisdom and deliberation should inspire the choice, lest the joy-giving good intentions fall by the wayside. Little articles for personal use are never amiss, if the selection is guided by the aforesaid wisdom. Where the pocketbook cannot easily reach to provide a gift, a little fancy card and a letter conveying the spirit of Christmas ought to serve quite as well.

He was Discovered

A showily dressed man got on a car and sat down beside a woman he thought he knew. So he ventured a remark that the day was pleasant.

"Yaw," she replied.

"Why for you wear a veil?" he asked.

"So I don't addract addention."

"Id is de province off shentlemens do admire," he replied.

"Not when dhey pe married."

"But I'm nodt."

"Is dot so?"

"Oh, no, I'm a patchelor."

"Vell, led me see," said the woman, removing her veil; "I am your mudder-in-law."

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SCRUB



A Jew Baby's Christmas

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Nan Moulton.

CHRISTMAS stories always end at Christmas. But they begin all along through the year. Some of them have begun even many years before and weave through chequered chapters to The Star in the evening sky. This story, as far as the Day Nursery is concerned, begins in June.

There are many good things about being a worker in Winnipeg. One is, that you get your morning air in June early, all clean and sweet from the prairies, some memory of wolf-willow, or hinting of wild rose, or tang of plum blossom borne in through the freshening night.

So the faces of the mothers coming to the Day Nursery this morning in June were uplifted, mostly subconsciously, to some country memory of sun and scent, and they lingered with a smile, for their babies to capture the gold of a dandelion astray in a trim boulevard.

"Morgen!" hailed German Mary in her hearty man's voice as she left two terribly clean children at the front gate.

"Oh, say Good Morning!" pleaded Nurse O'Brien, snowy on the welcoming

"Missis crazy," sighed little O'Brien, twisting up her rope of hair. "Is that all the reason, Mary?"

Mary considered.

"Ich bin gesund, darum Ich bin fertig," she discovered.

The Matron gave her a push. "Go along, Mary! That's philosophy, not poetry. Work good!" And she ran up the steps in pursuit of Mary Marchuck. (there was a plethora of Mary's at the Day Nursery) whose usually ruddy olive face looked strangely white this June morning. Mary was a hoyden, first, last and all the time, but this morning she seemed possessed. She gurgled and kicked and squirmed and screamed with laughter in Nurse O'Brien's arms. Her short, fat legs waved, her short, black curls bobbed, her two-or-three-inch plaid skirts whirled, she was incarnate with every form of activity except speech, which she steadfastly refused.

"A dynamo like that can't be sick," said Nurse O'Brien, just as Elder Sister Marchuck hurried up to explain, "She want be like Englishwomans. My Mother put powder on her."

THE WEST.

(For The Western Home Monthly)

Get your face toward the sun,
When you ask the way to run,
Or the impulse you should follow in your quest.
Can't you see the sun and moon,
As they chant their daily tune,
And the stars, too—swinging ever to the West!

Can't you find it in your blood?
Like a tempest, or a flood;
That bears you, unresisting, to the West.
'Tis Nature's way, we know,
That, like as planets go,
We, sunset-wise, should also seek our rest!

William Wye Smith.

Toronto, October, 1913.

steps. "For it is a good morning. And as we say in Ireland, this is the top of it, oh, such a heady top!" And Nurse O'Brien, the demure Matron of the Day Nursery, did the Heather Broom jig most undemurely up and down the Day Nursery verandah to the great joy of German Mary, and even the terribly clean over-solemn children had a trembling of their features that might have betokened glee. The Matron ended her jig and swooped down on Mary at the gate, catching her by her heavy shoulders.

"Good morning, Mary! The top o' the mornin' to ye!"

"Guten Morgen, Missis!" laughed Mary obediently.

"And how do you say in Germany it's a broth of a day?"

Mary caught the spirit.

"Schon!" she waved her hand around the world. Then her eyes widened as Nurse O'Brien's hair fell in a dazzle down her shoulders. "Schon!" she pointed to the tumbling gold. "Missis have beeg hair!" she marvelled. And the two stood and laughed at each other in the morning sunlight while the terribly clean stodgers, who must have taken after their father, did a funeral march through the hall in the wake of some flying game.

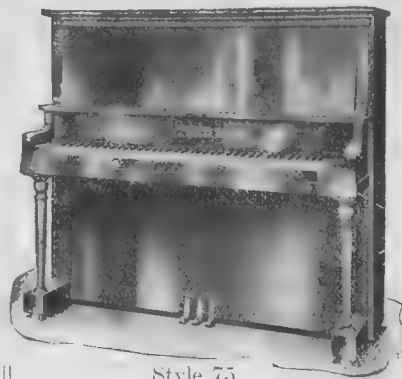
"I'm so glad you're happy too, Mary. Surely the whole North End is happy this June morning. Sometimes it's hard to be happy in the North End. Why are you happy, Mary?"

"Missis fertig," said Mary.

"You little rascal!" laughed Nurse O'Brien. "Kiss me then, Englishwomans." And she rolled the ecstatic Mary on the mat.

Across the fun arose a thin wail from the dining-room beyond. Nurse O'Brien hurried in. But Nurse McIvor, the assistant, was already at the perambulator. "It's juist that thin bit wean," she stated. "She greets wi' her bottle and she greets wi'oot her bottle. She's fair spoiled, that bairn! Luik now, ma doo, luik at yer braw white goon and yer blue ribbons. And yon's yer fine milk. Whist, now, weanie! Cuddle doon, ma dawtie!" But the infant wailed and wailed. "Would it be the teeth, think ye? We'll juist try some cold wather in the bottle." A lull came in the wailing. "The 'wather' did the trick. Come to think of it, she is a blue-ribbon baby." And Nurse O'Brien escaped to direct the playground activities in the back yard before the McIvor had time to respond.

By nine all the usual working Mothers had left their tale of bairns, and, with a cheery word given and taken, had gone to their washing or scrubbing for the day. Sometimes an older brother or sister on the way to school had left the smaller ones at the Nursery. There were infants in prams, creepers and toddlers, and riotous three and four and five-year-olds. That they all were so clean was the leaven of the Nursery. That some of them were in ribbons and frills was the adorningness of the working mothers. Nurse O'Brien, stopping in the kitchen door to give 'Arriet di-



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reactions for their dinner, smiled back into the garden and forward into the room beyond.

"Don't you love every one of them, 'Arriet?" she teased. 'Arriet didn't. "How can you help loving the queer, funny little bits of folks?" Then the door bell rang and she went to its summons.

A little Titian-haired Jewess stood on the step with a baby on her arm. "I come to see," she said. She walked in reservedly and viewed the babies in the prams. The thin bit one had gone asleep. Foot to foot with her Mike lay and smiled largely at the world. Mike was fat and brown and attired in scant drab calico, a happy little Pole, crooning and kicking alone. Upstairs the white cots had garnered a harvest of sleeping creepers and toddlers. From the garden came the shouts of fun of the older ones at games. The nurses looked kind. The tension on the face of the little Jewess relaxed. "It is good," she said simply. "I leave Izzy." And, putting him suddenly in Nurse O'Brien's arms, turned to go.

But there were a few rules at the Day Nursery. One must know something of fathers, for instance.

her home, and the sobbing, responsible elder Marchuck went along for her own comfort and the further disgruntling of 'Arriet.

So the June day sobered away from its sparkling, scented morning to the time of returning mothers and the home-going of little feet. And beneath all the fun and responsibility and work and excitement and feedings and comfortings of the Day Nursery, there was a little pulse of pain, the memory of the tragic face of Izzy's mother and the quiet un-baby-like hostility of Izzy in his pram. Izzy's mother was the last to come, slipping in at six in her little black frock, and, a red spot on either cheek, catching Izzy to her heart with a little strangle of her breath. Izzy snuggled against her, burrowing his little olive face into the haven of her warm neck, holding her with convulsive arms. But that was all. No word, or cry from either. Nurse O'Brien told of his refusal to eat or play or be loved. His mother understood. "Bye-and-bye," she assured them. "Bye-and-bye." She would feed him at home. She bowed gravely. "The ladies, thank," she said and slipped away.

The months wore on till November.



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The little woman's mouth grew bitter. "My man, I leave him. He like too much pretty girls. I have spend all. I go work."

The Jew baby did not cry when the little woman, after a long heart-achey look at him, drew a black lace scarf over her tight drawn Titian hair and went away, but he turned his serious little olive face away from all ministrations or comfort, refused his bottle, and was more pitiful than any wailing.

Nurse O'Brien's eyes dimmed. Then there are two people in the North End not happy this lovely June weather, Izzy's mother and Izzy. A shadow lay across her day.

A sudden sobbing in the back-yard, a sudden clamor around the sobbing, and a rush of sobbing and clamor into Nurse O'Brien caught her away from tears to a new excitement. The elder Marchuck sobbed and the rest clamored until the matron understood that the vagabond day had got into Mary Marchuck's toes and she was lost. A search in the near-by streets and lanes did not reveal the missing Mary. So Nurse O'Brien, remembering Mary's former vagaries, rang up the police station. Yes, Mary was there, eating caraway cake, and adding to the gaiety of the sergeants. Mary was one person who regarded the police station as a place of much pleasantness. A disgruntled 'Arriet was despatched to bring

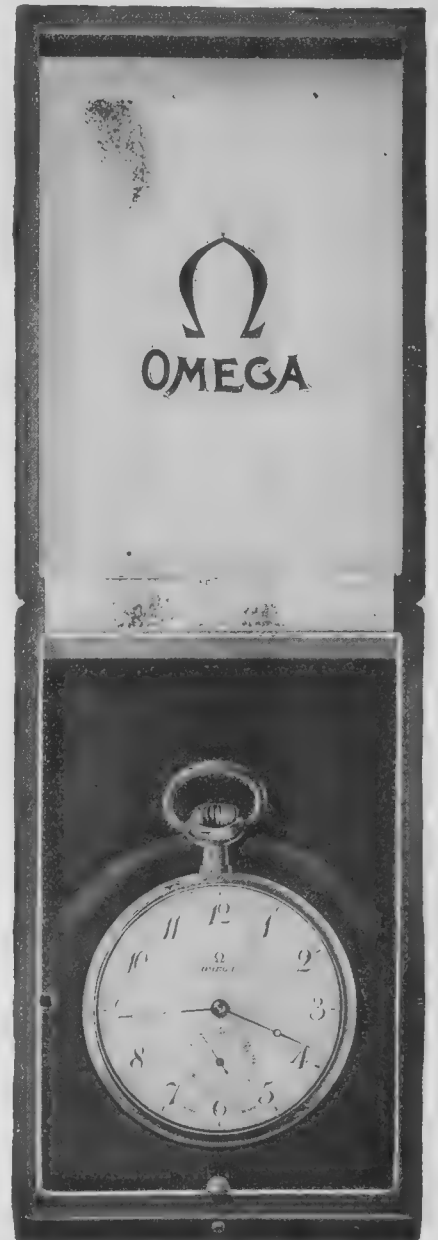
New mothers came and new children. Better times dawned for some of the others and they might stay at home and keep their babies with them. Scotch Isabel had learned to be unafraid of the nurses. She had shrunk from their caresses when she came, her great blue eyes wide with terror under her cloud of tawny hair. The little thing had been beaten by her father when she cried. Now she learned love. Margrita Prinslow's eyes glowed in her pale face when she came at night for a small baby and an alert little toddler—and talked a bit to the matron of her day's work and tomorrow. The toddler had been months in the hospital and the mother was now helping to pay the heavy expenses. "I think he not go to walk more," she said, smiling fondly at him, as he was having the most interesting busy time ever, walking as fast as he could and catching up with a wonderful world.

And, with everything else, or nearly everything else, growing better, Izzy was still "the dour baby" as Nurse McIvor said. The little mother had softened a bit. She would not talk of her "man," would not forgive him, he had gone away after she had left him and before she had come to the Day Nursery, and it was all over. There remained Izzy. And, in spite of his aloofness, Izzy was adorable. It was the end of July before he would take

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his bottle without his rebellious hands having to be held. It was another month before Nurse O'Brien could coax him on her knee, but there he must be treated with respect. One soft golden Saturday in September, the little Jewess stopped at the gate of the Day Nursery to show Izzy in a glory of embroidery going to be photographed. His little round arms and neck were bare and his lovely round legs and toes stuck out so distractingly from the embroidery that Nurse O'Brien rashly caught him and rained kisses on them. And Izzy, for the first time since they had known him, smiled, smiled a bit tolerantly and a bit roguishly, but, oddly enough, it was the McIvor at whom he smiled across Nurse O'Brien's golden, stooping head. And when the little Jewess brought them each a photo-card the next week, giving it with a shy gratitude across her reserve, Izzy sat with his dimpled knees and his embroideries, still wearing the tolerant, roguish smile. But that was an occasion. And further liberties were not tolerated. In October he crept—hitched, rather—with an eye always on the offing whence nurses or amorous small girls might swoop. Blocks and toys he played with alone, abandoning them when gregarious youths approached.

And now it was November, a grey shivery November day, darkening at four o'clock as the children splashed and clamored, getting ready for tea. The heart of Nurse O'Brien was heavy. One of the social workers had dropped in during the afternoon with wet eyes and three children. A mother had wrapped a dead wee baby in a shawl and gone to her day's work leaving the three children playing at home. The little unconscious things had been playing doll with the shawled tragedy and the girl had brought them away. The grimness of it was dragging at the matron's spirit. She said "Grace" listlessly and unheedingly while Sammy counted his "pieces" over and over with a digit finger, and surreptitious bites were taken off specially jammy corners, and Mary Marchuck put out a graceless tongue at the chiding elder sister, and a new little plaid stranger girl sobbed on unreconciled to a new world.

Nurse McIvor held the base of supplies for the just-over-a-year, bread-and-milk dozen or so who sat around her in a semi-circle, hands on knees, wide waiting eyes, like little frogs on toadstools, opening and shutting their mouths as the spoon came their way. Nurse McIvor admonished as she fed. "Are ye a nice girl, Violet Mather?" Violet's Glasgow head bobbed in vigorous assent. Johnny Bisparka nodded over his spoon. Johnny was always sleepy as the late Duke of Devonshire. "Wake up, Johnny Bisparka!" she laughed at him. But he lapped his nourishment still with droopier, heavier lids, swaying on his stool. Izzy devoted himself seriously to the matter in hand, his eye lifting sometimes to Nurse O'Brien as she sat unusually still in the midst of the vibrant life of the Nursery, grieved and apart. And with some queer instinct of his queer baby-heart, bye-and-bye he slipped off his stool, crept in his queer side-wise fashion to the distraught little matron, and, quite suddenly, laid a confiding hand on her white linen knee. When the little Jewess slipped in from the grey evening she found her baby contented in the matron's arms, her lips on his little soft head, the comfort of tears in her Irish eyes. And, quite suddenly, as Izzy had laid his hand on her knee, quite suddenly the little Jewess buried her face in Nurse O'Brien's lap, and, her arms around her baby, and Nurse O'Brien's arms around them both, the bitter reserve of her broke down for the first time since she had taken her baby and come away, but broke down into a devastating storm of racking, terrible tears. "God—God—bless!" she said brokenly when she could speak again, and slipped away, her baby tucked into her shawl.

They had grown very near after that, the little Jew-Mother and the Irish nurse. And, all at once, it was Christmas Eve, crisp and white and starry. The Day Nursery had had a delectable Tree the day before, with all the mothers and all the babies and all the other mothers who had made the Day Nursery

come to be, and even a redeemed father or two. Today the matron had sent her staff all off to their homes or their friends. She herself was in a little green dinner-dress, the gold of her hair bound tightly above her gay face. She was going to dinner bye-and-bye with a certain distant cousin, a detrimental soldier-man from a military base along the Pacific. Her eyes were very dreamy in her gay face.

Izzy's mother had slipped in to sit a bit in the evening, had helped with the unusual robing, and had been told of the soldier-cousin.

"Lady—go away?" she wondered drearily.

"Not yet—not for a long time yet." Molly assured her, her face rosy, patting the black little shoulder.

Then she flitted off, tying up a belated parcel or two. And the little Jewess sat very still, brooding, Izzy straight and serious on her knee.

Molly O'Brien looked at her troubledly, her heart that had lifted to the coming of the soldier-detrimental falling again at sight of the bleak little woman and the straight, serious baby.

"What is it, Ruth?" she asked gently.

Ruth lifted a wan face. "Izzy," she said. "And me. The heart is empty. There is not—to come—anyones."

Then again, as in June, the door-bell rang. Before the women had stirred, the door opened with a rush and a comely young Jew with tumbled black hair and a very red tie was impetuously in the room, his arms outstretched to Ruth.

Ruth, the red spots flaming in her thin cheeks, rose with Izzy tight to her breast, and, standing, froze into a terrible stillness. One hand pointed to the door.

"Ruth!" the man appealed, his arms dropping.

Still she pointed.

His handsome face hardened.

"I stay," he said. "I tell."

Then a torrent of Yiddish came from him, gestures, appeals, a tale of travel. "Calgary," the matron heard, and saw his hands full of the money he drew from his pockets. But his wife stood on like a Fate, Izzy tight against her.

All at once she cut into his torrent of Yiddish with a sword-like question. The matron heard that it concerned a Rosa Finkelstein. But it sent the young Jew into a roar of laughter and another torrent of Yiddish. Then his face grew contrite as Ruth swayed a bit, and his arms went out again as the matron caught Ruth and steadied her into a chair. Her arms loosened around Izzy, and that unexpected young person, slipping to the floor, looked up at the handsome, flushed young man bent over his mother, hitched nearer, caught a cheerful-checked trouser, and, with an indubitable crow, stood up on his feet. His father caught him up with a shout of delight, and Ruth smiled unsteadily up at the two of them, and little O'Brien, her Irish heart lifting again nearly out of her small pulsing body, slipped away and left them alone together.

"Lady!" a soft voice called at the stairs bye-and-bye. And when she went down, "My man," said Ruth shyly—"he come." And, between them, they told her. There weren't "pretty girls" in earnest, it seemed. Ruth was jealous and her man had teased her. When she of unreason and went away, Joseph took Izzy one night in a sudden flame had been equally furious and wouldn't explain. On the night he went suddenly to Calgary, Rosa Finkelstein had gone West too, and Ruth thought they had gone together. But Rosa and her husband were home from Edmonton for the holiday, Joseph had just met them. And now the lady was going out and they must go too. Joseph was full of thanks and Ruth had a shy "God bless" for the soldier cousin, and Izzy held up his funny little face of his own free will to be kissed.

"They don't know, though, that it's blessed Christmas!" thought Molly, in whimsical pity. "But 'God bless' is warm and sweet. And it's Christmas for them just the same. A little child and peace."

Then she gasped and caught them back as they had just gone.

"How did you know? About here, I mean?" she demanded excitedly of Joseph.

"I forgot. A Sign." Joseph was excited now, hunting in inner pockets for the paper that had wrapped his tobacco in a survey camp, the paper that had brought him home.

From a crumpled, printed page the photograph of Izzy greeted the peering women, Izzy with his sweet bare toes sticking from his embroideries, and his tolerant, roguish smile of that one day in September. Small wonder he had coaxed an angry father home!

All at once the matron remembered a reporter girl who had come over one day with pencil and pad, eager from a rummage sale, to learn the end of the story. She had been quite crazy over Izzy and coaxed to borrow his photo for her article. And that was how it all happened. Never again would she be cross with reporter girls.

"God bless," she said tremulously, "reporter girls!"

A big man in a long military cloak swung in the gate.

"What is it you're saying, Molly?" he asked at the top of the steps.

"Just 'God bless,'" she smiled up at him.

"Who?" he wanted to know, "wrong case?"

"Reporter-girls and Jew-babies and soldier-men and—"

"It's there you stop," he told her. "I finish." He caught her, furs and all, into the folds of the military cloak. "God bless," he said tenderly, "God bless Molly O'Brien!"

And, from the gate, Izzy's first articulate speech came back in cooing, sleepy echo, "Gobess!"

At the Christmas Season

L. D. Stearns

It is time, my friend, if you have not already done so, to make up your Christmas list. Put love and thought into it. Have every gift you send suitable—the kind of gift you, yourself, would be glad to receive—if you would feel, when the season is over, a satisfaction with your efforts. Don't buy, or make, useless bits of trumpery that are of no earthly use to anyone and merely take up room for a year, when they can be passed on to another unfortunate victim.

We have almost lost sight of the true meaning of Christmas. We forget that when, in that far-away century, the Christmas season was ushered in by angel voices singing their hymn of praise, sending their message ringing through the whole earth, it was—"And on earth peace, goodwill toward men." And we make it a season of hurry, anxiety, debt, in striving to keep up with what we are pleased to feel are certain obligations.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Friend, this year let us try and remember to, first of all, get the Christmas spirit into our hearts, and then make of the Christmas season one we shall like to remember—one some other soul will like to remember.

Don't go into debt. Don't make of the season, which was meant to be one of peace, a nightmare because of debts that cannot be paid for many weary months afterwards. Be honest enough, and courageous enough, to do only what you know, in your heart, you can afford to do. Don't keep your dressmaker or your housegirl, or your landlady, waiting for what is her just due in order that you may make a gift that seems to you appropriate. For when you do that you are spending money which is not yours, and which you have no right to spend.

Make your list early, and do your shopping before the rush begins. If you wait until the last moment you are so tired out at the end that you have small heart to enjoy the day. It is a hard time in many ways, even though a beautiful time also, and if you get your shopping done early you are not only helping yourself, but you are helping, more than you can realize, the women and girls who work long hours in the stores all through the Christmas season.

It doesn't hurt anyone to be thoughtful and kind. Remember that the girl behind the counter is tired, that her feet ache—and, most likely, her head also—

and while you can go home and rest a bit, she has to stand there day in and day out, from early morning until late at night. Be thoughtful. Smile at her, instead of frowning. She will serve you far better, and it will leave a touch of human cheer in her heart.

Make up your mind, as well as you can, what you are going to buy and how much money you can afford to spend, and then keep within the limit.

It is a pretty idea to, one year, make it a handkerchief Christmas; another year, an apron Christmas or a tie Christmas; and so on. It saves much worry and planning, and the gifts are always acceptable. A plain linen handkerchief, costing twelve and a half cents, is far more pleasing than some bit of useless trumpery which costs more but amounts to nothing.

Do your gifts up daintily and be sure they arrive on time, for that is half the pleasure of a Christmas gift. Don't wear your temper to a fine edge and your eyes to the point of blindness by doing fancy work morning, noon and night. Better far try the above plan and see what a comfortable Christmas you will have. And if you have had sickness—extra expense from any cause—and cannot see where the money is coming from for even a handkerchief Christmas, then have the stamina and backbone to stand by what you know is right and good sense. Write loving notes of Christmas cheer and goodwill and send them forth. Any friend, who is worth the name of friend, will prize such a greeting far more than some gift that has caused you worry and discomfort.

But, beginning this year, my friend, why not make a resolve to give one gift each year to someone who is sad, and poor, and alone; a gift that need not necessarily cost money, but something that shall give to some soul courage and cheer. It will add a savor to the day that, if you have not already tried it, Christmas has never brought to you before.

I Feel So Rich On Christmas Day

By Mary Reynolds.

I don't know of another time in all the round of seasons

When a fellow feels so kind of rich as he does on Christmas Day,

When he feels so sort of generous if another fellow owes him.

An' would most as lief allow him clear till Doomsday to pay.

It isn't that you've got so much, most likely, in your wallet;

Nor yet it ain't the hay or oats or corn stored safe from harm;

It's only that you somehow feel just like you owned creation,

And as if all of creation was included in your farm.

On Christmas Day Maria Ann brings out her whitest linen,

And her willow-pattern china that's sure fit for any king;

And our children—them that's married as well as them that's single—

Come home and carry on and make the old house ring.

Some pay visits to the cellar where there's piles of winter apples,

And mounds of yellow pumpkins and heaps of "Early Rose;"

Some go upstairs to chatter where the open fires are roaring

And the rooms are warm and cozy-like no matter how it blows.

Then after dinner, in the dusk, we all get 'round the fire,

A merry crowd you'd find it hard to match where'er you sought;

And Maria Ann sits by me an' the children gather 'round me,

An' I tell you what, my riches ain't the kind that can be bought.

An' when at last the talking an' the laughter grows more quiet,

I get the Bible down an' read the Bethlehem story through,

An' I speak about the precious Gift the Heavenly Father gave us,

How we have it every Christmas-tide, and every time it's new.

An' then I try to thank the Lord for all the things He gives us,

But my heart swells up and chokes me so the words are hard to say;

An' so you see there ain't no time in all the round of seasons

When I really feel one-half so rich as I do on Christmas Day.

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Optimism of the West

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by William Lutton.

THOUGH the towering steel structure pauses momentarily in its upward course the West is optimistic. Though the Industrial Commissioner has put down his megaphone, no man, nor thing, nor institution is daunted. "Every man is cheerful," said Sir Thomas Shaughnessy who has been on his annual tour of inspection. "When I saw the golden fields and unbroken stretches of oats thousands of acres in extent, I felt the compelling inspiration of the West," said Mr. C. E. E. Ussher, the passenger traffic manager of the C.P.R. who has been visiting all the large centres of interest. That money tightness is almost a thing of the past already. The people of the North West will have \$300,000,000 in their pockets before the snow flies. The wad in the hip pocket will give courage to trembling finance. The returning confidence of the farmer will compel the more accommodating attitude of the banks. A good crop and paying prices will set such activities in motion as suffered from momentary palsy. Three great railway systems are moving heaven and earth to provide accommodation for the crop which moves with celerity and abundance. The set back to inconsiderate borrowing constituted a necessary rebuke. An abounding prosperity produces a sort of delirium. Ambition stays at no bounds; and in the general prosperity circumspection is thrown to the winds. That does not mean that the municipalities are necessarily dangerous. It does not mean that we are suffering a loss of credit in the West. It does mean that notice has been served on all wild "speculators," some of whom opened gilded palaces in London and deceived the British public with dazzling propositions destitute of reality. It does mean that all respectable elements must set themselves like a flint against irresponsible creatures who would for a sudden gain, place an indelible stigma upon the country. You see how Sir William McKenzie has returned from London with the simoleons in his hip pocket—millions of them. Necessary municipalities will get all requisite encouragement, flamboyancy will be discouraged, possibly even with good intent. The pace was too swift, in more than one municipal instance. The development has been marvelous, and as stable on the whole, as marvelous. First class institutions were set up in nearly every case with the laying down of the streets and sewers—there was however a feverish desire for emulation—wholesome enough in moderation, but liable to produce disaster when pursued without regard to consequences. The growth under such conditions might tend to become hectic. The raucous megaphone, too, rather alarmed the steady going British money market. There is no collapse, there is a steadied nerve. There is no pessimism; there is the sober second thought. No man experiences the slightest tremor respecting the future; all men feel that over exuberance is a dangerous thing. The sixteen story building pauses a moment, but is not daunted. The unfinished columns point irregularly upward, but in brief space they will reach completion. The writer visited a family in a dug-out not long ago. One saw beautiful silverware with the monograms and crests which bespoke gentility; bits of bric-a-brac almost priceless in their speciosity. One marvelled; but the husband and head of the family pointed with pride to the timber and the bricks outside with which he intended to build himself a proper home when he could get time; and also to his bank book, which was enviably fat. Asked if she had suffered from loneliness, the lady of the house said that she would not think of going back East after tasting the fresh, free and wholesome life of the prairie, which, too, was fast becoming a sociable and animated life, seeing that the people were coming in so rapidly. Mr. J. B. Foster, the assistant passenger traffic manager of the C.P.R. said to the writer that he will not soon forget the

thrill of the first car load of new wheat which reached Winnipeg. "The people timed it to a moment" he said. "Everybody felt thrilled over that first car and train." Of course the thrill would pass; you could not have it a second time; but it was intense. Why? Because that was the guarantee of prosperity to the West and to the world for that matter. That first car load timed to a nicety, was eloquent of what was to follow. It meant that \$300,000,000 or more. It meant the resumption of every activity—not that there had been any visible slackness, except perhaps in Real Estate. It meant the cheap loaf for the poor of London, and it meant for Canada more population, the easement of money stringency; and the recovery of the general confidence. And when the wheat is sold, and the big wad sticks out of the hip pocket, the home is enlarged, the sod covered roof disappears; the church, the school is enlarged; the university adds to its degree-conferring power; and we remember the heathen in distant lands. Lord Strathcona, who was recently in Canada, referred in conversation to the West—expressing his delight that the development was going on so rapidly, and that at the same time the conditions were on the whole so sound. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, well understanding that the last great West halt in the West, continues his policy of ready made farms, and the laying down of the steel before the settler arrives. He does this with confidence—understanding that the last great West has made its irresistible appeal to the world. Mr. Smithers, the chairman of the board of directors of the Grand Trunk said to the writer the other day that the British emigrants coming out here were at once a gain to the Dominion and the Empire at large. When they come to you they are ready-made citizens. They have been brought up to conserve the laws under which you live. They have sentiments identical with your own. They are merely enlarging their horizon a bit. That is all. And under the old flag they are ready at any moment to render necessary service to the Empire in the moment of need. Moreover, they will leaven, in any community, the other elements and produce in time a wholesome citizenship. Therefore, encourage the British emigrant, who although he leaves England is not lost to the Empire. One can see that in all the large centres the spirit is one of confidence. While great work may have paused a moment, normal life and activity are pursued. There is ample employment. Business is good. Nascent manufacturers are gaining in strength and diversity. While the East may supply some of the industrial need, the West is fast becoming self-contained in respect to its fabrications. The urban population grows, supplying the market for the farmer. The manufactured article is given in exchange for the desired natural products. Minerals which enter into manufacturing and make it possible, are being discovered in large quantities at the precise localities where they are most desired—exactly as, by a law of subtle compensation, you find the curative spring at the location which is provocative of rheumatism. That industrial feature needs emphasising, as does the other hopeful feature of mixed farming, which one was able to see so much evidence of. These complementary features assure the success of the West in all material regards; while the setting up of high schools and colleges, and universities, attest the growth of culture, lacking which material success is as barren as the East wind. In the younger cities one visited there might be something to fear in their crudeness, there might be features which will disappear before dawning aestheticism; but there were also the hints of beauty—in architecture, boulevard—while in striking evidence was the core of the people for the education of their children. They are still gathering money in England for the salvation of the North west; and salvation is always necessary

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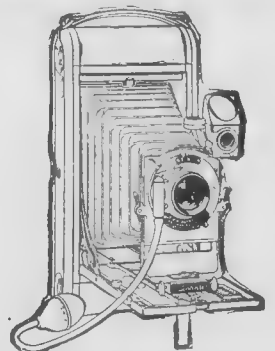
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—especially if it be unto the higher things of the spirit; but dollar wheat is not the sole obsession of the West. Mental development is asserted; the academy is fair and gracious; the whole university attests the progress and spiritual in life.

Real Satisfaction in Gift Making

Mrs. J. W. Wheeler

It is quite possible to plan and prepare one's Christmas gifts and at the same time find purest enjoyment, and along with the "good time" to reduce the annual expenditure not a little.

To illustrate: Do you love flowers? Then why not carry out your Christmas work along this line? Is it not more satisfactory than to wear one's nerves to tatters shopping in crowded stores, especially when one must stretch the dollar to do the work of five? Is it not better than putting one's eyes out over many kinds of needlework? Why not resolve never again to discount your strength over a diversity of work when a quarter of the time and a similar economy of expense would bring greater happiness to the friend and to yourself?—for everybody loves flowers.

Mail your order early to any reliable seedsman for the bulbs you desire and you may be surprised to find how far a dollar will go; then study your catalog for information regarding the culture. The majority of flowering bulbs may be forced for Christmas blooming, or restrained, as the case may be. Use good earth for planting, and plant single bulbs for the friends whom you wish to merely remember, and half-dozen of a kind in larger pots for those for whom you desire a more elaborate gift. The larger pots are handsome enough for the place of honor upon the dining table or in the parlor window.

Have the cards and holiday wrappings in readiness, and when the gift time arrives you will find it a most satisfactory change from the old order of things. You will feel quite Santy-like as you drop in on this friend and that, but if this is not desirable there is always the small messenger who is glad to earn an extra penny at this season. The pleasure of satisfying one's beauty hunger during the weeks of bulb culture is grand compensation for the instalments of work needed. "But," the objector opines, "I cannot get my wares to out-of-town friends, they would be sure to freeze or get broken in transit."

The express companies have particular and very satisfactory methods of handling business of this sort, but if one is still

fearful, it is a very simple matter to order from a florist in the town where the distant friend resides; and right here it is well to remember the old saying, "first come, first served," prevails at this season.

If art is your first love, put yourself in the atmosphere of art, selecting pictures for the 1913 gift making. Everybody has room for another little picture selected with taste and consideration of the "four walls" of the friend you have in mind. There never was a time when a very little money could go so far in this direction. The leading dealers in America make a specialty of faithful reproductions of famous pictures, both old and new, as well as pictures of the world's beauty spots, and either for a mere pittance. Some of the picture postals are gems of art. One marvels that they can be manufactured for the popular price, "two for five!" They are a valuable asset in Christmas work.

One girl delighted her friends last year by the gift of exquisite little mountain views, places she had seen the summer before, matted and framed at an astonishingly low figure. Her work assumed such proportions that she was able to get a special figure from the picture man. The moldings were cut and fastened at the corners, and the glasses cut to fit. The rest of the work she did in her room. Narrow brown frames were selected for the one-toned pictures, and still narrower ones for the colored postals that called for a gold frame. A few she merely finished with passepartout binding. She enjoyed the work greatly and became almost professional in execution, and what was of equal importance, she had her gifts finished long before the holiday rush, properly done up and in the hands of a trusted messenger for delivery, while she was enjoying snowshoeing with another weary teacher with whom she had fled into the heart of Maine for her mid-winter vacation. Was she not a wise young woman?

The fact that she had bought her postals across the sea is not as important as would at first seem, for the same cards may be purchased of the large dealers, who import them at only a small advance on the price. The many equally beautiful views of our own land make just as satisfactory little pictures.

Another line that may be exploited with equal satisfaction is that of fine cookery, preserving, confectioning, etc. The only disadvantage in this work is that it cannot be done ahead of time, but by arranging the boxes, ribbons and wrappings in advance the task need not result in too great a confusion. Very pretty baskets and boxes are now sold for gifts of this sort.

Hints for Christmas Gifts

M. M.

Our city cousins have a present-day fad for wearing necklaces of rose hips, reviving an old-time schoolgirl custom. Rose hips, or seed pods as we call them, when carefully strung make very pretty ornaments, and when fully dried, by their shriveled appearance greatly resemble the expensive hand-carved wooden beads. For a Christmas gift to city friends nothing would please them more. They are simplicity itself to make and cost only a little time, strings of two yards long being the right length. Gather a quantity and clip the stem and blossom end free from anything adhering when pulling them from the parent stem. String from both ends, using a red druggist's cord, place a large hip in the centre, and graduate them so the smallest come at the opposite end. When completed hang the chain in a sunny kitchen window where the sun and heat will dry it.

Bald holly berries make very dainty chains. When gathered before frost and allowed to partly dry on the branch, then strung, when fully dry they are hardly distinguishable from real beads. Necklaces of these come from California, made with every other one a gold bead, and are unique and expensive. A country girl might make a neat little sum by offering chains of these berries, without the gold beads, at stores where Christmas novelties are kept. Care must be taken to use only the large, uniform sized berries, and when pushing them along on the string not to bruise or crush them, as they will be discolored when dried if this care is not taken.



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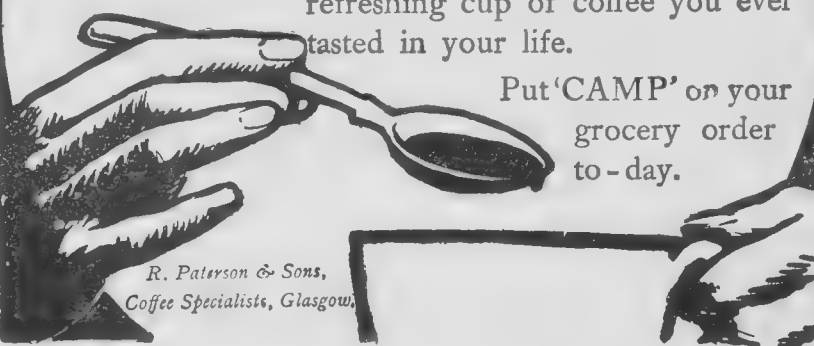
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'CAMP' COFFEE

A teaspoonful of 'CAMP,' sugar, milk, boiling water —that's all! Result—the most fragrant, delicious, refreshing cup of coffee you ever tasted in your life.

Put 'CAMP' on your grocery order to-day.



R. Paterson & Sons,
Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

FAMILY OF FIVE

All Indulged Freely from Infancy.

It is a common thing in this country to see whole families growing up with nervous systems weakened by tea and coffee drinking.

That is because many parents do not realize that tea and coffee contain a drug—caffeine—which causes the trouble. (The same drug is found in tea.)

"There are five children in my family," writes a Western mother, "all of whom drank coffee from infancy up to two years ago."

"My husband and I had heart trouble and were advised to quit coffee. We did so and began to use Postum. We now are doing without medicine and are entirely relieved of heart trouble."

(Caffeine causes heart trouble when continually used as in coffee drinking.)

"Our eleven-year-old boy had a weak digestion from birth, and yet always craved and was given coffee. When we changed to Postum he liked it and we gave him all he wanted. He has been restored to health by Postum and still likes it."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Write for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be boiled.

Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a reason" for Postum.



'Wincarnis' is a necessity in every home—in YOUR home particularly. Because—

In the course of a year innumerable instances occur in which a wineglassful of 'Wincarnis' will prove invaluable. For example: You return exhausted after a day's outing—'Wincarnis' will immediately revive you. You suffer from 'nerves' through household worries—

WINGARNIS

will sooth your nerves. You can't sleep—'Wincarnis' will give you a sweetly-refreshing night's rest. You feel weak and listless—'Wincarnis' will invigorate and strengthen you. You suffer from brain-fag—'Wincarnis' will stimulate your brain. And in cases of sudden fainting fits, accidents, heart troubles, etc., 'Wincarnis' will prove a prompt and reliable restorative. Will you buy just one bottle?



He works 36 hours at a stretch

And overtime when needed. Any-one can afford him, for he only costs \$3.00 to buy and nothing at all to keep. Nearly half of the families in Canada have taken advantage of this and have employed him to get the family up in the morning.

Even if you have a preference about waking up, he's ready to get you up your way. If you like to be wakened gradually, he'll ring little short rings every other half-minute for ten minutes. If you're a hard sleeper and need a strong dose, he'll sing out with a long, vigorous, full five-minute ring. Either way, you can shut him off at any point.

7,000 Canadian dealers are necessary to take care of the demand he's created for himself. He's made a world's Record as a success.

He's invaluable on the farm, because he not only helps you get the hands out on time, but serves as a first-class clock to tell the day time by.

He stands 7 inches tall, is triple nickel-plated—has a vest of good implement steel that keeps him hardy; large, bold figures and hands to tell the time by in the dim light of morning. He is as fit for the parlor as the bedroom.

If your dealer hasn't him, send a money order for \$3.00 to *Westclox, La Salle, Ill.*, and he'll come anywhere in Canada by parcel post, duty charges paid.

He bears the imprint, *Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox*, which is the best alarm clock insurance you can buy.

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Christmas Customs in England

Written for Western Home Monthly by E. L. Chicanot, Lillico.

ALTHOUGH the celebration of Christmas has become considerably modernized, yet in many old districts in England the inhabitants still continue the customs which survive the times when each county had its separate customs and was as distinct, in its way, as one country is from another.

At Oxford, the "boar's head feast," an old-established Christmas custom of the northern counties, is annually celebrated at Queen's College. A blast of a horn heralds the procession, and all eyes are fixed on the door. First enter the provost and fellows, followed by the bearer of a silver dish on which reposes the boar's head, decorated with holly and bay. All take their places and the feast begins.

At Dewesbury, in Yorkshire, every Christmas Eve the Devil's knell is tolled. The bell is rung the same number of times as the year—thus this year it would be tolled 1912 times. This practice signifies that when Christ was born the Devil dies; hence the ringing of his death knell.

In certain parts of Staffordshire, the old Christmas custom of "horn and hobby dancing" still survives. Each dancer encircles his head with reindeer antlers, and these, together with the hobby horse, are kept from year to year. One of the dancers leads the hobby horse, whilst another plays an accordion, and they altogether perform sundry old time dances. At the conclusion of the dance they send round the hat and receive quite a nice little sum which the dancers divide among themselves. After these celebrations the horse and antlers are stowed away in the church until the next Christmas.

Until recent years there existed in Essex an old custom of wrestling for the boar's head. The boar's head, provided by New College, Oxford, was elevated on a pole, decked with ribbons, and at the head of a procession brought into a ring already prepared in a field adjoining the church. Here the wrestling took place, the winner of the contests carrying off the boar's head as his prize.

At Haxey in the Lincolnshire Fen district, a curious old custom of "throwing the hood" is annually celebrated. It was first instituted by a daughter of the Mobrays, a landed family of the district. It happened one Christmas Eve that the young lady was out riding and had her hood blown off by the wind. Several men working in an adjoining field ran to pick it up. The wind carried it farther and farther away, and their efforts to secure the cloak afforded the young lady so much amusement that she gave the men money, and promised that a piece of land should be vested for carrying out a sport on Christmas Eve to be called "throwing the hood." The villagers have held chivalrously to the custom and each Christmas they hunt the hood with the same zest as did their ancestors of old.

In superstitious Cornwall we should expect to find old Christmas customs, and we are not disappointed. Christmas festivities in this county begin on the second Thursday previous to Christmas, when the Cornish celebrate the feast of St. Piram, the supposed discoverer of tin, and on the first Thursday before Christmas the feast of Chewidden in commemoration of the first manufacture of smelted tin.

The Cornish miners have also a superstition against working in the mines on Christmas Eve, because of a tradition that on that night the fairies meet together underground to hold a Mass in honour of the birth of Christ. Sounds of beautiful music are alleged to have been heard. On two occasions also, where love of money had conquered their superstitions, miners have gone into the mines on Christmas Eve and at both times fatal explosions have taken place.

This superstition is also held by the miners of the Black Country.

Devonshire, too, clings hard to its ancient customs. In the neighbourhood of Dartmoor it is customary on Christmas Eve for the farmers and their men to take a large bowl of cider with toast in it, and carry it in procession to the orchard to salute the trees, in order that they may bear well the following year. The ceremony consists in throwing the cider about

the roots of the tree and placing the pieces of toast upon the branches. All stand in a circle about the tree and sing carols to the tree, special honour being paid to one bearing mistletoe. This custom is also prevalent in Somerset, Hertfordshire, Shropshire, Hampshire, Herefordshire, and in some parts of Sussex.

"Shooting the apple" is another old Devonshire custom. It is customary on the eve of Christmas to fire at the apple trees as if to threaten them if they do not bear fruit in plenty.

In Manx land, annually, on the feast of St. Stephen, December 26th, the hunting of the wren takes place. Men and boys stay out all day hunting the poor little wren. At the end of the day, one of the slaughtered birds is fixed to a long pole decked with ribbons and flowers and carried at the head of a long procession, whilst sundry rhymes, pertaining to the wren, are sung. Afterwards it is laid on a bier and buried with all funeral rites in the parish churchyard.

The custom of "hunting the wren" is also annually carried out on St. Stephen's day. Hunting parties are out all day, and at night, accompanied by songs that have been handed down from generation to generation, they carry home in triumph the slain birds. Needless to say, this practice has always been denounced by the clergy and all bird-lovers.

From The Same Country.

One does not hear so much about Belgian hares as one did a year or so ago. But the raising of these hares is still both a pastime and an industry. A man who has a prosperous hutch was showing a friend some of the young ones.

"And those little dabs of fur are Belgian hares?"

"Yes; about three days old."

"Huh! They look to me more like Brussels sprouts."

And now abides Faith—as bides Love,
and bides Hope,

The three Godly Graces sent doon frae
Above!

And gin ye may speir, "whilk is
greatest?" Give heed!

The greatest, the sweetest, maist God-
like, is Love!

—W. Wye Smith.

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Grape-Nuts a Perfectly Balanced Food.

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It is a food that is perfectly balanced, supplies the needed elements for both brain and body in all stages of life from the infant, through the strenuous times of active middle life, and is a comfort and support in old age.

"For two years I have used Grape-Nuts with milk and a little cream, for breakfast. I am comfortably hungry for my dinner at noon.

"I use little meat, plenty of vegetables and fruit, in season, for the noon meal, and if tired at tea time, take Grape-Nuts alone and feel perfectly nourished.

"Nerve and brain power and memory are much improved since using Grape-Nuts. I am over sixty and weigh 155 lbs. My son and husband seeing how I had improved are now using Grape-Nuts.

"My son, who is a traveling man, eats nothing for breakfast but Grape-Nuts and a glass of milk. An aunt, over 70, seems fully nourished on Grape-Nuts and cream." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Christine's Christmas

Written for Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert, Calgary.

IT WAS a dull December day and very cold, colder indoors than out; so at least thought little Christine Denbigh as she busily dusted the draughty schoolroom of Miss Cubbitt's seminary for young ladies. Christine's small round face, which looked as though it were made for dimples and smiles, was despondent to-day.

Dusting the schoolroom was no easy task, for every nook and cranny would be subsequently examined by Miss Cubbitt, and if a speck of dust was to be seen anywhere a severe scolding was sure to be the result. Christine wondered rather sadly why Miss Cubbitt, whose manner towards her had formerly been sweetness itself, should in the course of three short weeks

into a home where destitute children were fed, clothed and educated.

This morning Christine had been again summoned to Miss Cubbitt's presence and told that the application for admittance had been accepted, and that she would be received into the Home as soon as possible after Christmas. In the meantime Miss Cubbitt had not refrained from making use of the little girl, and she had been despatched on errands, ordered to dust the rooms and to help to stone the raisins, and given several other small duties.

At this moment a sharp voice ordered her to hurry up and finish the dusting, for she was required to go to the butcher's in the next street. Having got her hat and a basket, the little girl set forth. Her way



The songster rendering sweet melody to the hungry squirrels

have become sour, cross-grained, and fault-finding.

Just over three years ago a cab had drawn up before the front door of this seminary, and from it there had alighted a tall gentleman, holding by the hand a small girl, beautifully dressed, and carrying a wax doll almost as big as herself, with golden hair and china blue eyes.

The tall gentleman had been Mr. Denbigh, the small girl Christine. Although at that time Christine had been only seven, she remembered clearly how deferential Miss Cubbitt had been to her father as he explained that he was going abroad for an indefinite period and was entrusting his motherless daughter to her care.

Christine had never seen him since, but he had written frequently kind, affectionate letters, urging her to be good and patient at school until the happy day arrived when he should come and fetch her away and they should live together.

The last letter was the shortest of all, but the one Christine loved above all others, for in it her father had stated that he was starting for home immediately and, if all went well, would be in England within a month.

And then just a week after he had sailed the terrible announcement appeared in the papers that the ship had gone down in mid-ocean and all lives were lost.

Christine had been summoned to the drawing room and briefly acquainted with the dreadful facts; she was also told that it was impossible for Miss Cubbitt to maintain a penniless child, and that an application would be made for her admittance

lay through a very quiet thoroughfare, and a barrel organ bursting into tune just behind startled her not a little. The air was a very gay one, and as Christine stopped to listen she began involuntarily to beat her feet in time to the music. She had always been very fond of dancing, and now as the tune merrily proceeded she could not resist dancing a few steps which she had invented on the spur of the moment. Having once begun, she found it hard to stop, and she did not cease until the sudden stoppage of the music made her look round quickly.

The organ grinder was coming towards her. "See 'ere, Missy," he said, "that dancin' o' yourn's kinder caught my fancy. I feels inclined to make you an offer as I wouldn't make to every one. What do you say to coming round with me to-day and dancin' to the toons? I'd give yer two cents on every quarter I makes, an' yer couldn't find better pay than that anywheres."

Christine caught her breath for a moment. How delightful it would be to enjoy herself for just this one day! As soon as Christmas was over she would be sent to the home for destitutes. There would be no opportunity for dancing there, she knew well. This was certainly an opportunity not to be lost. The bargain was sealed without delay, and she took up her position beside the organ.

But the man had no intention of remaining where he was. Telling Christine to follow, he made his way through a labyrinth of streets until they reached a spot quite unknown to her. There he halted

ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamers. "The Popular Pioneer Line"

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Tunisian	Dec. 10th

Portland-Glasgow Service	
Ionian	Dec. 13th
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Hesperian	Dec. 11th

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and began to play while Christine danced as before.

Soon a crowd gathered, and many admiring comments on her dancing reached the child's ears. Intoxicated by her success, she performed her part of the entertainment with marvellous skill and grace. When at last the organ-grinder's dilapidated cap was passed round for contributions quite a shower of small coins was collected.

Thus they moved on from place to place until it began to get dark, and the shops were one by one lighted up to display the Christmas wares inside. The streets were getting very crowded now, and Christine began to get tired of the perpetual glare and bustle. Just then the man stopped the organ in front of a large hotel and began to play.

"I will dance just this once more," she said to herself, "and then I will tell the man that I must go home."

A large crowd collected, and Christine once again began to dance. The crowd applauded vociferously, and she was prevailed upon to dance again and again, until her head began to swim, and she was forced to lean against the organ for support.

"Get on now," said the man, giving her

So, after all, Christine was destined to have the happiest Christmas she had ever spent, for she was taken away from Miss Cubbitt's that very night and stayed in the grandest of grand hotels with her father. It appeared that the ship in which Mr. Denbigh had sailed was the "Princess Marie," while the one which had gone down was the "Princess Mary".

Christine is a big girl now, and has lived for several years in the beautiful house which she had so often dreamed about. She has a grand party every Christmas, but she always says that the happiest she ever spent was that Christmas of long ago when her father was restored to her.

Susie

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. D. A. Evans

She had realised the meaning of one word, ah! longer than she cared to glance back into the mists, those days of sorrow which had obscured her life. It is true that grey had come to her hair; a certain firmness was yet visible in the quiet

not recollect as resident within a locality in which she was acquainted with the majority of the dwellers. For a few moments she paused. No! it could not be possible. She looked at him again. Then her thoughts became bewildered. Perhaps he would notice her. She wondered if the long years of sorrow were creating within her a sudden imagination—that the man might be Herbert. She glanced intently towards him. The memory of that face had not forsaken her. Could he have been told that she was living in Mountberry and had come to see her? She walked toward him. That one word she uttered sufficed—the sound of a voice he had once known—Susie!

Then—the mists had cleared away.

They walked together along the road. She spoke little to him. Her heart was too full for that. Her lips whispered forgiveness, a forgotten past. At last the tears came—Susie's long kept tears of years. The broken chord was mended and vibrated once more.

When the tongue has been burned with hot food or liquid, allow a piece of butter to melt gradually in the mouth and immediate relief will be afforded.



A flock of Alberta ducks

a vicious push. "None o' yer falutin' here! Jest you get on, if you please!"

"I was just going to tell you," began Christine, "that I'm afraid I shall have to be going now. I——"

"Ho, will yer reely!" jeered the organ-grinder. "Some one else'll have a say in that if I ain't much mistook. 'Ere," he said, addressing the crowd, "'ere's this gal wot I 'ired, payin' 'er 'alf of what I got meself, tryin' to give me the slip!"

A loud uproar ensued, some of the crowd taking Christine's part, but most of them that of the organ-grinder.

Then began a noisy scuffle, under cover of which Christine attempted to escape, but was brought back by her indignant employer, who, with a "Take that, yer lazy 'ussy!" dealt her a stinging blow on the mouth.

She dropped to the ground, and then a policeman suddenly appeared on the scene, whereupon the crowd disappeared as if by magic, and the policeman was left with a tall dark man who had hurried up.

"She's only stunned, sir; there's no call for you to stay!" the policeman was beginning, when, with a stifled cry, the man dropped on his knees before the prostrate little form and peered intently into her face.

It was then that Christine opened her eyes, and with a glad cry of "Father!" flung herself into his arms.

attitude of her eyes; depression had not been permitted to enter within her soul, the calm features of her face were indicative of that.

The afternoon of Christmas Eve. Miss Atley, teacher at Mountberry, was standing in the porch of the school as the children were hastening out of the building. A long, deep sigh escaped her lips. The morrow was Christmas Day, and — Then a tear rolled down her cheek. The years passed away had not effaced from her memory a Yuletide party at the old home on Lake Superior's northern shore. The story she had listened to; the remembrance of that night was a bitterness, an unending anguish. She stood deep in thought. For nineteen years she had not seen him, never learned whither he went. Rumor had said Australia. Possibly he lay buried in Antipodean climes.

Then she locked the schoolroom door and walked homeward.

It was the usual custom in Mountberry to celebrate Christmas evening by a dance in Parley's large barn. To this function, Miss Atley had received an invitation. As a general rule, she did not accept many of the requests for her company at the social gatherings of the neighborhood. The Christmas dance was, however, an exception. And now she was seated in Parley's barn watching the arriving guests; With one party had come a man she could

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The Christmas Gift

A Complete Story by Albert Kinross

THERE was, it appeared, no need to make a formal presentation; Mrs. Golding and Colonel Sebright had met before.

"So you know our lion?" said Lady Dallison; and Olive Golding, a little palely, "Oh, yes; Edmund and I were friends as boy and girl."

Jack Golding had charge of the colonel now, and he was delighted to come so close to a popular hero, to meet him in the flesh and grasp his hand.

"No life like a soldier's," he was saying; "we poor fellows that stay at home—what are we?"

The colonel couldn't enlighten him. "Olive Moorsom's husband, for one thing," he might have said, had he spoken out.

"I hear he's to be knighted, a K.C.B.—none of your Indian orders." Olive was listening to Jermyn Dallison. "I don't think he cares. Those fellows who have done things never seem to care. I gave

in the smartest places. Such a gay young dog on paper! Really, he lived alone in the jungle. The solitude was too much for him. He gave it up and shot himself. Much better fun to be home," he ended, "much better fun."

Of the actual defence and holding of a hard-pressed frontier post, of the valour and shrewdness that had made him prominent, the colonel said nothing; but he admitted that he had eaten horsesh, and that it was rather good. And when the ladies were gone, and Jack Golding had him in a corner, "Oh, it's all in the papers," he said; "they know more about it than I do. You see, one's too busy," he laughed.

"This is the man Olive married," he was thinking under his moustache; "seems rather a good sort."

The colonel walked home that night. He had promised to call on the Goldings—what had he not promised? Jack Golding would take no denials—there was even something comic in Jack Goldings'



30,000 lb. catch of Halibut, Prince Rupert

five thousand for my handle—'services to the party,' and he laughed.

The colonel was presented to a vivacious spinster, and to a lady and gentleman who took him very seriously indeed; who made quite a point of taking him very seriously. It was rather foolish of them, his grey eyes seemed to say. He had another moment with Olive before dinner was announced. She must be thirty-eight—and married and children in the nursery—"Handsome—very handsome," he reflected, giving Lady Dallison his arm.

There was just a whisper of excitement under all that dinner-party, a heightening, a something scarcely perceptible, but nevertheless evident. Even the servants were full of Colonel Sebright and the exploit that had put his name in so many mouths.

He swallowed his soup, however, like any other body; indeed, he seemed singularly young and cheery and unspoiled.

The lady, who took him so very seriously, asked him whether he was not sorry it was over. She would like to have been in his place, it appeared. So would Jack Golding—more fondly still; though what either of them would have done in it was not so clear.

Over the colonel's face rippled a smile at their enthusiasm.

"It's better fun to be home," he said, "much better fun. You don't know how we fellows abroad envy you and think of London." And later, sipping his sherry: "There was one poor chap I knew in Burma—blew his brains out—couldn't stand the solitude. We went over his papers—pages full of imaginary spees. He'd sat alone in the jungle and planned such evenings! Dinners everywhere, and such good dinners—he gave you the whole six courses with all sorts of additions and corrections; but always salmon after the soup—seemed to have liked salmon; and then to a music hall or a play, and suppers

warm insistence and pinning to a date: and "any afternoon," Olive had said, "if you send a note in the morning. I've so few engagements, and the children rather look to me," as she gave him her hand.

Olive Golding must be thirty-eight. There had been three years between them. "Doesn't look it," he reflected; and then again he saw Jack Golding fixing the evening he should dine with them, waving aside his hesitations, begging him to accept all kinds of hospitality, and finishing with, "We've a little place in the country—quite cosy for week-ends—if you could join us—"

Just for a second a dangerous hardness crossed the colonel's eyes.

II.

It was December now, and London darkened early. Sebright had thought of going abroad for Christmas, and, before he went, he would like to say good-bye. He chanced it one afternoon. If Olive were in, so much the better; if she were out, he would send a line when he reached home.

She was in. It was the first time he had been alone with her informally, and seen her in the quiet of every day.

"I suppose it'll be the South of France," he said, when Olive asked him whether he had made any plans.

"Rather a dull Christmas," said she. "We shall be quite a party. My big girl came home yesterday—she's just left school—and the two elder boys will be here to-morrow. It seems hard on you having no home."

"One doesn't miss these things unless one's had 'em," he answered, easily as though in himself he had often made the same reply before.

She put her sewing before her and faced him squarely.

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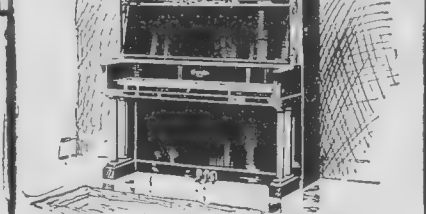
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"Edmund," she asked, "why didn't you marry? Was it because of me?"

Sebright smiled.

"One likes to think it," he said, "but, honestly, it wasn't that."

Her face cleared.

"I've always had you a little on my conscience," she said with half a smile.

"No need," said he. "Sometimes I've worked it out. I took three years to recover, and then—I simply hadn't time, and a second shot's not so easy as the first."

"Why don't you marry now?"

"Who would have me?"

"Who wouldn't?" said she.

"I know," he answered, "I've met 'em. All sorts of inappropriate people—all the old maids in London, for that matter."

"You always saw the humorous side of things, Edmund."

"It saves one from dwelling on the other."

The colonel looked at her even more whimsically.

"This is good enough; and they are going to give me a brigade—I've often thought of seeing you again," he pursued, "and I knew we would be good friends. One likes to meet one's youth again. But that first thing was pretty impossible. You were eighteen and had just left school. I was twenty-one and had just got my commission—and very little else. Your people were quite right to say 'No' and cut off everything. I've often given 'em credit for it—reluctantly," he added with a smile, "from their point of view."

real, and reality's the only wear. That's where I envy you, really. Women do score there. And to have 'em when you're young—that must be pretty ripping."

"But you've got other things," she ventured.

"I've been successful, made a career, eh?" and he smiled again. "One must have something, Olive!" he said laughing. "I couldn't have what I wanted, so I've had this instead. It's not much fun, really—except for the old maids. They enjoy it like anything."

"But the things you've done in Burmah and on the frontier?"

"That's nothing. Do you know, Olive, I've never cared. That's the whole secret. The married men were thinking how to win and how to save their skins, and I was only thinking how to win. I rather had the pull of them."

The room was all but dark. The fire-light showed him sitting there, almost in silhouette, with cheek and chin out-blotted by a hand.

"I've done what people call 'reckless' things," he pursued, "done them alone, mostly. There was that nine days' ride with Arnold's message asking for help. It got me my first step. There was nothing much about it in the papers. There never is, except by a fluke, or when you've done something showy like this last thing. Reckless, was I? All I felt was the freedom of those days and nights and the goodness of being alone. Sometimes I heard the pop of a rifle and the



Rocky Mountain Sheep

She smiled, too, remembering—remembering.

"It was pretty mad," said he; "all those garden-parties at Halesworth, and my getting into the box-hedge, because of the governess, after I had been forbidden the house—what a queer good-bye we whispered! Were you ever caught? And letting the pony down when I was trying to make a good impression on your mother—pitched her out, didn't I? Hardly the right sort of impression that was!"

And Olive still smiled, remembering—remembering. Jack Golding had done none of these foolish, ardent things, but had come in at the front door like other people.

"And the five bob I got for the poem about you? And King who was my bosom friend in those days? Such an honest ruffian!"

"What's become of King?" she asked, laughing.

"He lives in America and is hen-pecked."

"And you're not even that!"

They both remembered a hundred foolish things that were their youth.

"And Unica who befriended us—I've forgotten her real name—and Mrs. Perch who told our fortunes—what's become of them?"

Unica and Mrs. Perch had vanished.

"I've been pretty constant," he said, reading her thoughts. "It's easy to be constant out there, one meets so few women—unless one particularly wants to. I haven't wanted to very much," said he. "And now I'm glad to think you've got the children as well. That's jolly nice—better than all our memories. Kids are

queer sigh of a bullet, and, just for the fun of the thing, I answered 'em with my Colt. And sometimes men gave chase; and then I rode away. It was like a game, and those others were my playfellows. And deep down in my heart—for we're all of us two people—I was saying, 'I can't very well shoot myself, can I?' There was the fellow who rode laughing, and the fellow saying that."

The colonel paused. Olive's drawing room head vanished, and he was again on a good horse with Arnold's message next his heart, and the wilderness round about him.

"I never knew why I volunteered for that until to-day. I thought it was a thousand to one against me, but it wasn't. I've been like that for years, and never quite understood—And now, suppose you give me a cup of tea?" he ended.

He turned on the lights and rang the bell for her.

Behind the man with the tray entered a slim, tall girl, fair, light-stepping, and clear-cut as a gem.

She had not seen Sebright, but he had seen her.

This must be Olive's "big girl," the one that had left school yesterday—to him it was a vision restored from twenty years ago. He stared at her, literally stared at her. Olive had been like that, as fair, as exquisite, as graceful.

"I've put my hair up, mother," she said; "what do you think of it?" and she turned round.

Then she discovered the colonel, and would have fled.

"Lucy, this is Sir Edmund Sebright, a very dear old friend of mine."

Mrs. Golding watched them and felt

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proud. Her girl was chatting now, freely and without embarrassment. The colonel had opened, and they had laughed together; and then she had caught, "You're like the photograph—we all wore it at school in little buttons"—"Now you may go," said Mrs. Golding; and this time the girl fled in earnest.

It was a glimpse, a vision, real and unreal. Olive Golding was studying the colonel's face.

"She's a little—a little like her mother?" she asked shyly.

"Do you know, Olive, I thought it was a ghost," he said.

"A very substantial one."

"Apparently," and he smiled.

She gave him tea, and they talked of other things.

"Why don't you come to us for Christmas?" she asked at last. "We are all going away into the country, and we'd just have room for you. I'd be so glad."

"I'd fall in love with your daughter," was his reply.

"I would be gladder still."

Their eyes met, making her meaning plain. It swept through him.

"I'm an old fogey," he said, after an interval.

"You're not old."

"Middle-aged."

"Quite a boy!"

"She wouldn't have me," and he shook his head.

"Oh, Edmund, then you'll come!" It was almost as though she were offering herself to him. "You will come?" she said. "I half hoped and wanted this ever since our first meeting. You see, I owed it you—so long!"

"But she wouldn't have me."

"Have you! Oh, aren't you a hero and all sorts of things! Do girls ever refuse them?—even if you were sixty!"

"But she'll find me out."

"She'll think herself the luckiest girl in England, and you can make it true. A young girl's clay. I was clay. A young girl's love is not a very deep thing, and it's easily won; but you can make it deep and win it and keep it. I know you'll be good to her, Edmund. You've been too good to me."

Sebright was looking at her, his eyes a little dimmed. "If she would grow like you!" he said.

"Then you will come to us?"

"I'll come," said Sebright, "of course I will!"

Before Christmas

Magdalene Merritt

Now comes the white snow mantle down
And hides the fields so bleak and brown.
The hardwood trees against the sky
Uplift their leafless branches high,
While nature in expectant mood
Seems prophesying something good;
So short the time that bringeth near
The happy Christmas of good cheer.

How gay the children run to school
And quick obey each stringent rule!
With bright heads bent above their books,
Right merry every scholar looks.
With side-long glances here and there,
And hopeful thoughts that wander where
Old Santa Claus packs up the things
That every gladsome Christmas brings.

Then hurry up, good mother, bake
The doughnuts, pies, and rich nut cake,
Till full your pantry shelves will grow
With toothsome goodies, row on row;
There flanked by clear cranberry gell,
And small plum puddings steaming well,
The fattened goose is stored away
To ripen until Christmas day.

And in a hamper, deep and wide,
Pack close and well what goes inside;
For gifts like these that love doth send
To greater health will ever tend;
Since food touched by your finger tips
Is magic to another's lips.
Thus each small portion sent away,
Will wonders work on Christmas day.

Kerosene is excellent for cleaning windows, mirrors, cut glass, etc. Rub the surface with a rag dipped in the oil, wipe off with a clean cloth and polish with tissue paper or chamois skin. There will be no odor left on glassware, but there will be a wonderful brilliance.

A February Picnic

By E. M.

"Oh dear me!" sighed Nellie Page; "how I do wish I had been born in the summer."

"I'm sorry, too," said Nellie's mamma; "you really ought to have been born in June, you're such a rosy posy," and she kissed the little girl's plump pink cheeks.

"Helen Barr has her birthday in August when she can have a lawn party. Gracie Ford's is in July. She has always a picnic birthday party, and I have nasty, horrid, snowy, old February, when we've got to stay indoors and go home early because it gets dark and there's no flowers nor green things nor nothing."

"It is too, too bad," sighed mamma; "we thought you were such a dear little valentine when you arrived six years ago that I really didn't think anything about the winter. And it was such a snowy day, snowier than any birthday you have had since."

"I think there is plenty of snow now," said Nellie, as she gazed out at the windows watching the boys and girls wade home from school through the drifts.

"We're not going to mind the snow," said mamma cheerily; "I've just written all your invitations and asked the little folks to come to a picnic on Thursday."

"A picnic, mamma, out in the snowy woods!" cried Nellie.

"No indeed. This picnic will be under green trees and with flowers all round."

"Oh!" gasped Nellie; "where are we going? South?"

"I can't tell," said mamma; "don't ask any more questions; it would spoil the surprise."

How it did snow on Thursday! "Don't take off your things," said Nellie's mamma, to the boys and girls as they arrived for the picnic; "all come in and carry a basket to the picnic."

Mamma wrapped a shawl about her head and with her guests trooping after her carried a big basket out through the yard. They stopped, however, before they went into the woods behind the house; they followed mamma into the barn, up the stairs to the great big loft.

How the boys and girls did shout when they saw the wonderful picnic grounds. The floor of the loft was covered with a green carpet and green, grassy-looking rugs, and all around stood pine trees, nailed securely to the floor. You couldn't see, however, where they were nailed, for the grassy mats covered them. Two or three canary cages were hidden away in the rafters, and the birds were singing. There were two swings and a teeter board, and Nellie's big doll house and all her dollies. Best of all, off at one end there was a great, big mound of sweet-smelling hay. The children dived into it and rolled on it and made nests, and what a good time

they did have. There were boxes and pots of real blossoming flowers, which mamma had been petting and tending for weeks—daffodils and hyacinths and lilies.

I couldn't tell you of all the surprises which happened at that picnic. While she was playing hide and seek among the trees, Dolly Loring found a whole shelf of things ready to blow soap bubbles, and such fun as they had. In one corner, in the hay, was old Doosie with her three little kittens. Suddenly there came a burst of music. It was a funny old organ grinder. He had the drollest little monkey with him; it danced and bowed and played with the girls and boys.

At last the baskets were unpacked, and everybody sat down around the tablecloth laid on the ground to eat supper. There were delicious sandwiches, sugary doughnuts, red apples, nuts, cunning little saucer pies, candy and popcorn. The boys and girls were as hungry as bears. The big can had to be filled with milk. When they said good-bye and bundled into their big coats and rubber boots, and got ready to wade through the snow home, they all stopped to give three cheers for Nellie and her winter picnic, which had proved to be such a jolly good time.

"Really, mamma," said the tired little hostess, when her guests had gone, "it was the jolliest, funniest picnic I ever went to in all my life."

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The Days of the Year

By Newton Forbes

"Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage."

THIS frank admission on the part of Amos Witherbee did not create a sensation at the class-meeting which followed the regular Sunday morning preaching at Clark's Corners. Familiarity may breed indifference, if not contempt, even in a class-meeting. The good people of Clark's Corners had heard Amos make this self-same confession at every class-meeting held in their little church during the previous ten years. It seemed good and pious—eminently the correct thing, in fact—for him to lay claim to a shocking depravity, especially as they had never heard a word from any other person

which would in the least substantiate the accusation. Had he been known to play cards, to attend the theatre, to drink liquor or to transgress the rules of the discipline in any way they would, no doubt, have bestirred themselves, and would have had him expelled as an ungodly man; but, as things were, his references to an evil pilgrimage were looked upon merely as a fine exhibition of humility.

Why, look at Miss Elvira Simpson! She was a gentle, old maid and everybody knew that she had never had even a flirtation. Yet she always talked in class-meeting about her wayward heart

and about fierce temptations which assailed her on every side! The evil pilgrimage, over which Amos almost seemed to gloat, was "of a piece" with Elvira's wayward heart.

Then, Amos had always contended that his pilgrimage days had been few. To those of his fellow class-members who might be suspiciously inclined this went to show, indisputably, that his whole confession was highly metaphorical, or, as some of those who sat in the seats of the scornful were wont to say a "sort of sanctimonious josh." Amos, while his face was of a deep pink and his figure straight and buoyant, was certainly no stripling. His bald dome and the fringe of snowy, white hair surrounding it proclaimed the days of the years of his pilgrimage as at least three hundred and sixty-five multiplied by sixty-five. Setting aside such fellows as Methuselah, Amos did not seem to have sufficient reason to complain as to scarcity of days.

"Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage!"

Amos was here interrupted by a loud "Amen" from Pastor Cragg who had a habit of interjecting this exclamation ("buttin' in with it," as some of the boys used to say) during the "testimonies" of his flock. Amos proceeded, keeping up his self-deprecatory vein, and finally sat down amidst a chorus of amens.

He was followed by Nelson Bowers, a big, solemn man with a long, red beard. Bowers didn't testify as to any depravity on his part. His past record seemed to be highly satisfactory to himself. In effect he declared that he had made admirable progress and he voiced his firm determination to "go on and on —"

Nelson always stopped just as he was declaring his intention to go on and on, and in this way he always left his hearers a little in doubt as to his proposed ultimate goal. But everybody knew that Nelson had a high opinion of his peroration, and that he distinctly desired that his testimony should be followed by the singing of a hymn with a refrain about "Marching on, on, on; marching on, on, on —"

Therefore Lem Briggs, who started the tunes, at once struck up and the rest joined in. Meanwhile Nelson sat with his head in his hands, evidently overcome with the tumult of his emotions.

It was in the reception of the testimonies of Amos and Nelson that one of the peculiarities of Clark's Corners was shown up vividly. Perhaps the same sort of thing exists in other congregations where a testimony is required from a member at certain intervals. Amos' confession of depravity was heard and disbelieved, and he remained a member in good standing. Nelson's loud affirmation of a militant and triumphant religious spirit was heard and, to a large extent, disbelieved; yet, he too was allowed to remain a member in good standing.

Amos had come to Clark's Corners ten years previous to the time of which we write, bringing with him his little grand-daughter, Amy. He had purchased fifty acres which he cultivated thriftily and seemed to be in quite independent circumstances. He had sent the little girl to school, always showering upon her all the wealth of his affection. While he lived for the girl, he had always been a good neighbor, honest and liberal in his dealings, a constant supporter of the church, and in every way a thoroughly useful and esteemed citizen.

Nelson Bowers, on the other hand, had a hard reputation as a grinder of the poor or of anyone who fell into his power. He was rich and he had made his money, like, probably, not a few other rural capitalists, partly by acts of tyranny and petty meanness. Hardly anyone gave him a good name, but many were kept quiet because they owed him money. But he gave a little more to the church than any of the other members, and it may have been partly for this reason that his class-meeting testimony was always followed by the rather vociferous singing of that hymn so admirably designed to encourage and inspirit the doughty, Christian warrior.

A few more testimonies followed and then, with a closing hymn, the class-meeting was at an end. The members filed out to the broad platform, where, around the open door, the young folk and those of the older ones who had never achieved class-meeting status were congregated.

That platform had been the scene of many meetings as spirited and interesting as those which were held inside the church. Before the services began and after they were ended, groups had been accustomed to stand on that platform discussing many matters, hardly any of which had the remotest relation to the things of the soul. It was here that the latest tit-bits of gossip were retailed.

The platform, though serving as the threshold of the House of God, had been the scene of more than one wordy combat. So far, these encounters had been between women, and as yet no blows had been struck, but harsh recrimina-

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tions had brought spiteful retorts, followed sometimes by showers of tears. More than once the holy hush of the Sabbath had been broken when the calumniated had come face to face with the calumniator.

Except for Pastor Cragg, Amos Witherbee was the last of the class-members to emerge from the church on the glorious Sunday morning of which we write. He seemed at peace with all the world after the religious exercises in which he had participated and the memory of those evil years of which he had spoken with such solemnity a little while before did not seem to weigh heavily upon him. He shook hands with those neighbors who came in his way, hardly noticing that they seemed unusually restrained in their manner of returning his greetings. Then, as he descended the steps, he was suddenly arrested in his progress by seeing his grand-daughter, Amy, sitting on the bottom step, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Now it was certainly an unheard of thing for Amy to be crying and most of all in such a public place. She was one of the cheeriest little women to be met with in a month's travel. Of course, she had been absurdly petted and pampered by Amos, but for all that she was a person of some importance in Clark's Corners. She had, in fact, a mighty dignity and prestige to maintain.

blank, uncheering failure. It soured the girl and it awakened bitter feelings in the hearts of her proud, ambitious parents. When Amy was appointed teacher of the home school and heiress to the honors and dignity which such a position carried with it, it was, perhaps, natural that Matty should feel keenly envious and that her parents should share her feelings. As Elvira Simpson was heard to remark, "A Bowers always wants to lead and dictate and if they can't do it they want to import a stranger for the job."

But when on the Saturday just preceding the Sunday of which we have been writing, a handsome young man from the city, principal of one of the schools there, had come down to spend the day with Amy, and it had become noised abroad that they were engaged the Bowers' resentment was fanned to an angry heat. Poor Matty! She was so plain of feature and so uncouth in manner that, despite her father's money, even the youth of Clark's Corners gave her a wide berth!

When Amos Witherbee saw his daughter sobbing on the steps he had no idea that those tears were caused by the premeditated ill-will of any of his neighbors. He had no suspicions that there were any persons in Clark's Corners who would delight in causing his darling pain and in casting a shadow on her future.



A pretty view at the junction of the Skeena and Bucklay Rivers

Was she not the teacher of the village school? Amos felt a great deal of pride in that. She had outstripped all the other pupils during the years when she herself had attended that school, and Amos had sent her to the city for a year to finish up. Then he had sent her to Normal school.

After Amy had become a full-fledged instructress, duly qualified, she sought for and obtained an appointment as teacher of the school at Clark's Corners. This appointment proved very satisfactory to the parents and even more highly satisfactory to the children.

In fact there was but one family which viewed with displeasure the progress being made by Amy. The Bowers did not like it. They didn't come out openly and say so, but Mrs. Bowers deplored, occasionally, the slow advancement of her boy, Hiram. Nelson, himself, used to declaim against the monopolizing of the teaching profession by "petticoats" and had often been heard to declare that in the school at Clark's Corners the strong discipline of a man was sadly required.

"Not that Amy Witherbee isn't doing her best," he would add, "but the order in that school isn't what it should be, and a school can't be run without order!"

There were some people in Clark's Corners who were unkind enough to believe that the attitude of the Bowers family was inspired by envy. Matty Bowers, a girl of about Amy's age, had for years been aiming at passing the examination required for a teacher's certificate. But she had studied for and faced examinations only to meet with

Putting his hand on her shoulder he said with tender concern, "Why, what's the matter, Amy? Are you sick?"

Amy turned a tear-stained face to him, looking at him with distended eyes, full of pain and misery.

"Oh, grandad!" she choked out, "Nels Bowers has been telling something awful about me! Everybody is talking about it! Allie Carr told me what he has been saying. Oh, grandad, it's awful! I can't tell you—but how could he (sob) make up (sob) such a lie?"

After she had grown a bit quiet, Amos, whose face had grown strangely dark and rigid, spoke to her with the same tender insistence.

"Come, dearie; tell me what he has been saying."

"Oh, grandad, I can't! I can't!" wept Amy. "He's told an awful lie about me and about Harold too. You know, before Harold took the train for the city last evening I took him into the school-house to show him where I work. Harold showed me on the blackboard how to teach a certain kind of upper grade arithmetic, and after that we had to run so that he could catch the train. Well, Nels Bowers says that when we were in the school-house he looked in through the window. Oh, grandad! how could he (sob); how could he (sob); how could he tell such a lie?"

Amos didn't say another word to Amy just then. He went straight over to the board fence where Nels Bowers was untying his horse, preparatory to driving



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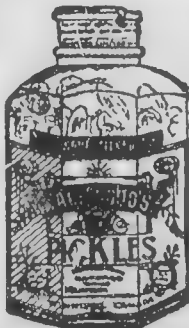
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up to the platform for Mrs. Bowers, Matty and the young hopeful of the family, Master Hiram.

Bowers saw Amos coming and flushing as red as his beard he affected to be busily engaged with the knot of the halter. Amos walked right up to him.

This was a tense moment in the affairs of Clark's Corners, but only one of those on the outside of the little drama seemed to sense the impending storm. That one was Newt Briggs. Newt was a brother of Lem Briggs, the hymn leader, and a partner with him in the carpentering trade, but, unlike Lem, he was not of a religious turn of mind. If there was one thing in which the soul of Newt Briggs delighted it was the witnessing of a fight. He was present at every fight in the surrounding country of which any sort of formal notice had been given, and instinct seemed to guide his movements so that he was generally around when any little impromptu affair of the kind was brought about. Newt had been known to go twelve miles for the express purpose of seeing what had been announced as "the settling of an old grudge." Once, it was told of him, he had gone to see an old grudge laid to rest in the approved form and had returned in a highly dissatisfied state of mind. Asked as to the fight, he had answered, disgustedly, "Aw, shucks! They wouldn't come to blows; they just had a few words!" Newt's proudest boast was that he had once gone a thousand miles to see a real championship fight.

Instinct, perhaps, led Newt to be on the platform that Sunday morning, for he seldom attended service. Something more than instinct led him to jump down off the platform when he saw Amos Witherbee marching on, on, on towards Nels Bowers. Newt, with a big quid of tobacco distending one cheek, and his eyes alight with the gleam peculiar to the rabid pugilistic fan was right behind Amos. He sniffed a battle and his tawny, straggly moustache moved up and down as he worked the quid of tobacco in his mouth, while his beaked nose seemed strained and tense with expectation and excitement.

However, it must be said, that Newt did not expect much of a fight. He didn't think that Amos would stand much of a chance before the bulky Bowers. However, any kind of a fight was better than none.

Amos walked right up to Nels, as has been said before. Nels lowered his head, more intent than ever upon the refractory knot. Amos jabbed out an impulsive and by no means gentle hand, and grasping Nels by his long, red beard jerked his head around sharply. Nels straightened up as quickly as if someone had set fire to his coat-tails. He had a hot temper, and that jerking of his whiskers was of a nature to have stirred to wrath a much milder man.

"H—!" he said, "no man can do that to me, even if he is an old one!"

Amos slipped out of his black Sunday coat with surprising swiftness, and threw himself into a posture half defensive, half offensive. Nels threw his coat off also. Next minute they were at it.

Newt Briggs was right when he opined that the fight would not last long. There was just a few minutes of scurry, a few revolving arms, a few grunts, and then it was all over. But Newt was wrong when he thought that Amos would be the under dog.

The fight was over before Pastor Cragg, alarmed by the shouts of the men and the cries of the women, had arrived back on the scene. He had just crossed the churchyard on his way to the parsonage and he had come back on the run. The sight that met his eyes was the bruised and recumbent form of Bowers, on the ground and propped up against his own carriage wheel with the militant and triumphant form of Amos — strange transfiguration — pacing up and down before him. The pastor was speechless.

"Bowers!" yelled Amos, "I never yet hit a man when he was down, but if you don't say that you was spreadin' a lie about my little gal I'll punch the head plumb off'n you! Did you lie, Bowers? Come, quick now, or I'll land one on the pint of your nose; that ain't smashed yet!"

Bowers nodded his battered head.

"Motions ain't enough!" shouted Amos, "Say that you lied about my little gal — an' say it quick."

Amos crouched as if to spring upon the demoralized Bowers.

"I told a lie about Amy," said Nels, his words coming out falteringly from a hairy, bloodstained mouth, and seeming to make little, tinkling sounds, as if being forced through teeth that had suddenly become loosened.

The ring of men, which had been formed around the two combatants and Newt Briggs, growled somewhat angrily.

Outside the ring the voice of Mrs. Bowers, tremulous with fear and apprehension, was demanding that her husband should be allowed to come forth.

"Tom Peters!" screamed Mrs. Bowers, "ain't you a constable? Why don't you protect my husband? They're goin' to kill him! He's hurt! I know he's hurt!"

"Tell us what you saw when you looked in that window, Bowers!" demanded Amos, and there was a ring in his voice which carried a warning. "Tell it all!"

"I saw the young feller doin' a sum on the board," responded Nels, quite promptly. "Amy was sittin' on the front bench watchin' him, with her elbows on her knees an' her chin in her han's. The young feller looked at his watch an' said somethin, an' then they started to run for the train. I hid behind the school-house an' that's all I saw. I lied about Amy; an' you've served me right."

On the following Friday night Pastor Cragg presided over a gathering of the church members, assembled in solemn session. Amos Witherbee was there, but Nels Bowers was absent.

Amos was, naturally, an object of more than ordinary interest.

Elvira Simpson declared to the Widow Barnes that she always had a strong admiration for a brave man. "Now look at Amos," she went on. "He's as brave as they make 'em. Just think of him a-tacklin' that big Nels Bowers. An' my gracious he must be strong! Even if

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he has white hair he licked the big bluffer in no time. I don't blame him either, for it was awful provokin' what Nels said about Amy."

"Friends," said the pastor, after he had opened the meeting with prayer, "I have called you here together tonight to deal with a very solemn matter. It has been proven conclusively that one of our members has committed the grievous sin, forbidden on the tablets of stone, of bearing false witness against his neighbor. The case is a peculiarly bad one in that the reviled one was one of the weaker sex, a girl whose reputation is spotless and against whom calumny could have been prompted by the evil one alone. But it is not necessary for us to take action in this matter. Mr. Bowers has written a note, addressed to me, which I will read." Amidst a dead silence Pastor Cragg, after clearing his throat, read the following self-indictment from Nels Bowers:

"Dear Pastor—It is true that I told lies about Amy Witherbee. My wife and my daughter knew that it was a lie,

and we made up our minds to do it. The reason, I guess, was that we were jealous. I went to look in the window, hoping I would see something, which, I guess, was worse and more sinful than the lie I told. I resign as a member of the church and also in my wife's name. Some day, maybe, I will feel that I've repented enough to ask you to take me back."

The pastor folded the note and put it away, and an impressive silence lasted for a few minutes. Then the pastor sank to his knees and said, "Let us pray for this unfortunate and misguided man."

After the prayer was over and the pastor was about to dismiss those present with the benediction, Lem Briggs arose and said: "I think we have something more to do. We've got to settle about Amos Witherbee. I ain't findin' any fault about him a-lickin' Nels Bowers, even if it was on a Sunday an' right at the church door. But it seems to me that he has been livin' here for ten years, as it were, under false pretences. He didn't fight Nels Bowers like

any other man in Clark's Corners would have done. If he had, he would have been licked in two jerks of a lamb's tail. But he fit like they do in them prize-fightin' rings. I don't know this of myself, but, I'm sorry to say, I've got a brother as does know. Newt saw the whole scrap an' he says that the only man he ever saw scrappin' (an' he's seen a good few) who handled themselves like Amos was them two champion fellers that he travelled a thousand miles to see. Now I don't think that the church at Clark's Corners has come down so low that it can afford to keep a prize-fighter in good standin'."

Nobody moved or spoke for some time and the silence was beginning to be oppressive when Amos slowly arose.

"Friends," he said, "I will begin by admittin' that I used to be a prize-fighter. After that, when I got too old for the ring I was a trainer. But I ain't neither now; nor haven't been for more than ten years. I ain't sailin' under false pretences. That wasn't ever my style. I've always told you that few an' evil have been the days of the years of

my pilgrimage. If you don't believe me it wasn't my fault; I wasn't tellin' no lie!

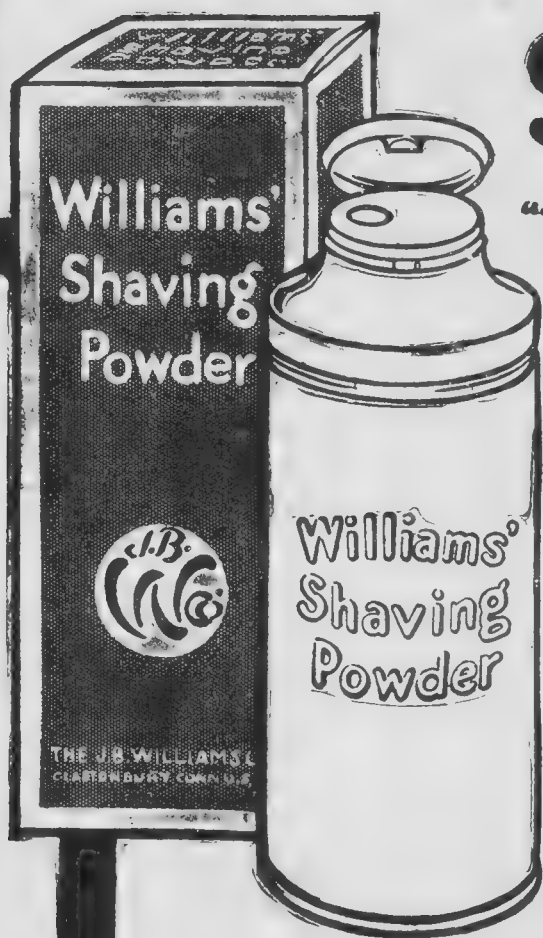
"But, dear pastor an' friends, I ain't a prize-fighter now. I only fight now when it's necessary for Amy's sake. I'll stand a whole lot on my own account, but not very much on hers. I quit the fightin' game a little over ten years ago; that is, I quit trainin'! I got religion one night in a little mission an' after that I wanted to git back to the farm. I was raised on a farm an' I always hankered to git back. I bought this fifty acres here an' brought my little Amy, my dead son's child, here with me. I don't expect to do any more fightin'; maybe there isn't anyone around here anxious to take me on. Anyway, Amy will soon have another protector, for she's goin' to be married at the end of the term an' then she'll live in the city.

"But I want to stay here. I like it here; I like the people, at least most of them; an' I like our church. It's here that I want to end the days of the years of my pilgrimage!

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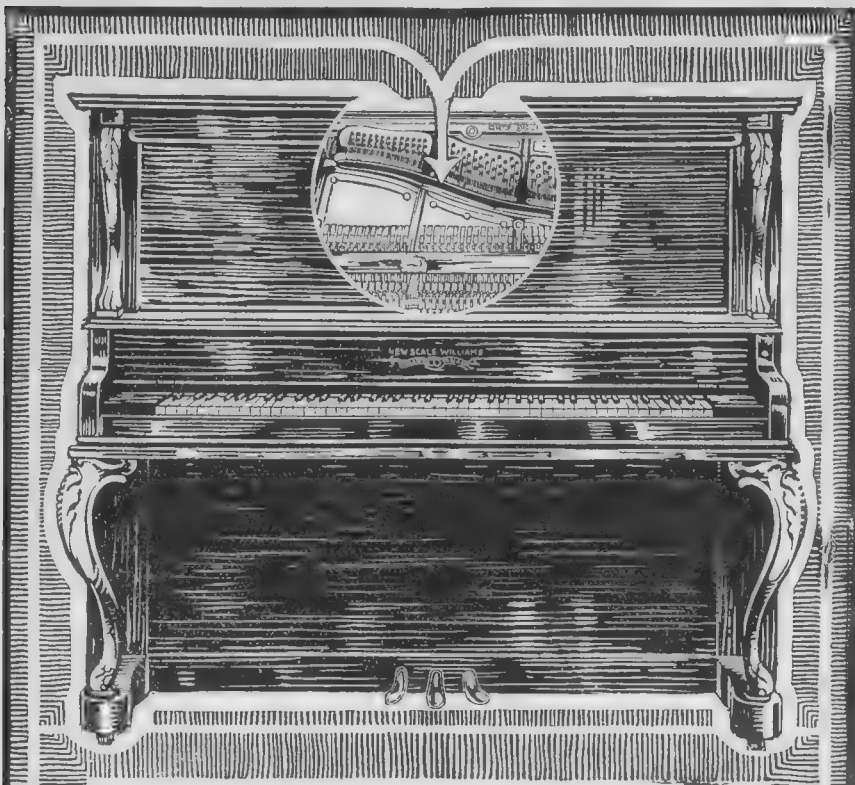
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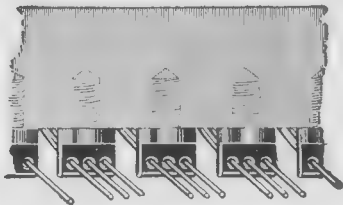


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"I may be lonely when Amy goes, but then, again, I might be able to find a help-meet. I'm goin' to make a try for it anyway!"

Pastor Cragg stood up and in a loud voice asked: "Those in favor of retaining Amos Witherbee a member of this church in good standing say aye!"

There was a loud chorus of ayes, so loud, in fact, that the pastor declared it was unnecessary to call for the nays.

Lem Briggs was heard to mutter, "Newt will sure have one on me now—a prize-fighter in the church!"

A couple of weeks after the solemn meeting reported above, Miss Elvira Simpson, she of the wayward heart, was in earnest discussion with the Widow Barnes.

"Yes," Elvira said, "Amos would be awful lonely if he was left alone after Amy is married. He thinks that we should get it done the same day. Kind o' soon, I'll admit; but then a duty is a duty, you know—an' I hope I'll never shirk a duty."



Some old folks of the Kwakiutls

Christmas Time amongst the Kwakiutls

Written by request for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale.

THIS glad Christmastide, when all the centre and eastern parts of Canada were snow and ice clad, found us far out on the western side of Vancouver Island. Here, if we except the tops and shoulders of the mighty backbone of the Island and the mile high Olympics on the opposite side of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, in United States territory, there was no sign of Winter. The sallow bushes were green, the madrona showed its red barked beauty, the far sweeping forests of fir and hemlock and cedar were masses of verdure. Some of the simpler wild flowers showed late blooms and the air was as balmy as found in Eastern October days.

Ahead of us, close to the beach, was the Potlatch House of this branch of the Kwakiutls. A rude building of split cedar boards and covered with shakes, these had

large openings left at the top to permit the smoke to escape. In front of it was the shack of Kwulh, the old canim (canoe) builder. Between us and the ancient chief of the scattered people was a forty-foot cedar canoe—a thing of beauty and showing wonderful skill, when you consider that this ninety-year-old man wrested it from a mighty cedar log with only an axe and a bit of iron for a gouge and a heap of white hot stones.

It was yet early morning and this old Coast Indian, true to his habits, had bathed in the 46-degree Pacific Ocean. Daily, at sunrise, and again at sunset, all these "old folks"—we distinguish the true native peoples from the later born breeds and half-breeds by this name—bathe regularly, cold days and warm days are alike to them.



The Potlatch House and the shack of the canoe builders

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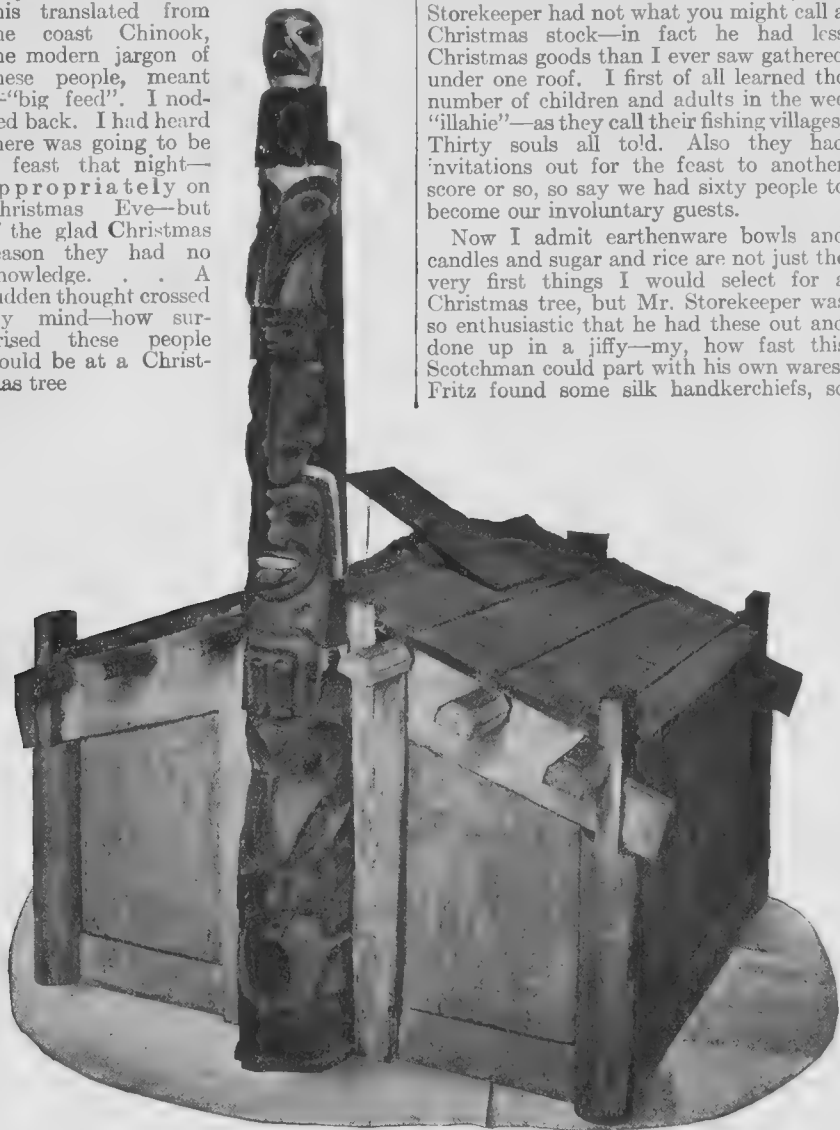
Could this possibly be Christmastide, I asked Fritz. All about us lay the forest primeval, green, luxuriant. How could it be Christmas time when for miles up and down this Coast the fiords and inlets were inhabited by people that, in their native state, knew not a God, neither the true God of the white man nor the Manitou of the Red Indian. These brown-faced semi-Oriental people have no God.

Fritz and I walked on, past the big rambling Potlatch House. The lad's bright eyes noted the dried salmon swinging in the wind, the big tub of Devil-fish (giant squid) tentacles near the door, the great heap of freshly gathered clams and cockles and mussels upon the sand—"Hyas Muck-a-muck," he called to me—this translated from the coast Chinook, the modern jargon of these people, meant—"big feed." I nodded back. I had heard there was going to be a feast that night—appropriately on Christmas Eve—but of the glad Christmas season they had no knowledge. . . . A sudden thought crossed my mind—how surprised these people would be at a Christmas tree

Kwulh," I called to Fritz. "Please wait here for me." The old man, although a native, is susceptible to bribery, so in a way untold I managed to get him to fall in with my idea, and he rented me the Potlatch house, feast and all. I hurried back to the Captain and in a few words told him of my plans, gave him full and copious instructions—he almost spoke once—the last I saw of him and the mate they were ambling down the shore laden with axe and rope, pulley and saw—in fact they were almost hurrying.

Fritz threw on the power in the "Terra Nova"—her enemies call her the "Turn Over," but she never did—at least not while we were on her, and off we sped for the little store on the Inlet. Now, Mr. Storekeeper had not what you might call a Christmas stock—in fact he had less Christmas goods than I ever saw gathered under one roof. I first of all learned the number of children and adults in the wee "illahie"—as they call their fishing villages. Thirty souls all told. Also they had invitations out for the feast to another score or so, so say we had sixty people to become our involuntary guests.

Now I admit earthenware bowls and candles and sugar and rice are not just the very first things I would select for a Christmas tree, but Mr. Storekeeper was so enthusiastic that he had these out and done up in a jiffy—my, how fast this Scotchman could part with his own wares. Fritz found some silk handkerchiefs, so



Model of the true Kwakiutl House with the family totem pole in front

This idea recurred to me at each step over the yielding sand. Ahead of us lay the little village, a mere cluster of beach-combed cabins—the harvest of the sea, gleaned from flotsam and jetsam. Some from the white man's mills, some from the tide, some from the cedar tree in form or shakes for the roofs—all copies of white man's work.

As we approached we found the little ones intent on a game of—well we would call it "Duck-on-the-Rock"—they had a funny name for it in the Chinook—remember this language is a manufactured one, from Kwakiutl, French, English and Spanish—"Hant-mit-lite-stone" they called it. . . . Anyhow away flew rock and duck and boys and all upon our approach, as they seem afraid of unknown whitemen. However, their curiosity made them return and Fritz soon had them looking through the marine glass and into the lens of the big camera. I snapped them when they were running. Still that thought held sway—What would they think of a Christmas tree?

The captain and mate of the little vessel I had hired to transport me along this rude coast came rolling along just then and I put the question to him. It always takes time to get an idea through the headpiece of the Captain—after a few footshiftings and trouser hoistings and the installation of a new cud of tobacco he broke forth with "Good," he is always so garrulous.

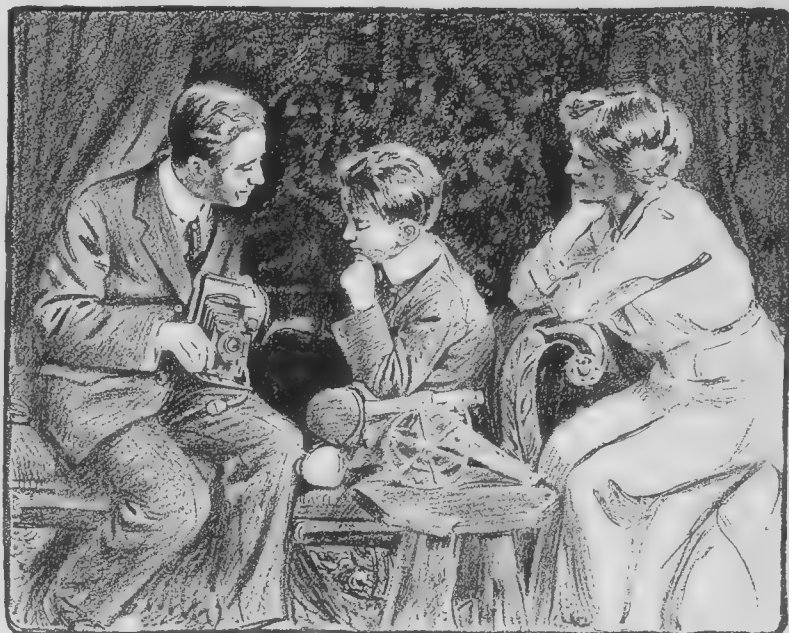
"We have an axe," I suggested. "There is also a store up the inlet and we have a little filthy lucre.

Another "Good," and the mate almost spoke—so I considered things looked favorable. "I am going back to see

weird, so insanely colored that we felt an apology was necessary to our guests if we gave them. Bags of flour are not just glittering tree ornaments—but these paper bags were well ornamented with the name of the miller in various colors. Soap—it does not appeal to me as Christmassy enough—but the man works fast and it is papered ere I could venture my weak objection. Nails—Now, Fritz, we must insist—too late—the man has them bundled. We bought a little of everything from candy to socks, hairoil to canned peaches—and by great good luck we found a lot of clippings of all sorts of colored paper in a packing case in the warehouse—there were just fourteen toys—they were so faded and decrepit-looking that my heart almost failed—but the man's nimble fingers did not—he evidently looked on me as some insane person—perfectly harmless, that had to be humored. We "put-put-puttered" out of the little Inlet with a goodly part of his stock aboard.

When we arrived at the Potlatch House there was no sign of any change in the interior, so we cached the goods on one of the wooden platforms that surrounded the earthen firehole in the centre of the huge room and off we set for the boat again. Lo, the Captain has a noble idea, the Mate is almost eloquent in his nods and shruggings and coughs, and I joyfully agree—a little case is lugged out of the boat and off roll the two sailor men towards the big cedar house once more.

A'l during that bright December day high-prowed canoes arrived and were anchored in a little inlet near the Potlatch House. Ancient men of the tribe and their "Klootchmen" arrived—silently,



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High Prowed Canoes arrived

noiselessly—only the youngsters gave voice to their odd clacking tongue. I peeped into the big house once—all was as we found it in the morning—save a little garret room near the roof at one end—a ladder and a couple of dangling ends of ropes.

Christmas Eve at last. How we longed and pined for our own firesides—alas, they were thousands of miles away, and heartfelt greetings were all we could send. At five o'clock the feast was in full swing—Fritz and I just peeped in. All along the rude platform the old and the young were feasting. The sea had sent the squid and the shellfish, the crab and the skate. The great hills had presented the deer and the grouse, the squirrel and the quail. The stream had sent as its Christmas gift many a salmon; these had been smoked and were eaten cold. The lagoon gave of its wild-fowl, as did the beach, and duck and goose, oyster catcher and plover, gull and plover were there in quantity. The silver of the white man had bought pilot biscuits and there were "ashcakes" too. With much clacking of tongues the feast progressed.

Now the great fires are roaring in the centre and two long lines of males and females are swaying and bowing in the old-

thing that he owned he gave away, freely and smilingly to his dusky guests—truly this was threatening to lapse into a wonderful gift feast. Now his guests began to repay the favors they had received from each other during the year. They paid them back with huge interest, ten-fold, an hundred-fold. A perfect carnival of gift-giving took place—a riot of generosity almost unbelievable to our staring eyes. Piles of blankets changed ownership with lightning-like rapidity. The young gave their little all, truly a frenzy had seized the simple people—but I found out later that this custom is of ancient origin. Now the dance is about to start again, to be kept up until the sun peeps over the tall Olympics, but the old host has a word to say. He said it in the true Kwakiutl language and, although I have their clacking tongue noted down I will give you the English sense only.

The great dim hall quieted down as the old man made his way towards the huge fires in the centre. He raised his spare old brown arm and silence fell on the throng—

"Here are four white men. They tell that in their country this day is the great Potlatch Day. They wish to make Potlatch with us."

All the dusky figures seated themselves upon the platforms. I had seen two dark figures climb the ladder to the little room that had been built on the poles at the end of the great hall. I missed Fritz. Soon I saw him. He was busy at the end of the hall lifting a sail off our strange medley of gifts. Now I heard music—a Jew's harp by all that's believable. A dim light is beginning to glow from that little attic room. It increases. Soon a blinding glare of a searchlight is pointed downwards—and in the bright column of light descends to the floor—slowly and with many a creak—said creak almost covered by the loudly played Jew's harp—a brilliantly-lighted Christmas tree, covered with many a bright paper parcel and flickering candle. I was so surprised at the results of our own work that I could not help cheering and the "wa-hoos" of the tribe swelled out—surprised for once from their solemn habit. With never a halt the tree sailed down and Fritz cunningly guided it into its socket—still the music sounded out—aided and abetted by a large pair of feet that swung in the opening whence the tree had descended. "Rolling home across the sea"—I think a board slipped just then, for he missed a line, but "Dear land to thee" came along in good time and two dark figures slipped down the column of blinding light.

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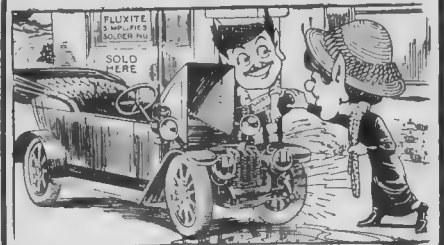
The Kwakiutl village children running past the Totems, fearing our approach

time dance—out go all the right hands and the walls are covered with many grotesque shadows—

"Nika Potlatch Yaka" sing the men—"Klahowya"—"Klahowya" answer the Klootchmen. "I will give" was the burden of the men's songs, and "thanks" and "how are you" the answer of the women. After this dance had been kept up until both lines showed signs of exhaustion, the real "Potlatch" or "Gift Feast" began. The old canim builder gave to each guest a handful of our money. I should think he gave away fully a thousand dollars—I have known a host to give four thousand. His gun, his canoes, his blankets—every-

We just carried each a heap of improvised gifts and placed them at the feet of each person—the Captain puffing and rolling along, the Mate chewing in a very frenzy, Fritz just a ruddy gleam of smiles. Then we turned off the current, the tree glimmered amid its candles and we beat a retreat out of the side door and buffeted the dark night, following the wind-drifted threads of the Mate's leadership—

"Rolling home, dear land, to thee,
Rolling home to Merry England,
Rolling home across the sea."



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How "Mokwuh" Came Home

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Geo. E. Clough.

"**B**EAR! Bear!" At the cry Ahmik stepped from his log house, gun in hand, and shading his eyes with his sleeve, gazed across the blue expanse of water. Far out in the lake two black dots could be seen travelling slowly from shore to shore. Ahmik's squaw, eager for the chase, launched the bark canoe and in a moment it was speeding forward with Ahmik in the bow to intercept the swimming animals. Meanwhile Ahmik's little daughter Asahtee hurriedly climbed the rocky hill behind the shack in order to obtain a better view of the hunt. The bears quickened their pace as the canoe approached them, the one which proved to be the mother far out-distancing her cub. As she swam she kept up a continual roaring, partly of fear and partly by way of encouraging her offspring to top speed. Ahmik, knowing that the animal was at his mercy, paddled leisurely beside it, waiting until it should be conveniently near shore before firing the fatal shot. Panting from her long swim the mother glanced up appealingly at the Indian as he laid down his paddle and cocked the hammer of his shot gun. Fired from such close quarters the heavy charge of duck-shot struck with the force of a bullet full in the ear of the poor creature. The smoke cleared to reveal the water churned into bloody foam, in the midst of which a maddened animal lashed, roared and struggled, at times submerged, at times re-appearing to cough up great mouthfuls of water stained with its life-blood. Again the gun spoke, and "Mokwuh" the bear floated still and lifeless in the lake.

Calmly the Indians waited the approach of the cub. Almost exhausted the little thing swam up and sniffed at the body of its mother. Leaning over,

Ahmik reached out a big arm and catching up the fluffy ball of fur deposited it dripping and shivering in the bow of the canoe.

"This will be a nice toy for Asahtee," he said.

Several hours later, while the Indians were busy dispatching juicy bear steaks, Asahtee, on her knees in a corner of the room, was trying by means of a lump of sugar to establish friendly relations between herself and her new pet. At first "Mokoons" was disinclined to be comforted, but perseverance carried the day and he soon consented to accept the tit bits which Asahtee tendered, for who could refuse what those little brown hands offered, and who could resist the appeal of such red lips and merry eyes?

Before many weeks passed Mokoons and Asahtee were fast friends. Ahmik made a leather collar for the cub and its days were spent in an out-house, chained to a stout staple which was driven firmly into the log wall. When the first snow came Asahtee went to the bush and gathered lots of moss and leaves. With these and the aid of some small sticks she constructed a warm den into which the young bear retired and spent the winter drowsily sucking his right paw. Asahtee often came to the outhouse, and by stooping down and peering through one of the chinks in the den could just make out the black form of her friend. "Surely he must be hungry" she would say, and with that she would poke a bit of frozen moose-meat through the chink. When at last Spring came and Mokoons pushed down his den and emerged blinking, looking fatter and sleeker than ever, Asahtee's delight knew no bounds, and every time the fish-nets were lifted she brought him fresh fish from the lake.

Mokoons, being now a year old and quite big enough to protect himself from the dogs, was allowed the run of the village and soon became a universal favorite. "He is now 'Mokoons' no longer but 'Mokwuh,'" said Ahmik, as he watched the animal with a well-directed blow of its paw knock over one of the mongrels which was snapping and barking round him.

Ahmik at Asahtee's request made the bear a new collar, for he had already far outgrown his old one, and the bigger he grew the more mischievous he became. He would enter the house, and standing on his hind legs, reach down a can of syrup from the shelf, and removing the lid, pour the sticky mixture into his mouth and down his glossy coat, and no one but Asahtee would dare to interfere with him. After a while the Indians began to tire of having so mischievous a pet about the place. Several dogs had been badly maimed and there was scarcely a man in the village who had not suffered some loss, however trifling; possibly the theft of a piece of moose-meat, a few pounds of sugar or some fish left drying in the sun. The climax was reached the following summer, when Ahmik discovered that the bear had been scratching for ants in the bottom of his upturned birch-bark canoe, and it was decided that Mokwuh must go.

No one ever dreamed of killing him. Every one agreed that it would be much better to take him a canoe trip down the lake and turn him loose in the bush to fend for himself. So one hot summer's day a little party consisting of Ahmik, his squaw and Asahtee set off, with Mokwuh lying quietly in the middle of the canoe, for the high burnt country whose dim purple hills bristling with the blackened stumps of trees could be just seen from the village. A couple of hours' steady paddling brought them to where a fine creek, babbling over rocky boulders, entered the lake, and here Ahmik suggested that Mokwuh be put ashore and left to his fate.

"How will he live?" asked Asahtee.

"He will catch fish," replied Ahmik.

"He will starve," said Asahtee with tears in her eyes.

"He will get fat on the blue berries," replied her father.

So Mokwuh was turned loose at the mouth of the creek, and after sitting on his haunches and regarding his retreating friends with a puzzled air, turned and quietly disappeared among the tangle of bushes which fringed the stream.

Everything seemed very quiet in the village without Mokwuh. Even the dogs were at a loss for something to do, being deprived of their customary sport of bear-baiting. Each Spring when Ahmik and his fellow-tribesmen set forth on the annual bear-hunting expeditions they always gave a wide berth to the district where the village pet was supposed to roam. No man thought of putting a trap or snare in the bear-trail which ran beside the creek, and Mokwuh was allowed the unmolested run of the country.

It was two years later in the fall of the year that the white men paddled down the lake in their wooden canoe. There were two of them, both hunters, and they passed the village, travelling in the direction of the rolling hills where Mokwuh had his home. Several of the Indians saw them pass and their advent caused much comment among the red men. Looking down the lake Ahmik saw the smoke of their camp-fire, and frowned. "These white men always bring trouble with them," he said.

In the meantime what of the pet bear? How fared he during the two years since he was cast adrift? At first he was rather at a loss as to how to procure sufficient to eat, but instinct soon asserted itself, and what with fish from the creek, and blue-berries from the burnt hills, helped out with ants, roots and bees' nests, he got along very comfortably.



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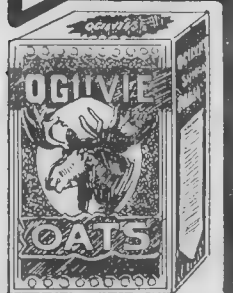
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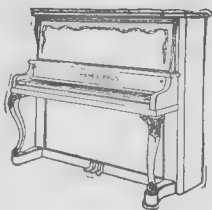
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One calm evening while he was lying on a large flat rock near the mouth of the creek whither his fish with his paw a familiar sound broke on his ear. It was the steady tapping of a paddle on the gunwale of a canoe. Picking up his ears Mokwuh abandoned his fishing and broke into a shambling run in the direction from which the sound came. Bursting through some intervening bushes the bear rose on his haunches and gazed down the lake. A canoe was approaching, following the shore-line and keeping close in the shadow of the willows. Memories of a long-forgotten village, of a comfortable den in an out-house and of a little girl who used to come and feed him, crowded in a hazy way through the bear's brain. Suddenly a loud report rang out and some unseen object struck him with cruel force right in the face. Dizzy with the blow and mad with fear Mokwuh dropped on all fours and set off at top speed into the bush. He was dimly conscious of the

barking of dogs sounded familiar to him as he landed on the point and made his way almost exhausted to the building which he recognized as his former home.

Ahmik and his family were at supper when a loud grunting and frenzied scratching on the door brought them all to their feet startled and alarmed. Reaching up to the rack on the wall the Indian took down his gun and cocking the hammer flung the door wide.

A huge form filled the doorway, blood dripping from its head, red tongue lolling out and white teeth gleaming. Without pausing to think Ahmik fired both barrels full into the hideous face and the bear with a last roar of anguish dropped lifeless on the threshold.

But Asahtee kneeling beside the prostrate form felt with trembling fingers in the blood-clotted fur of the huge neck and finding a leather collar, wept bitterly.



Full heads and plump kernels

hoarse shouts of his pursuers, as, blinded with blood, he crashed his way through the trees—he knew not whither. One thing he knew and that was that he was badly hurt and dreadfully frightened. If only he could get back to the old village everything would be all right. On he ran, stopping at intervals to rub his wounded head in the soft moss which lay everywhere like a thick carpet. How thirsty he was! Well, he would make for the lake and seek relief in the cool waters. On again, scrambling over rotten logs, breaking through the tangled thickets. No time to stop now and dig for ants. No time to stop and search for bees' nests. At length a gleam of light showed like a white streak through the trees ahead and Mokwuh scrambled down a steep bank to the lake side. Right across the water half-a-mile or more distant stood a little collection of log huts. It was the old village. In plunged Mokwuh and struck out with failing strength for the opposite shore.

It was getting dark and presently as he swam on lights began to appear in the windows of the houses. His course took him over the spot where more than three years before he had been picked up frightened and cold by Ahmik, but he had no recollection of it. Only the

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White Star

Written for the Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten.

CROWNING the low ridge that overlooks White Star City in Western Alberta, is a great cairn of grey stones which stands out against the skyline so conspicuously that strangers visiting the city are almost certain to ask why it is there. They are told it is in memory of White Star, and this is the story of why it came to be built.

It was in the early days, long before Western Canada became the Dominion of Canada, that Ralph Inman and his family built their lonely little trading post on the bank of Tumbledown River. Inman had four children. His son Shem, a boy of fifteen was the oldest, and the remaining three were still more or less in their infancy when the events to be described took place. Their nearest neighbors were sixteen miles away at Only Ford, which has since become White Star City—then a tiny mining camp of a dozen huts or so, and the trail that lay between them was extremely rough and tortuous.

Unfortunately Ralph Inman was a man of violent temper, and though he knew well that the safety of his home and family depended upon the good faith of the Indians with whom he traded, he was one day forced into a quarrel with a Sioux chief named Grey Eagle. Grey Eagle came to the store, and took a fancy to a pair of daintily beaded moccasins, in return for which he offered the filthy old wolf robe he was wearing. Shem, who was in charge of the trading post, shook his head and said—"No trade."

Grey Eagle was evidently out looking for trouble. He glared into the boy's face, then taking the knife which hung at his hip he tapped the counter threateningly with it. "You trade pretty blame quick," he answered, then taking up the moccasins he stowed them away in his wallet.

Shem, alone as he was, realized the folly of quarreling with this man, and did not attempt to recapture the moccasins. He had no idea that his father had returned, and had been listening to their conversation outside the door.

Though Ralph Inman knew it was necessary for him to keep on good terms with the red men, he knew equally well that it would not do to allow things of this sort to happen, otherwise some of the Indians might make a regular practice of visiting the store when he was away and trying to procure goods by bullying the weaker members of his family. In that direction danger certainly lay.

As Grey Eagle turned towards the door Ralph Inman appeared upon the threshold and barred the way. "What are you doing with them moccasins?" he enquired sternly. "You give them back to Shem pretty blame quick."

"I give Shem wolf robe. Keep moccasins," was the Indian's insolent reply.

"No you don't," snarled Inman, and in an instant he had torn the wallet from Grey Eagle's possession and thrown it to the boy.

With a snarl the Indian drew his knife, and rushed at the trader. Shem was just in time to land the man a stunning blow with a rusty beaver trap, which upset his calculations, and next moment the trader's fist went home with a force that sent Grey Eagle crashing among the store boxes. Inman snatched up the wolf robe, and throwing it over the red man's head rushed him and his possession through the doorway, to fall headlong down the low wooden steps.

Grey Eagle, bruised and shaken, picked himself up with such dignity as he could command, and stood glowering through the open door. Had he been an ordinary Indian such treatment would have taught him a lesson, and he would probably have been more judicious in his trading thereafter, but unfortunately he had more grit and backbone than most of his red skinned kindred. As he turned to go Ralph Inman saw from the expression in the Indian's eyes that he had made a bad enemy, and that Grey Eagle would never forget the treatment he had received at the trading post that afternoon.

II

In those days the Sioux Indians were the terror of many an isolated settler. By far the most warlike tribe, they were

in the habit of making long and bloody raids into the hunting grounds of the Crees and Salteaux, and though in many parts they were at peace with the white men, there was always a danger that their warlike instincts would get the better of them.

For some months after the events last described, nothing was seen of Grey Eagle at the Tumbledown River trading post, and Ralph Inman and Shem had almost forgotten the incident when one evening they were rudely awakened to the recollection of it.

The two were fishing near to the shanty when suddenly they heard the report of a muzzle loader, which was quickly followed by a hoarse, short bellow. The sound came from the direction of the shanty, and in that direction, with all possible haste, they made their way. Scarcely had they reached the edge of the clearing when they saw their cow lying under the rough snake fence, shot through the heart. This they knew was an act of revenge, and immediately recalled the quarrel with Grey Eagle. Then, as they hesitated, Shem caught his father by the sleeve, and pointed towards an adjacent thicket. For a moment they caught sight of the drawn face of Grey Eagle peering at them through the trees, then came a second report, and from the place where the Indian was crouching issued a white

cloud of smoke. The bullet cut into the ground at their feet, scattering gravel over them, and without further hesitation they doubled for the shelter of the trading post.

Scarcely had they gained it when a blood curdling yell rose from the adjacent bush, and a dozen or more braves, each armed with Hudson Bay rifles, leapt into the open, and took up places of shelter behind boulders of rock and burnt rampikes.

Mrs. Inman had been quick to realize the peril of the situation. Her worst dream had come true, and she knew now that the Sioux were upon them. Immediately she heard the first rifle shot she ran into the large store room, and opened a trap door in the centre of the floor. This door communicated with an underground pit, five feet or so in depth,



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especially made to shelter the family in case of a raid of this sort. Into this pit she lowered the three smaller children, giving them blankets, then knowing that they were safe, for the time being at any rate, she took three new Winchester rifles from the cupboard and stood in readiness.

Thus as Ralph and Shem arrived at the doorway loaded rifles were thrust into their hands, and next moment the heavy wooden barge was shot across the panels.

All round the trading post walls were small firing ports, from which the occupants could shoot while lying on the floor, and at these, so that they could watch both the front and the back of the house, the three took up their positions.

In the meantime the Indians had been firing steadily, punctuating each volley with weird and bloodcurdling cries which lent an atmosphere of savagery to the whole proceeding. Dusk was rapidly falling, and since the red men had sense enough not to show themselves, it was only occasionally that an answering discharge came from the shanty, the occupants of which were nursing their none too liberal supply of ammunition.

As darkness fell the Indians became bolder, and shot after shot now broke the silence of the hills. Inside the trading post white wreaths of smoke hung in the atmosphere; the smaller children, fright-

His mind made up Shem groped his way to the trap door, and silently opened it. Under the shanty was an air space of two feet or so, which had been roughly filled in with peat above the walls of the pit so as to keep out the cold. Once inside the pit Shem discarded the rifle, then with both hands pushed the peat wall till it yielded, leaving an open access to the air space under the floor. This done he crept out into the chill night air, which smelt refreshing and fragrant after the smoke-ridden atmosphere of the trading room.

It was the work of a moment to make up the gap, and this done Shem, knife in hand, proceeded to creep on through the pitch blackness under the floor towards the stable. He knew that, at any moment, he might encounter one of the Indians who had crept under the house to fire it, and he knew too that such an encounter would be to the death, and that even if he were victorious it would probably put an end to his plan.

Nothing happened, however, as he crept on with ears tense, till finally he found himself out in the open. Just ahead was the stable, from which came the restless movements of the two frightened horses. It was lucky that the Indians had not finished the animals off, since it had been impossible for those in the house to bring their rifles to bear in that direction.



The Norwegian national sport is popular in Canada

ened by the noise, began to wail dolefully, their cries issuing faintly through the closed trap door. The room was in darkness, and outside little could be seen among the shadows. A moving patch of grey was sufficient to draw the fire of the defending rifles, as with blackened faces and smarting eyes the white settlers peered through the firing ports. Hour after hour seemed to pass by; the Indians fell silent, but in deadly earnest they continued the siege. Inman knew not that Grey Eagle, in the meantime, had visited the land of his people in Dakota, returning on a scalp raid with a fresh band of savages who were now accompanying him. It was clear that there must be a fair number of them, and as the darkness became more intense a fresh danger presented itself.

It was only possible for the three occupants to watch three of the walls of the trading post at a time, and they realised how easy it would be for the Indians to creep up and set fire to the house under cover of the darkness. If this happened they would be caught like rats in a trap—even the underground pit would afford them no shelter.

At length, when it had become so dark that they could hardly see at all, Shem crept up to his father's side and said—"We can't keep this on much longer, Dad. We haven't any too much ammunition, and it don't seem as though they'll quit till they've forced us out."

Ralph Inman grunted agreement. He knew only too well that what his son said was true, yet no alternative but to fight grimly on occurred to his mind. Receiving no answer Shem crept back to his port, but only to think out the scheme he had in mind. That the Indians would end the fight before daylight came if they possibly could he knew, and therefore, if he were to put his plan into practice, every moment was of value.

Shem possessed a small black cayuse of which he was very proud, for it had been given to him by a young Cree brave who was dying of a bullet wound. The boy was a good horseman, and though White Star, as he called his mount on account of the pure white star on its forehead, was not possessed of exceptional speed, she was as sure-footed as a mountain goat and thoroughly at home amidst the rugged slopes of the mountain foothills.

Still on all fours Shem reached the door of the stable, and to his intense relief found it unlatched. Slowly he opened it, and wriggled in through the aperture like a snake. Once inside he rose to his feet, and hastily took the saddle and bridle from the wall. Then groping his way to White Star's head he saddled and bridled her.

"White Star," he whispered. "It's neck or nothing to-night, old girl, and we've got to get through with it somehow." Then quietly he threw the door wide open and leapt into the saddle.

Next moment the Indians were startled by a loud triumphant cry and the pounding of hoofs. Like a rocket White Star and her rider shot from the stable, and next moment the Indians saw the racing cayuse in the very midst of them. They had no time to fire even had they recovered from their surprise sufficiently to do so, and while they hesitated the boy and horse were swallowed up in the darkness behind them.

Shem shouted a farewell to his people, and heard his mother's blessing shouted after him. Next moment he had plunged into the ford, and the dark waters of Tumbledown River were splashing against the girth straps by his feet.

As already stated, it was sixteen miles to Only Ford by the trail, but Shem knew a way which would at least halve the distance, if only it could be accomplished.

True that no horseman had ever attempted it, but to-night, if ever, time was precious. He knew that the Indians, finding the shanty impregnable, would set fire to it before daylight, which would certainly mean death for his people, if not something worse. Once they were in the hands of the Sioux there was no telling what might happen, and unless he could succeed in gaining Only Ford and returning with a rescue party before the place was burnt down, it was clear that the worst must happen. It rested with him and White Star—with him and White Star, and as they safely crossed the ford and once more the night air sang in his ears, all the wild dare-devilry of his errand came out in a rollicking hunting song he had once heard an English missionary sing. And in tune with the song White Star's hoofs pounded the dry sand of the trail.

III

Presently, however, the song died on the boy's lips, and sitting back in his saddle he listened intently. Behind him he could hear the rumble of hoofs, and an occasional cry of indescribable menace. The Indians were pursuing him!

For five miles or more the way led along the old trail, which was all sound going; then, if he followed the course he had in mind, he would turn suddenly to the right

the Indian fall with a sickening thud then the clatter of stones drowned his cries.

The other Indians had more sense than to follow on that awful death ride. They drew up their mounts at the edge of the trail and listened to the noise coming up from the gulch. Then, when their tribesman did not return, they headed their mounts once more towards the trading post, for to them, wonderful horsemen though they were, it seemed impossible that any rider could safely descend that awful bluff.

How Shem kept his saddle he never knew. At times they were scrambling over loose boulders; at times White Star wedged her hoofs together and slid. Down, down they went, till presently before them opened up a sheer drop of twelve feet or more. Beneath it Shem could see the starlight glimmering on clear water, and knew they had reached the creek. White Star leapt; the water closed over them, and in a minute or so they were mounting the steep bank on the other side of the creek.

Shem patted the terrified and sweating pony's neck, and spoke words of praise and encouragement to her. Not till they had reached the top of the watershed and could see below them the bickering lights of Only Ford, did he



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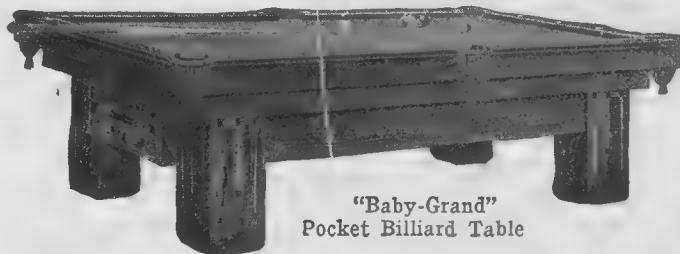
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(166)



Live Canadian Beaver going after food

down an almost perpendicular bluff, ford the creek at the bottom, and from thence across the rugged watershed into the next valley, thereby cutting off the long and tortuous road round. Little did he think, however, what was in store for him if he attempted this passage, and for the time being his one thought was to reach the bluff.

Nearer and nearer behind him came the noise of rumbling hoofs, and presently Shem realized that he would soon be out-distanced by the larger and stronger mounts of Grey Eagle's detachment. He leant forward in the saddle, riding lightly as an Indian himself, and as though she understood the peril White Star swept on. It was an uneven race from the first, and while yet some distance from the bluff the Indians were near enough to open fire as they rode. For some minutes the bullets whistled by, then the Indians, realizing that the race was theirs, ceased firing and rode on in silence.

Finally one of them forced his cayuse to the utmost, and a minute or so later was galloping alongside the white boy. He drew his tomahawk, but at that moment White Star darted aside off the trail. They had reached the edge of the bluff, and Shem had turned his little mount down the headlong descent.

Finding himself foiled when success seemed certain the Indian followed. Together they plunged headlong down the awful incline. Huge boulders of rock, loosened by the horses' hoofs, sped along ahead of them, gaining strength with every bound. It seemed that both riders and horses must be hurled to their doom, but somehow White Star kept her feet.

As they crashed on, Shem presently realized that the Indian was down. He saw the man's cayuserolling over and over among the loose rocks. He heard

look back. Then he saw in the heavens a soft and fitful patch of light shining in the direction from whence he had come. He knew well what it meant, and his heart froze within him. Drawing the pistol from his belt he fired three shots in rapid succession. This he did time after time till a light moved in the settlement below. Then came the answering discharge—the men at Only Ford had heard and understood, and presently Shem heard the rumble of hoofs ascending the bluff. He remounted his cayuse and waited for the rescue party to join him.

IV

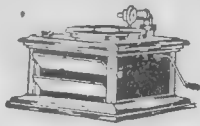
In the meantime a stern battle was going on at the trading post. Immediately the Indians realized that they had let one of the beleaguered party pass through, they went mad with rage. Five or six of them pursued Shem, while the remainder tried to take the post by storm.

Ralph Inman and his wife, however, were fighting for the lives of their children and their own. Their rifles barked out with deadly effect, till the groans of the dying were mingled with the mad cries of the savages.

Once, twice, the Indians were driven back, then realizing the folly of their tactics they became more cautious. They were in no hurry to burn the store and all the treasure it contained until they were forced to do so. If once they could capture the white occupants these treasures would be theirs, but as the hours slipped by and the defence showed no sign of slackening their warlike spirits overcame their discretion.

At length one of them crept up, and lit a fire under the cookhouse floor. The flames took hold readily, and in a few minutes the cookhouse was burning like brushwood. The red glow of it lit up the forest, and Inman knew that the end

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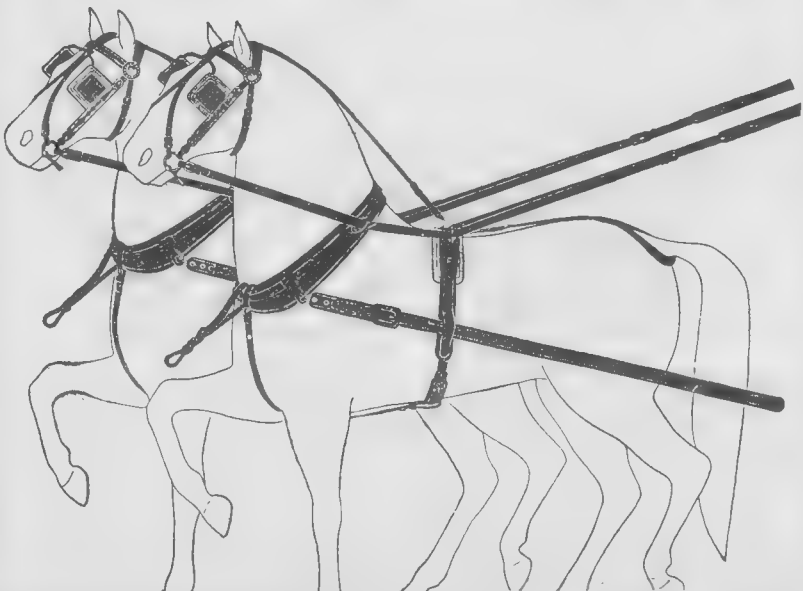
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was near. The Indians called to him to surrender, but understanding what that would mean he was determined not to do so till the last moment. At his side he could hear his wife sobbing quietly, for she too knew what inevitably lay ahead.

Gaining strength the fire raged on, till presently volumes of smoke began to pour into the trade room. The rosy streaks of dawn began to show in the east, and once again the Indians, with wild cries of triumph, crept from their hidings and paid the penalty.

"We shall have to surrender," said Ralph Inman at length, clutching his wife's hands. "We'd better take the children out before we're all suffocated."

But Mrs. Inman was listening intently. Headless of the exposure she ran, suddenly she darted to the window and looked out. As she did so a volley of rifle shots sounded from across the creek, and in the dim morning light they made out the forms of a dozen horsemen, led by one who rode a black cayuse, in the act of crossing the ford.

Success again Crowns Labor of Edison

Four years of continuous application to the working out of one idea has again brought Thos. A. Edison the fruit of complete success.

Turning from his work on the battery and other electrical inventions, Mr. Edison has devoted himself during these four years almost exclusively to refinements in the manufacture of the phonograph.

Today he is ready to announce the perfected phonograph—the new Edison with the new type Edison records!

"Real music at last."

The above are the words of the wizard. The inventor himself has said that it took him thirty-four years to perfect the talking machine. Now the new Edison with the new diamond point reproducer and the new Edison records stands as the greatest sound reproducing instrument ever manufactured.



A Rustic View at Jasper, Alta.

"The rescue party!" cried Mrs. Inman. "Shem has got through!"

Shem had led the men from Only Ford back to the trading post by the recognized trail, and as already shown they arrived just in time to save the trader, with the result that only one or two of Grey Eagle's party escaped.

Later in the day the rescue party returned to the bluff to look for the Indian who had tried to follow Shem. They found him lying among the rocks, battered almost out of recognition, while fifty feet below lay his lifeless cayuse. They buried the two together, and blazed a tree trunk near with the epitaph—"Here lies Grey Eagle, who took his last lesson in horsemanship from Shem Inman, who accomplished the impossible by descending this bluff in the year—"

The trading post was of course destroyed, and Ralph Inman and his family moved to White Star City, once Only Ford, renamed in honor of the little black cayuse. It was the Inmans who, by their industry and success made the city what it is to-day, while for many years a broken-kneed and broken-winded little cayuse lived a life of luxurious indolence there. When she died the boys buried her at the crown of the bluff where Shem paused that night to fire the distress signals, and over her grave they built the great cairn of grey stones.

Indeed a Revelation

The new Edison is indeed a revelation.

It marks the climax in absolutely faithful reproduction of sound.

The human voice and the sound of every instrument of the band or orchestra are now given forth with such perfection that it is impossible to distinguish the reproduction from the original. Turn the auditor away from the instrument and you will find that even the critic with the finest musical ear will have difficulty in distinguishing between the reproduction of the Edison record and the singer or the instrument reproduced.

Proud of His Achievement

Mr. Edison is proud of this achievement; for the phonograph, among all his great inventions, has always been his pet and hobby. While the new battery offered him monetary award far in excess of the phonograph, and while his moving picture inventions were actually bringing him in a fortune every day, he turned from these to achieve his ambition to produce the perfected phonograph.

The newspaper stories we have read of Edison's incessant labors have been in no wise exaggerated. He has been

working from 19 to 20 hours a day—sometimes 48 and 72 hours at a stretch—practically all of the time on the phonograph.

Sleeps in the Laboratory

With him has been a squad of four to five men, and the cots of these men, including the cot of Mr. Edison have been in the laboratory, so that they and Mr. Edison could catch a few hours of sleep occasionally.

The inventor went so far as to inspect every original record himself. The new numbers now coming out have all, each and every one of them, been personally selected, tested and approved, by Thomas A. Edison himself. He wanted nothing but the best—the very best.

Hear it and Wonder

You must hear the new Edison records to realize what has been accomplished in the art of mechanical reproduction!

Every defect of the past, every mechanical difficulty with which other makers have wrestled to the very best of their ability, have been overcome by the patience and sagacity of this greatest of all inventors.

Popular music of the day—the vaudeville sketches and comic songs—have not been neglected in Mr. Edison's selections, along with the choicest of grand opera and the finest chamber music.

The new Edison records are made of an entirely new composition, very hard and practically indestructible, which by Mr. Edison's new method made it possible to mold into the record every fine shading and subtle distinction in the minutest details of the artist's voice.

Recording Now Made Perfect

No needles—no wear. No scratch—no injury to the records—no record deterioration from constant use.

The Edison records for a good many years have been known to last many, many times as long as any other record made, and the new Edison record, as far as we have seen, shows absolutely no wear at all. The laboratory has tested some of the new records, having a single record played day and night—as many as 1,500 times—and then the music is still as pure and true as when brand new. We have never known or heard of any other record which will last over 40 or 50 times without showing at least some wear, while many of the finer operatic records, previous to the new Edison inventions, have been badly blurred after being played 20 or 25 times. Today, thanks to Mr. Edison, the buyer of records is like the buyer of books for a library—he secures a permanent musical library.

Diamond Point Reproducer

Mr. Edison's new invention is based in a large part on his new diamond point reproducer.

In place of the sapphire he is now using a diamond.

This diamond point reproducer made with a diaphragm of entirely new construction has resulted in a reproduction of sound that has never before been approached by any mechanical means.

The selection of the material for the diaphragm occupied almost a year and a half of Mr. Edison's constant attention. He tried mica in a thousand thicknesses, then single and double and other layers of paper, various metals and an almost infinite variety of compositions.

How Mr. Edison Experiments

One of his assistants one day told him that a certain result could not be accomplished.

"It can't be done," was the report made to Mr. Edison.

"Don't say 'can't,'" Mr. Edison replied; "you haven't tried it every possible way as yet."

"I haven't!" the assistant inventor exclaimed. "I have tried it 200 different ways."

"Well, then, try it 2,000 ways; try it 20,000 ways—and then let's try it once more," Mr. Edison replied.

This reply summarized all of Edison—it tells in a sentence the story of Edison's life success.

The story got all around the Edison laboratory, the story of the man who had only but begun the work with Thos. A. Edison when he had tried a thing 200 different ways.

Whether the laboratory actually experimented with 20,000 different kinds of material for the diaphragm is not known, but Mr. Edison and his four assistants could not have been far from that number of experimenting—when finally the perfected material was obtained.

It was then that Mr. Edison called the various heads of his business establishment into the laboratory and said:

"Real music at last."

If you have never had an Edison in your home you can not imagine the healthful enjoyment you have missed.

The Trapper's Christmas

E. G. Bayne.

The trapper's shack stood lone and low,
A dark spot on the prairie's face,
In bold relief against the snow,—

Facing the storms that rise and race
And lose themselves, beyond our ken,
Beyond the mountain's purple haze.
Here, distant far from haunts of men
The lonely trapper spent his days.

Out of the single chimney curled
A wreath of smoke that rose on high
Like some blue banneret unfurl'd
To meet the azure of the sky.
Deep snow the storm last night had sent—
Hid track of furred and feathered life—
The whole vast silence seemed a friend
To him with neither child nor wife.



A young Winnipegger on a Kenora Island

His solitary meal prepared,
He set about his tasks with cheer,
Scarce envying those who gaily shared
A joyous feast with near and dear.
Yet gratitude within him dwelt;
His only gift a holly spray,
Left him for cheer and pity felt,
By mounted postman yesterday.

All who make merry on this day,
Forget not those who dwell apart,
Getting a living as they may,
Close to our Mother Nature's heart.
Pray for contentment like to theirs—
Even if gifts we lack,—what then!
Learning the spirit of Christmas prayers,
"Peace on the Earth, Goodwill to Men."

An Averted Tragedy

He loved the maiden—how ardently none knew but himself and the landlady's cat. At last came his opportunity. They were alone together. Timidly he seated himself on the sofa by her side, and still more timidly he stretched forth his arm and took her lily-white hand in his.

"Clotilda," he breathed, "I love you! May I call you Clotty?"

"Herbert Hinks," she said, "release my hand!"

"Answer me first," he demanded, the words hissing through his gold-filled teeth.

"Let go my hand!" the maiden repeated.

"No, cruel girl," he muttered. "Your beauty has made me desperate. I will have an answer! Why should I release your hand?"

"Because," she replied, "my hair is coming down and I wish to fix it."

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Ladies' Coney Seal

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HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

Ask for a Great-West Calendar—"An Old-Time Stampede."

His "Worldly Goods"

Written for Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert.

THEY sat in front of the fire—the
father, the mother, and the girl.

"It's not that I've any ob-
jections to Jim as a man," said the father
with emphasis. "He's a straight, level-
headed young fellow. But a man who's
earning twenty-five shillings a week as
electrical fitter is no match for my daugh-
ter."

The firelight gleamed on the father as
he spoke, big and kindly prosperous, and
"set in his ways." It shone on the
mother, a gentle, simple little soul. It
shone on the daughter Nancy, as bonnie
clear-eyed, sunny a little person as you
could wish to see.

"I love him, and there will never be
anyone else for me, dad. I'm twenty-five
now, and I don't want to wait for Jim
any longer. He's got enough put by to
furnish a very comfortable little home,
and something left over. And," she
laughed gently, "all mother's training
won't be wasted if I've got to keep house
on so little."

"I'll not have my daughter marrying
on twenty-five shillings a week," old
Joseph Mead said stubbornly.

The girl's face grew white, and she
glanced from father to mother with sudden
fear in her eyes. Whatever her father
said her mother would stand by. And
whatever her father said he meant.

"If you still won't let me marry him,
Jim is going away abroad—to—to—find
work that shall bring him in more money.
I have told him I won't marry him unless
you give us your consent. There doesn't
seem a chance of his getting a rise, so,
sooner than keep me waiting and waiting,
he's going to try and get a job in Canada
that will bring him enough money for me
to be with him. And, if you force him to
go, it will break my heart."

Her face was quite white now, and her
eyes were afraid, like the eyes of a child
left in the dark. And indeed, her world
was dark when she thought of being left
alone in England by the man she adored.

It was May, and not cold, although they
still had a fire in the evenings, but she
drew her chair nearer to the blaze with a
little shiver.

"I could be quite, quite happy on
twenty-five shillings a week," she pleaded.
"You know how well I cook and manage
this house for you and mother. I make
all my own dresses, too. I should find
real happiness in my own home, and with
my husband."

"I'll not have you starting a home on
twenty-five shillings a week, Nancy!"

"Then Jim will go abroad and I shall
spend my days growing plain and narrow-
minded, and old maidish, waiting till I
can join him."

"Has Jim made up his mind to go
abroad if we won't let you marry him?"

"Unless you consent within six months
he is going to throw up his job and try his
luck in Canada."

There was silence in the firelit parlour,
a long, long silence.

The girl clasped her hands. If she had
been a little less loving, she might have
disregarded the old people's wishes and
run away with the man she loved, for she
was over twenty-one. But just because of
her sweet gentleness she never entertained
the thought for a moment.

She was all they had in the world, and,
dearly as she loved Jim Attenbury, her
first duty was to her people.

"No," the old man said at last, "I
don't, and I won't consider the question
for an instant! I forbid you to marry
Jim Attenbury on his present salary."

"Oh, dad," the girl said, with a sob in
her voice, "you have forgotten when you
courted mother! You've often 'old me
about it. It was in May when you asked
her to be your wife. She was chamber-
maid at a house in Hampstead, and you
were a grocer's assistant in the same place,
and then after, you worked and worked
until you had a shop of your own; but
you hadn't much more than twenty-five
shillings a week when you married.
You've often told me so."

"I'd twenty-seven a week," the old
man said; "but your mother was a born
manager, she was!"

A pleased little flush rose to the mother's
smooth faded cheeks. Her eyes were gen-
tle in the firelight.

"Do you remember, Joe?" she asked.
"It was May about this time, one Satur-
day afternoon, you asked me to marry you,
up on the Heath? Do you remember the
trees just coming out, and there was
sunshine?"

They had forgotten the daughter. They
were back on the time when it was spring,
and their love for each other had been
the most wonderful thing on earth.

"Yes, Lucy," the old man said, "and
there was a seat beneath a tree that
overlooked the Leg o' Mutton Pond, and
we sat there, you and I, quite late in the
afternoon, and talked of the little place
we would furnish. My!" he said, "but
you've been a good wife to me, my lass."

Why wouldn't they give her a chance
to be that to Jim?

"Haven't you been to Hampstead
Heath since?" she asked.

"No! We were married pretty soon
after, and we moved here (to Balham),
and here we've stuck ever since."

Joseph Mead had retired now, and the
neat, well-kept shop in the High Street
bore another name above the "Joseph
K. Mead."

"Hampstead Heath must have altered,"
she hazarded.

An idea was growing in her mind.

"Ay, they've built, I reckon."

"Not on the Heath itself, daddie. It
won't have altered much round the Leg
o' Mutton Pond since you and mother sat
there so long ago. Why don't you pay
it a visit and revive old memories?"

"We've thought of it, haven't we,
Lucy?"

His hand sought and found his wife's
little wrinkled one.

"Dad, Jim's coming here to tea to-
morrow afternoon—that's Saturday—to
hear your answer."

"You've heard my answer, lass."

"I'll take it again after you've done
something for me."

"What are we to do, eh?"

"You are to go to Hampstead Heath
tomorrow with mother, in the afternoon,
and visit all the places you used to long
ago, when you asked mother to be your
wife."

"Well, I never!"

"And when you come back Jim and I
will be here, and you can tell us whether
we may marry or whether we must wait.
And I will answer for Jim, as well as for
myself, that we will do as you wish."

"You think that we've forgotten what
it is to be sweethearts, eh? Times
have changed since then, my girl, and
twenty-five shillings a week don't go as
far today as they did when mother and I
were young."

"Love doesn't change," the girl said,
gently, "and human hearts don't change,
dad. Jim and I love just as much, and
need each other every bit as much, as you
and mother did."

Then she bade them goodnight and
slipped away.

They climbed Windmill Hill just for
one peep at the big, solid house where she
had been a chambermaid.

Her little hand trembled as she thrust
it through the gate.

"Well, I never, Joe! There are
yellow daffies on the lawn in front of the
house just as they were when you and I
were courting! The blinds and the
curtains are different from what they were
when my mistress had the house, 'tis
true, but the daffies are there. Do you
remember, I used to wear one sometimes
on my evening out?"

Did he remember!

In imagination he saw himself, a young,
slim man, just starting life as a grocer's
assistant, and waiting for his sweetheart
just outside this very gate.

Did he remember!

They took the road that led direct to
the Heath in silence.

"Funny seeing all the old spots again,"
he said.

A lump was in his honest old throat.
She stopped.

Before them stretched Hampstead
Heath, just as it had been twenty-eight
years ago. The trees soft green, the sky
soft blue, the air gentle with spring
breezes.

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"Do you remember, Joe?" she asked. "Here you stopped and told me you had something very special to say to me." "Did you guess?" he asked. "Of course I guessed." She smiled up at him with tender eyes. "You told me you had only twenty-seven shillings a week then." "Yes, but I knew that I would be having a rise to thirty soon," cried the old man sharply. "Jim Attenbury doesn't see any chance of a rise for years." "I wasn't talking about Jim, dearie," said the little mother with her wise old smile. They walked on. In the distance, like a little round piece of blue metal, lay the Leg o' Mutton Pond. "Do you remember the little seat not far from there?" asked Joe Mead. "We carved our names in the tree above it. Wonder if it is still there?" "I don't expect the seat is," answered the little old lady. "I remember your saying, just as we stood about where we stand now, 'Lucy, my lass, I'll say my say over there under that tree.'"

And they seemed just young man and young girl again as they sat there, side by side, and the memories of their hopes, their joys, their sorrows and their trials came before them—all shared together. "If you had your chance over again, Lucy," asked the man, "would you marry me again?" "I would," the old woman answered. "Oh, my dear, you know I would!" They they rose, for it was twilight, and the man stood looking down at his wife. "I think," he said, "I'll give our girl her chance to get as much happiness and good out of life as you and I have done. She shall marry Jim Attenbury on one condition." "And that?" "That you give me as big a kiss, my dear, as you did that day you sat here and promised to take me for better or for worse." "Well, perhaps I had forgotten. what it was to be young, little lass." "And so, dad?"



An ex-monarch of the woods

"And I did," chuckled her husband. "Lucy, if you hadn't said 'Yes' —" "Well, what if I hadn't said 'Yes'?" asked the little old lady. "Jim's case is different with our Nancy," announced the man, for no reason at all. "Young fellows don't love as they did in our young days." "Oh, yes they do!" smiled his wife. They came to the tree and the same old seat. "Why, the seat is there!" cried Joe Mead, and threw back his grey head and laughed like a delighted schoolboy. "And here are our names just as we carved them! Well, I never! It doesn't seem any time, does it now! Ay, Lucy?" His eyes grew misty. "We mattered a mighty lot to each other in those days. I should never be what I am now if you hadn't helped me every step of the way. You've been a rare good helpmate, lass!" They sat down on the seat, hand in hand, and stared at the shining water. "Joe," the old lady said, timidly, "if someone had stepped in and forbidden us to marry, as we are forbidding Nancy and her lad, what then?" "There was no one to do it," answered Joe Mead. "And I had twenty-seven shillings a week and good prospects when I married you."

"And so you can have each other! God bless you both!" The girl's face was very white, and fear had been in her eyes. Now her color flashed back, and her sweet eyes were radiant. "Jim's had a rise," she laughed. "So, after all, we marry on more than you did! Thirty-two shillings a week!" But it was obvious that the information would have to be repeated, for the two old folk were gazing into each other's eyes, and finding love, and youth, and many memories down in the dear faded depths of them. Bobby's brother and all his young friends were enthusiastic members of the S.P.C.A., but Bobby himself declared his unwillingness to join until after Christmas. His mother, knowing the boy to be as tender-hearted as his brother, could not understand the reason for any postponement. "Why should you wait until Christmas to begin to do good?" she asked. "Well," explained her son, "daddy promised me a rifle for Christmas, and just as soon as I shoot that cat that comes around our back fence every night I'm going to join the S.P.C.A."

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TO THE PUBLIC.—The sick person who really wants to get well, we are anxious to cure; but those who are looking for miracles, and do not intend to carry out their side of the work, we have no desire to see occupy any one of the many treatment rooms in this Institution. The reputation this Institute has acquired has only been gained by its record of results and the co-operation of its patients. Relief from most troubles can be had with ease. This, however, does not necessarily effect a Cure. To cure any pain or disease, the Cause, not merely the Effect or Symptom, must be removed.

THE REASON WHY.—The aim of the National Institute is first to cure, then to assist the patients in showing them how to live so that sickness may be prevented in the future. Disease is caused by Wrong Living—Wrong Living is due to Lack of Knowledge. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," holds good equally as much in regard to health as in religion. It is a universal law governing all things.



DISEASE PREVENTED.—Many a case of kidney trouble has been prevented through a careful diagnosis at the early start, while equally as much might be said of heart, bladder, or any of the other many complaints man is heir to, if only a thorough examination is made before the advanced stages have been reached.

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

FOR YOU

At this season of the year our thoughts turn to home, Christmas comes to us weighted with precious memories. We are thoughtful with emotions of appreciation at Christmastide—if at all. The best gift which a young man can make to a kind father is a verbal or written acknowledgement of the love and consideration which has been lavished upon him. Such an expression of appreciation brings infinite joy to a father's heart. He has been planning for you, working for you, living for you—and all his soul asks for is just one word of spoken gratitude. Here is a beautiful picture.

YOUR BEST MOOD

What do you think about when you are in your best mood? Is it money, fame, power, or achievement? The fancies of fifteen are the facts of fifty. When God has some special work for a man to do He speaks to him in his youth. These dreams, visions, moods, sentiments, aspirations and ambitions of youth are shot through with a glorious prophetic quality. So study them, prize them, and treasure them. When Bismarck was a boy he was distressed that the German people were separated into more than thirty kingdoms. It was the dream and ambition of his life that they should be united into one great fellowship. The ideal was realized when the smoke of the Franco-Prussian war cleared away and the venerable King of Prussia was crowned Emperor of a united Germany in the palace of Versailles.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED

The greatest danger in life is the danger of discouragement. We are apt to get discouraged even when we are doing well. The physical reaction which comes from a splendid effort in which we have thrown in heart, soul and mind is prone to open the trap door of doubt for every shadow which fear can suggest. It is a great thing to keep the mind clear, bright, normal and hopeful. God Himself can make little out of a man whose moods have conquered him. Remember that every great soul has had a battle with doubt. "During the nine years that I was his wife," says the widow of the great artist Opie, "I never saw him satisfied with one of his productions, and often, very often, have I seen him enter my sitting-room, and throwing himself in an agony of despondency on the sofa, exclaim, 'I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live!'"

SYMBOLS

Everything in nature is a symbol. When we have learned the whole meaning of nature we shall have learned the whole thought of God. We are here to learn. We are here to learn how to learn. We are here to learn how to think. There is not a bird that flies, or a speck that floats, or a wind that blows which does not bring you a message. The lucky man is the man who learns how to think. Every man has two eyes—an eye which looks outward and an eye which looks inward. An original thinker uses both eyes and looks both ways. It will be well for us if we learn to heed the suggestions of nature. "Innumerable apples had fallen from trees, often hitting heedless men on the head as if to set them thinking, but not before Newton did any one realize that they fall to the earth by the same law which holds the planets in their courses, and prevents the momentum of all the atoms in the universe from hurling them wildly back to chaos."

THE PRAIRIE

Here we are, in a thousand wind-swept towns and villages, living, dreaming and working, on a vast prairie without deep valleys or high mountain, struggling with the dead average of nature and the dull monotony of life. What have we, this side of the foothills of the Rockies, to inspire thought or set the soul on fire? I answer that sublimity is not in the mountain, or the river, or the valley but in the soul. And the mind which can find beauty in the vine-clad hill can find splendor in the moor and fen and rock. When young Marshall, afterward Chief Justice of the United States, made a journey with some friends to Virginia, and came to the mountain scenery amidst which Patrick Henry was born and brought up, he suddenly stopped, and, gazing at the mountains, exclaimed, "What a grand sight! how soul-inspiring and thought-producing! No wonder Patrick Henry was an orator; no wonder he was eloquent; how could he have been otherwise, reared amidst such sublime scenes as these!" "Young man," said an old farmer, who had accompanied the tourists, "those mountains have been there ever since Patrick Henry was born, and there has been no orator like him since!"

A YOUNG MYSTIC

Learn to look on the spiritual side of things. By the spiritual I mean the hidden, the interior, the unseen, the meaning back of the metaphor. Everything that is, speaks of something which is not. All nature is an alphabet spelling out the thought of God. There are thoughts which come to us through an intuition which is indefinable and without explanation and indefinable. These are suggestive words in Richard Jefferies' "Story of My Heart." "I was not more than eighteen years old," he says, "when an inner and esoteric meaning began to come to me from all the visible universe, and indefinable aspirations filled me. I found them in the grass and fields, under the trees, on the hill-tops, at sunrise and in the night. There was a deeper meaning everywhere." And again he writes, "I looked at the hills, at the dewy grass and then up through the elm branches to the sky."

UP AND AT IT

The time to get up is immediately after you have fallen down. Never mind looking at the spot where you fell or rubbing that part of your anatomy where your physical form first struck the earth. Remember that life is a conflict and the man who wins, if he falls, must rise before the bell rings. Many a man who has failed in life would have won if the time spent in moping doubt and crouching fear had been occupied with determined effort. There are just as many odds against your enemy as there are against you. Fight your fears by fighting your enemy. Get on your feet. Get into field. Up and at it. Waste no time on useless regrets. Gen. Sherman, in his "Memoirs," calls attention to a very wise observation of Gen. Grant, made to him after the close of the first day's battle of Shiloh. He said, "At the crisis of the battle it often happens that both sides seem to be defeated. The side that is able, at this point, to renew the attack, is sure to win."

KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge is great and vast. It speaks out in biography, history, poetry, philosophy, and science. You might well imagine as you walk through the silent corridors of a great library that universal knowledge in its length, breadth, height and depths could never be grasped and comprehended but there are only a few things which it is absolutely necessary to know. Listen to the words of John Morley: Mr. John Morley has defined the two fundamental elements of character which the university should develop. And these two elements are of the simplest nature, yet the two which from his experience he found to be most frequently forgotten. First, there must be the clear understanding between cause and effect. Second, the sure distinction between right and wrong. "I know of no two lessons," he added, "more to be impressed upon the two great political parties—more perhaps on one party than on the other—than the need of this appreciation of the relation between precedent and policy, and between right and wrong."

WORTH WHILE

That book which you are reading, that song which you are singing, that play which you are witnessing, that business which you are building, that game which you are playing, that letter which you are writing, that habit which you are cultivating—is it worth while? Tell me, friend, is it worth while? Here is a remark from "Public Opinion" about Holman Hunt: "Probably Hunt's first and strongest feeling would have been that the aims of the younger men, for all their cleverness of execution, were often futile," says the Times. "The old realist would have been ill satisfied with modern realism. 'Paint what you see,' he would have said, and 'paint it as you see it; but take care that what you see is worth painting!'"

TOO SENSITIVE

Don't be too sensitive. Thin-skinned people have an exceedingly unhappy time of it. They are affected by remarks which were never intended for them and influenced by the words which they imagine ought to have been spoken but never were. The trouble is that the sensitive man imagines that the universe ought to centre in and around himself. Self-forgetfulness is the secret of happiness. Keep sweet when folks are abusing you. Keep quiet when the crowd is cursing you with adverse criticism. Act on principles which are universal and never open the door of your mind for the damning influence of a personal grudge. Dr. Rush used to say, in his valedictory address to the students of the medical college: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets—a small pocket and a big pocket; a small pocket in which to put your fees, a large pocket in which to put your annoyances."

THE POWER ROOM

The greatest power room in the world is the human brain, and the human brain can operate within the narrowest limitations. An original thinker can think behind bars or in dungeon depths. Thought is free, democratic and universal. There are no chains which can hold down or hold in a man's inner sentiments or emotions. Thought is free. Hard floor, stony wall, narrow window, or plain equipment never robbed a man of the possible delights of meditation and contemplation. The great New England philosopher wrote the "Freedom of the Will" in a little closet six by eight feet. But Jonathan Edwards was victorious over his surroundings, and compelled the Scottish philosopher's tribute, "The intellect of Edwards was the greatest achievement of the century."

PROMPTNESS

Get into the habit of doing things promptly. It will save time, make friends and add to your force of character. Promptness is generalship in the details of life. The strong man compels the first thing, the last thing, the "next thing" and the "other thing" to get into line and march orderly in the daily procession of events. Such generalship creates certain laws of gravitation which brings things "your way." When the Lords of the Admiralty, in a case of pressing need, asked Sir Charles Napier, in London, when he would be ready to start for India, he replied: "In half an hour, gentlemen, if necessary."

BEARING UP

Are you game? Can you accept punishment like a stoic? Can you bear up under criticism when it is cruel and unjust? Can you "pass under the rod" when circumstances seem to cut and when fate is wantonly unfavorable? Can you smile in the hour of your social neglect and keep sweet when men are returning cruel acts for kind words? There are two things which test a man's temperament—the hour of social rejection and the coronation hour. The author of "As I Remember" writes: "I saw General Scott when he returned from his Mexican campaign, covered with glory, to confront his political enemies at home, and I was also with him in 1852 when the announcement arrived that he had been defeated as a presidential candidate. Were I called upon to decide in which character he appeared to the greater advantage, that of the victor or the vanquished, I should unhesitatingly give my verdict to the latter. There was a grandeur in his bearing under the adverse circumstances with which the success and glamour of arms could not compare."

THE GREATEST PLEASURE

Most men are seeking for happiness and looking for pleasure. One man finds his pleasure in those things which appeal to the physical appetites. Another gives himself to ambition and seeks for all those elements which add to a man's personal power. There are still others who have discovered the pleasures of the intellectual realm, poetry, art, music and high class drama. Many are satisfied to gather around them a circle of tested friends and live in the golden light of glowing fireside companionship. The higher the ideal—the better the man. But there is one joy within the easy reach of all: A gentleman was once asked: "What action afforded you the greatest pleasure in life?" His answer was: "When I stopped the sale of a poor widow's furniture by paying a small sum due for her rent and received her blessing." Henry Drummond remarks that if we look back through our lives we will find that the moments that shine the brightest and that we count the happiest are the moments when we have done things in the spirit of love.

TEMPTATION

A reputation for honor helps to keep a man honorable. As a rule men do not ask a temperance man to drink. The suggestion would be an insult. The saddest thing about an intimation that your co-operation is desired in the accomplishment of that which is wrong is the reflection which is thus cast on your own character. Jesus, the Christ, said a very deep and profound thing about Himself when he said: "The son of perdition cometh and shall find nothing in me." Henry Ward Beecher said in his oration on Charles Sumner: "In a venal, corrupt time, he held trust and power unsullied and unsuspected. Nothing can speak better for the judgment of corrupt men than the fact that they never dared to approach him—for Mr. Sumner said, with imitable naïveté, 'People speak of Washington as being corrupt. I do not believe a word of it; I have been in Washington fifteen years and more, and I have never seen a particle of corruption!' No, he never had. He was the last man that any corrupt schemer dared to approach."

Hank's Merriest Christmas

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne.

THE lonesomest human being at the Merry Yuletide is generally conceded to be the bachelor. Hank Judson was not only a bachelor but an unattached one, without kith or kin, chick or child, without even a sweetheart, so that in the whole city of Winnipeg there could scarcely have been found a person who looked forward to Christmas with less enthusiasm. For many years Hank had been a mere looker-on at other folks' happiness and to tell the truth he had done very little toward helping to make the Day a merry one for any man, woman or child. As he made his way down Portage Ave. early one December morning he noticed just ahead of him a young woman with auburn hair and a very attractive figure walking rapidly along. She was neatly but plainly attired, and was evidently a shop or factory employee. The morning was bitterly cold but she wore no furs and had no rubbers on her feet to protect her from slipping on the icy pavement.

"English," thought Hank, "they will not wear rubbers. Watch her fall, in a minute."

Even as the thought crossed his mind the young woman slipped, grasped wildly for support at a window railing and just managed to avoid a fall. But in the momentary excitement she dropped her handbag.

Mr. Judson came up just then, picked up the fallen article and returned it to the lady, raising his cap. With an "Oh thank you so much," the girl took it and Hank passed on wondering vaguely how it was that freckles did not accompany that shade of hair in this particular case. But then Hank was perhaps a little short-sighted at his age.

He met several acquaintances who wished him a Merry Christmas, and to whom he responded with a like wish—spoken mechanically. Hank had said "Merry Christmas" every year at this time to his few friends and acquaintances much as he said "Good Day" on any one of the three hundred and sixty-four other days.

One would have thought that in his capacity of post office clerk he would have had very little time to speculate upon his lonely state, at this busy season. Yet Hank's loneliness weighed upon him with greater force at Christmas than at any other time. The happy smiling faces at the wicket, the recipients of delightful-looking red-labelled bundles—these he envied secretly. Then there were those who came to have packages weighed and sent. How he did wish that somebody somewhere would send him a package, even if it only contained a handkerchief. Hank had reached the fortieth milestone without realizing that in the giving and not the getting was the true Christmas joy.

Before the cold gray dawn had ushered in these December mornings Hank and many other clerks were hard at work in the aisles. Hank being just as busy as any of his sixteen subordinates, for although he was one of the foremen he did not relax in his industry. You could distinguish him running up and down among the rest by the little bald patch on the top-back of his head. Hank with his hat on passed for thirty.

"Here's a letter for the dead-box Judson!" called out little Tom Head-bald as he aimed a missive at the aforementioned bald spot.

It flew wide of the mark and the stamping machine drowned the words. Not until the eight o'clock mail was all out did Mr. Judson notice the oblong of white lying at his feet.

"Mister Androo Carneggy, Skybo Cassel, Ole Country," he read in puzzled wonder.

This address was printed in large characters, the flap had been sealed with a smudgy hand and a one cent stamp adorned the corner in a half-hearted way, as if the sender had liked the taste of mucilage so well that he or she had regretfully left just enough at one corner to hold the stamp to the envelope.

"Haw haw ain't it funny!" laughed Tom Hatton coming up, "guess you'd best chuck it into 'Dead' or 'Insufficient Postage' eh?"

"Wait, maybe it's genuine."

"Not a bit of it. We've been getting letters to Old Santa all week, but this goes one better I must say. Maybe there'll be another in the chute, bye and bye, addressed to Mr. Rockefeller."

Although the eyes of "the boss" were sharp ones they failed to note that Mr. Judson slipped one of His Majesty's letters into his coat pocket and Hank himself forgot the incident until 1.15 hour. The post office employees made quick work of their meals at this season and Hank, as he hurriedly partook of his noon-day luncheon was thinking of the heavy afternoon mail and wondering at what hour he should be free that evening as some of the men were obliged to work overtime. Fumbling for his pay-check he found the letter addressed to the great iron magnate, and as he opened it and read the contents his hurry was forgotten.

"Deer Mister Carneggy," it began, "you are a kind and very rich man. Please lend me three dollars to make a Merry Xmas for Ma and Milly and I will sure pay you back soon. I sell papers but Ma has been in the hospital sick and I have no money left from paying that. Milly is four. I am ten. Milly wants a doll bad. Good by."

Yure friend

Fred Dutton.

At the address given below the name, was a dingy little frame house in which were many roomers. How such a small domicile could house so many was a problem that would have puzzled anyone not acquainted with the many makeshifts of the poor. The widow Dutton and her two children occupied the ground floor front room, the rear half of which was curtained off concealing a bed and a cot. Mrs. Dutton was a dressmaker by trade but had taken no orders for many weeks and she was hindering the progress of her slowly returning health by worrying about that inevitable rent which could not be paid after the New Year as her little stock of savings had all been expended

on her doctor's bill and on food for herself and children. The landlady, herself a poor woman, was lenient enough, but could not be lenient forever. Something must be done. She must put the children out to an institution and give up the room and her trade and find some light work. This was the dilemma that Mrs. Dutton faced on the twenty-fourth of December. As she sat patiently mending Milly's dress in her invalid chair at the front window late in the afternoon, Fred came bursting into the room, in such an unusual state of excitement that the poor woman dropped her work and cried out, thinking that some accident had happened in the street. Fred was such a quiet little chap commonly, old for his years.

"Hooray, hooray!" he shouted jumping about and flinging his cap into the air

Little Milly left her battered dolly in the corner and started up in astonishment.

"Read that!" at length the boy said, tossing a letter into his mother's lap and subsiding into a chair.

Something dropped out of the envelope



Not a moment to wait

When the little ones arrive cold and hungry from school an Oxo Cube in a cupful of hot water is ready in a minute—and makes a delicious nourishing beverage—warming—invigorating—and filling them with the joy of life.

A Cube to a Cup

Growing in popularity every day

Oxo Cubes are splendid for children. They consist of the real goodness of the best beef in readily assimilable form. They build up strength—safeguard against colds—renew vitality—and restore health and energy to old and young.

Tins of 4, 10, 50, 100 Cubes.

OXO CUBES

Wingold Kitchen Cabinets Systematizes Your Work

It makes the day longer and pleasanter

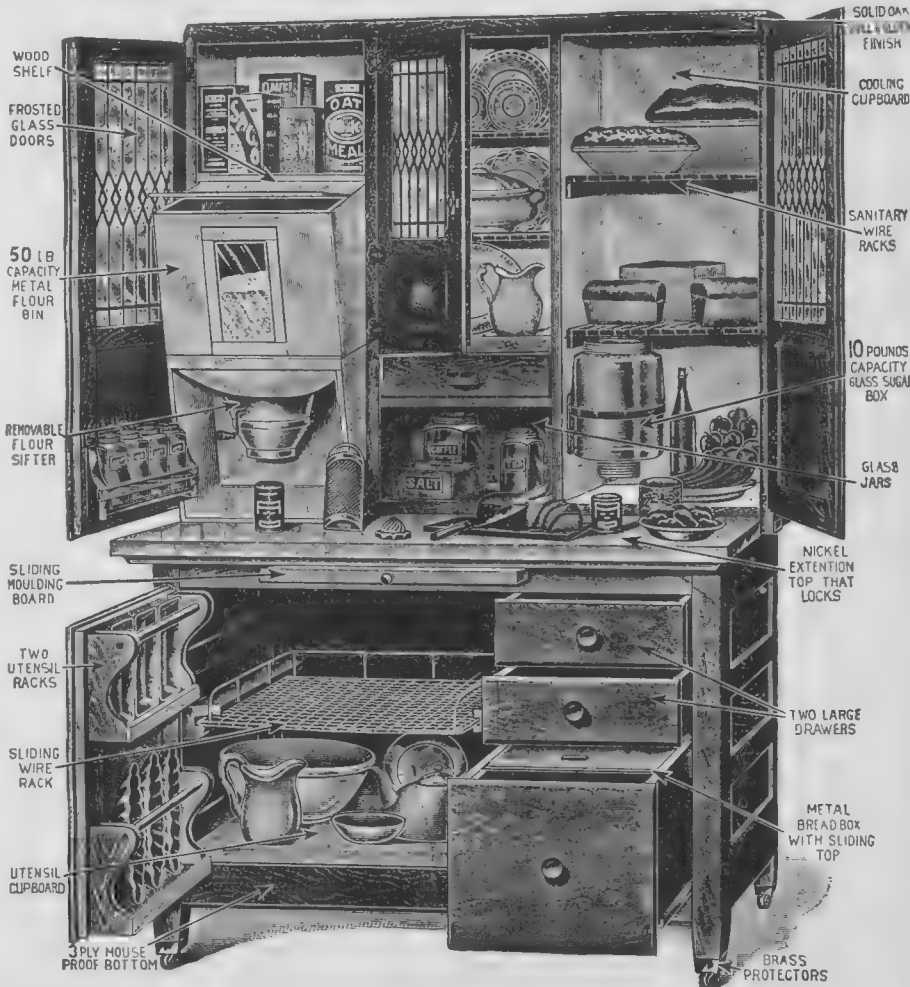
Modern 20th-century ideas have now advanced to the household, and the Kitchen Cabinet is placed in the front rank of progress. It is the handiest, most convenient and the greatest labor-saving device ever constructed for the Housewife's use. It systematizes the entire kitchen, greatly lessens the number of steps, brings everything needed in the kitchen use at your finger tips and is as artistic a piece of furniture as it is practical and useful.

ITS FEATURES—We ask you to study carefully, the special features of this cabinet, enumerated by the arrows in the illustration. Then compare these features with what any other firm offers you at this price. We want you to note particularly the white enameling. This enameling consists of four deep baked coats and is distributed throughout the interior of the top with the exception of the lower center compartment. Note the sanitary wire shelves, the 50-pound capacity metal flour bin—metal all over—also the nickel extension top that locks automatically, whether extended or retracted.

THE CONSTRUCTION is of solid oak throughout, finished in a smooth, high, golden color in the rich, dull finish. Has 10-pound capacity glass sugar bin, 6-piece glass canister set with wire rack, consisting of coffee, tea, salt, pepper, ginger and cinnamon jars. One metal cake and bread box, one draw pot sanitary wire shelf.

THE DIMENSIONS—This cabinet measures 73 inches from floor to top, is 42 inches wide, the base is 31 inches from floor and has three-ply mouse-proof bottom. The doors have brass trimmed hinges and catches, also fancy frosted glass. Order from this advertisement or send for Free Catalog showing a complete line.

No. 75 Kitchen Cabinet White Enamelled. . . . \$35.50



WINGOLD STORE, Bannatyne Ave. East, Winnipeg

The "Bay" Special Liquor Hampers



Hamper L-01—(Weight 30 lbs.) 4.50

- Price.....
1 bottle H.B. Co. 5 year Old Rye.
1 bottle " " Fine Old Scotch.
1 bottle " " Port Brandy.
1 bottle " " Port Wine.
1 bottle " " St. Julien Claret.
1 bottle " " Ginger Wine.

6 bottles

Hamper L-02—(Weight 50 lbs.) 6.50

- Price.....
1 bottle H.B. Co. Ginger Wine.
2 bottles " " 5 year Old Rye Whiskey.
1 bottle " " Fine Old Scotch.
1 bottle " " Pale Brandy.
2 bottles " " Native Wine.
1 bottle " " Sweet Catawba Wine.
1 bottle " " St. Julien Claret.
1 bottle " " Cherry Wine.
1 bottle " " Tom Gin.
1 bottle " " California Sherry.

12 bottles.

Hamper L-03—(Weight 50 lbs.) 8.50

- Price.....
1 bottle H.B. Co. Finest Old Highland.
1 bottle " " Special Pale Brandy.
2 bottles " " 5 year Old Rye.
1 bottle " " Port.
1 bottle " " California Sherry.
1 bottle " " St. Julien Claret.
1 bottle " " Tom Gin.
1 bottle " " Jamaica Rum.
2 bottles " " Special Native Wine.
1 bottle Stone's Elder, Raisin, Orange,
Ginger or Cowslip Wine.

12 bottles.

Hamper L-06—(Weight 50 lbs.) 16.00

- Price.....
1 quart Chas. Heidsieck's Champagne,
1904 Vintage.
1 bottle H.B. Co. "Special" Port.
1 bottle " " Amontillado Sherry.
1 bottle " " Special Scotch.
1 bottle " " Extra Brandy.
1 bottle " " Madeira Wine.
1 bottle " " Special Rye.
1 bottle " " Jamaica Rum.
1 bottle " " Special Irish.
1 bottle " " Holland Gin.
1 bottle Bardinet's Cherry Whiskey.
1 bottle H.B. Co. Ginger Wine.

12 bottles.

Hamper L-05—(Weight 50 lbs.) 13.00

- Price.....
1 quart bottle Champagne.
1 bottle H.B. Co. Special Scotch.
1 bottle " " Special Pale Brandy.
1 bottle " " Port.
1 bottle " " Sherry.
2 bottles " " Special Rye.
1 bottle " " Club Claret.
1 bottle " " Holland Gin.
1 bottle " " 3 Star Irish Whiskey.
1 bottle " " Cherry Brandy.
1 bottle " " Jamaica Rum.

12 bottles.

Hamper L-04—(Weight 50 lbs.) 10.00

- Price.....
1 bottle H.B. Co. F.O.B. Scotch.
1 bottle " " Ginger Wine.
1 bottle " " Port.
1 bottle " " Sherry.
1 bottle " " Special Brandy.
1 bottle " " Jamaica Rum.
2 bottles " " 7 year Old Rye.
1 bottle " " St. Julien.
1 bottle " " Fine Old Irish.
1 bottle " " California Reising.
1 bottle " " Cherry Whiskey.

12 bottles

Our General Catalogue of
Wines and Cigars will be
sent FREE on application.

See opposite page for a
number of splendid Xmas
suggestions.

Specials in Christmas Delicacies

Candies in Fancy Boxes

- 9116a—Special Assorted Chocolates.
1-lb. 30c., 2-lb. 55c.
9116b—Best Quality Chocolates. 1-lb.
40c, 2-lb. 75c.
9117—Special Mixture, Gums, Jellies and
Chocolates. 1-lb. 25c, 5 lbs. \$1.15.
9118—Mixtures, Gums, Creams and Fruit
Jellies. 1-lb. 20c, 5 lbs. 95c.

New Season's Dried Fruits

- Table Raisins— Per 5½-lb. 22-lb.
lb. layer box
G-138—Imperial Clusters 40c \$1.50 \$6.00
G-139—Royal Bucking-
ham. 35c \$1.35 \$5.25
G-140—Connoisseur. 30c \$1.10 \$3.50
G-141—Cresca brand. 1-lb. tin, each 50c.
G-142—Solito Clusters. 1-lb. package,
each 40c.
Table Figs—
G-143—Layers. 13c, 15c, 20c and 25c
per pound.
G-144—Pulled Figs in glass. Each 35c.
G-145—Stuffed Figs, in glass (cherry
centre). Each 45c.
G-146—Stuffed Figs and Dates, in glass.
Each 45c.

New Season's Nuts

- G-160—Finest Tarragon Almonds. Per
pound 18c.
G-161—Grenoble Walnuts. Per lb. 20c.
G-162—California Walnuts. Per lb. 30c.
G-163—Filberts. Per lb. 15c.
G-164—Pecans. Per lb. 25c and 30c.
G-165—Brazil. Per lb. 25c.
G-166—Finest quality mixed Nuts. Per
pound 20c.
G-167—Choice quality mixed Nuts. Per
pound 16c.
G-168—Fancy Italian Chestnuts. Per
pound 20c.

TOYS TO FILL THE CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS.

We have a splendid assortment of all kinds of toys to fill the Kiddies' Santa Claus
Stockings. At 10c

- X1—Dressed Dolls.
X2—Rattles.
X3—Musical Birds.
X4—Box of Checkers.
X5—Enamel Tea Set.
X6—Pistol and Caps.
X7—Esquimaux Doll.
X8—Trumpets.
X9—Doll and Bath.
X10—Jack in the Box.
X11—Balls.
X12—Dominoes.

- At 15c
X13—Dressed Dolls.
X14—Toy Iron.
X15—Rattles.
X16—Drums.
X17—Rubber Balls.
X18—Iron Horse and Cart.
X19—Books (all kinds).
X20—Jack in the Box.
X21—Mouth Organs.
X22—Banks.
X23—Slates.
X24—Trumpets.

- At 25c
X25—Pet Stoves.
X26—Kid Body Dolls.
X27—Enamel Tea Set.
X28—A B C Blocks.
X29—Horses.
X30—Books (all kinds).
X31—Box Paints.
X32—Wood Dolls.
X33—Wooden Cradles.
X34—Wood Balls.
X35—Children's Reins.
X36—Games (all kinds).

with the letter but Mrs. Dutton did not notice it at first.

"Mr. Fred Dutton—Your message was transmitted to me by wireless. Enclosed is a small gift which I hope you and your family will enjoy, with my best wishes. I do not loan such small sums as you asked for so please consider this a gift and a Merry Christmas to you all.

Your friend,
Andrew."

"Andrew?" cried poor Mrs. Dutton, "who is he, Fred?"

But Fred only laughed and taking little Milly up, whispered something about "Santa Claus" in her ear at which the little girl clapped her hands in glee.

The ten dollar bill had infused the widow with such life and hope that she said she felt quite equal to dressing and going over as far as Eaton's. Fred remarked that her shopping tour there might tire her, but she had her way and in a trembling sort of haste she made ready for the street. It was after four o'clock.

"We'll save five of it, Freddy," said Mrs. Dutton, "we must not be too extravagant."

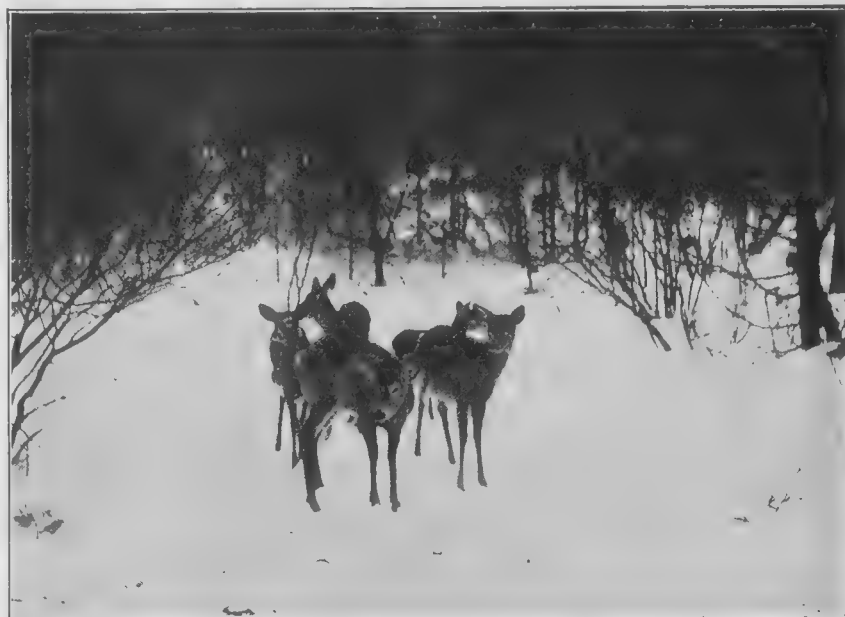
Surely no such joyful shopping expedition on five dollars ever came off before. It was surprising how far that sum could go. Mrs. Dutton and Fred plotted and

the driver and a sudden cessation of bells. Mrs. Dutton, Fred and Milly were prepared for anything now—even the vision of Santa Claus himself. This time it was a case of invalid's wine for "Mrs. Dutton." She was too much amazed to protest. "Oh mother! Somebody must know you've been sick! Just what you needed!" cried Fred.

"God bless our unknown friend!" said the widow.

Mr. Judson slept heavily until noon on Christmas Day and then dined as usual on holidays, at his favorite cafe. He elaborated the meal somewhat, to the extent of oysters and fresh fish as extra dishes. But Hank was a plain man. In the afternoon he took a long walk about the city, bringing up toward dusk at the shabby little home on H— street where Fred Dutton lived. In the exuberance of their good cheer the Duttons had forgotten to draw the blinds in the front windows quite down. Looking up and down the quiet street Mr. Judson ascertained that no person was in sight. He tip-toed up and peered underneath the blind.

A feast was in progress. How had the hungry little crowd managed to wait till six o'clock for that Christmas dinner? The room seemed to be full of people—surely every roomer had been invited by



What was that?

planned and invaded the shops, coming therefrom with full arms. The woman was almost exhausted at length, although she would not have admitted it. So they turned homewards. The merry jingle of sleigh bells on the air was real music to-night. The shop windows never looked more fascinating and there never was such a jolly good humored crowd on the streets. They jostled one another and pushed by in happy haste, nobody seeming to care for the inconvenience caused at times. One little fellow slipped at a busy corner and a small crowd gathered, expecting him to burst out into loud lamentation. But he only rose, brushed the snow from his coat and laughed merrily. Just as the two shoppers turned their own corner, talking of the surprises which little Milly would experience on the morrow, a delivery sleigh drew up at the pavement and the unusual sight of packages from one of the city's best grocery shops being taken into number ninety-two, their own shabby abode, caused mother and son to hasten their steps. The landlady had not yet responded to the messenger's knocking so he turned to the two, asking:—

"This where a Mrs. Dutton lives?"

All the bundles, it transpired, were addressed "Mrs. Dutton."

There was first of all a turkey.

"Twelve pounds if an ounce!" cried Fred, "feel it, mother. Ain't it a beaut?" "Come right in," said Mrs. Dutton to the man, "if you're sure you haven't made a mistake."

But she had no time to express doubts. A bag of sweet potatoes was brought in next and then followed smaller parcels—sugar, rice, cranberries, nuts, candy, oranges and apples a large plum pudding, a box of table raisins—everything that could possibly contribute to a complete Christmas dinner. And as the sleigh drove away, another came speeding up and stopped with a loud "whoa!" from

the generous widow to share in the good cheer. Little Milly clasping a new doll (almost as big as herself) was running about the room. The doll had outshone the dinner temporarily. Mrs. Dutton's usually pale face was pink with excitement as she did the honors from the head of the board. Hank suddenly caught sight of a face that he knew, although he had seen it but once before. The owner of the face had auburn hair and merry brown eyes, and a neat figure. She sat beside Fred who was doing ample justice to the good things provided by his unknown friend.

Hank longed to join the happy company and just then bethought him of a neat little trick whereby he might gain an honorable entree. In the early afternoon he had found a lady's glove in the snow. It was a respectable glove, brown kid, silk-lined. He had stuffed it into his pocket, for no particular reason. Now he was glad he had done so. He had found it down Portage fully a mile from the house before which he now stood. Going up to the door of ninety-two he rapped several times. At last the hilarity in the front room subsided somewhat and a stout woman answered his knock. He had hoped the red-haired girl in the brown dress would have come. But he took his courage in both hands.

"Will you please ask the young lady in brown to step to the door?" he asked, "I have found a small article which she lost yesterday."

At another time Mrs. Cook, the landlady, might have been incredulous. But it was Christmas and the dinner in the room of her lodger had filled her with so much satisfaction and good humor that she said:

"Certainly. Will you come inside?"

Hank did not require a second bidding. The stout woman disappeared and after a short interval the young woman in the brown dress hove in sight.

No the glove did not belong to her—she was sorry for the trouble he had taken. She had a glove almost that shade but not silk-lined.

"Why—why you're the gentleman who returned my bag yesterday, aren't you?" she then said, recognizing him for the first time.

"Yes—and—and I hope you did not hurt your ank'e that time you nearly fell."

"Well I did wrench it a bit. After this I shall wear my goloshes. Over in England I never used to wear them but I find I shall have to here. This is my first Canadian winter."

"I'm Canadian," said Hank "but I—I like the English awfully well."



It ended in Mr. Judson hanging coat and hat up in the hall. Then they joined the merry-makers and another of the roomers possessing a fiddle which he played in a creditable manner, the widow's furniture was pushed back against the wall and everybody enjoyed a little hop. Even Mrs. Dutton, in the glamor of the occasion, took a turn on the floor. The room was not large to be sure, but that fact was overlooked in the general enjoyment.

"I say little chap," said Hank, as the party broke up at midnight, to Fred, "I can get you a good job at six a week if you want it."

"Say! this sure is my lucky season!" ejaculated the boy. "You bet I'll take it."

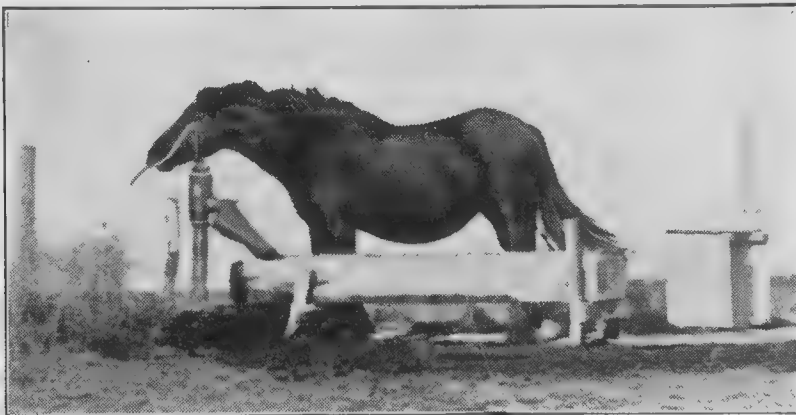
"Then come down to the post office to-morrow and ask for me."

To the young lady in brown he said at parting: "Did you say you were at home Tuesday and Friday evenings?"

* * * * *

Many Christmases have come and gone since Hank married the lady in brown. When you meet him on the street and wish him the season's greetings now he responds with a hearty shout of "Merry Christmas!"

And this time he means it.



Domestic Affliction

A bright girl in a large school applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on a plea that her mother had received a telegram which stated that company was on the way.

"It's my father's half-sister and her three boys," said the pupil anxiously, "and mother doesn't see how she can do without me, because those boys always act so dreadfully."

The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons which justified absence, and asked if her case came under any of them.

"I think it might come under this head, Miss Rules," said the girl, pointing, as she spoke, to the words "Domestic Affliction."

Horse Sense

Discussions regarding the ability of animals to reason are continually finding causes of renewal. The question is often raised, indeed, as to whether they are able even to imitate.

The latest contributor to the facts of these questions is an old mare belonging to Mr. Richard Begley of Glendale, near Neepawa. The illustration given is from an actual photograph of the animal while she was at work pumping water for herself and five other animals gathered round. What the others think of the ability of their companion is of course not known. They either decline to be interviewed or what is perhaps

nearer the truth, we do not understand their language.

The pumping of the water by the mare is a regular daily occurrence. How she learned is not known. Probably it is a case of imitation, the animal having noted the mode of operation as the pump was being worked by human hands. At any rate she is able to perform the work as effectively as any farm hand. The illustration shows her method of pumping. The pump handle is taken between her lips and lifted up and pushed down as regularly as a human being could do it. When the water has been caught by the plunger so that greater power is required owing to the weight, the down stroke is made by the jaw and muscles of the neck.

Enough water is pumped to satisfy all the other animals and when these retire the mare pumps more for herself.

In frosty weather the owner puts a cloth round the pump handle to protect the animal's mouth.

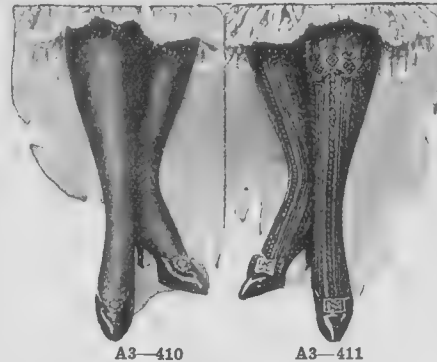
He Caught It, But—

The ferry-dock was crowded with weary home-goers when through the crowd rushed a man—hot, excited, laden

to the chin with bundles of every shape and size. He sprinted down the pier, his eyes fixed on a ferryboat only two or three feet out from the pier. He paused but an instant on the string-piece, and then, cheere—on by the amused crowd, he made a flying leap across the intervening stretch of water and landed safely on the deck. A fat man happened to be standing on the exact spot on which he struck, and they both went down with a resounding crash. When the arriving man had somewhat recovered his breath he apologized to the fat man. "I hope I didn't hurt you," he said. "I am sorry. But, anyway, I caught the boat!"

"But, you idiot," said the fat man, "the boat was coming in!"

Specials Taken From Our Christmas List



A3-410

A3-411

A3-410—Women's Pure Silk Hose
—Our leading value, lisle foot, double heel and toe, wide lisle garter top, fully fashioned, in black, tan and white. Sizes 8½ to 10. Price per pair. **1.00**

A3-411—Women's Spun Silk Hose
—Pretty open work front, silk thread throughout, in black, white and tan. Price per pair. **1.25**

A3-411—Women's Plain or Ribbed Cashmere Hose—Our leading value, seamless, double heel and sole, all pure wool. Sizes 8½ to 10. Plain comes in tan, black, red and white; ribbed comes in black only. **3 pair 1.00**

E27-2—Men's Mercerised Reefer Knitted Mufflers—Style as cut, also various plain colors, size 44 inches long by 8 inches wide. It is only by buying a large quantity on a spot cash basis that we are able to offer our customers such a good muffler at the low price of **1.00**. Other lines at 50c and 75c.

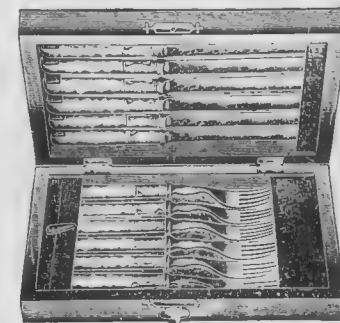


E1-25



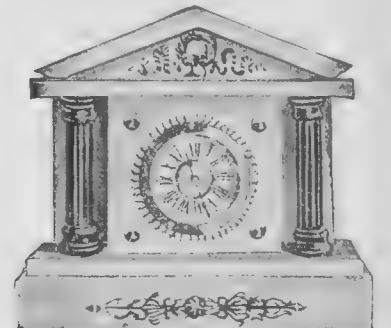
E2-27

E2-25—Men's Finely Made Coat Sweaters—Made of pure wool, fitted with convertible collar, colors green with cardinal, maroon with khaki, khaki with maroon. An exceptionally good wearing sweater and one we promise will give good account for its wear. Sizes 38 to 44. An exceptional bargain (very special) at **2.00**



H1-316

H1-316—Knife and Fork Set—Case of union oak, with 6 pearl handled knives and forks. Blades heavily coated with finest English silver. Price **5.50**

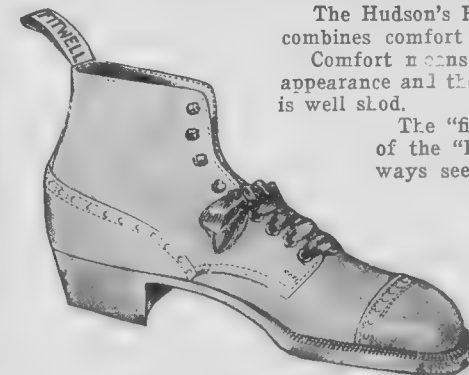


A2-520

A2-520—White Marble Clock—With brass pillars; makes a very pretty dining room or parlor clock. Price **5.00**

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Their Anniversary

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Hugh S. Eayrs.

WHEN the hands of the clock in the office of the Amalgamated Cotton Industries, Limited, pointed to six o'clock, John Long straightened his desk, put on his hat and coat, and saying "Good-night" to his fellow-clerks, left the office. He bought an evening paper, boarded a street car, paid his fare, and settled himself to read the day's news. At the corner of Jackson and Richmond Streets he folded his paper, got up and left the car. A walk of five minutes and the insertion of a latchkey in a Yale lock brought him into the parlor of his little home.

Such was his procedure on the night of November 30th, 19—. So far as he could remember—if he ever bothered himself to think about it—this had been his procedure for the past ten years.

For John Long was a methodical man. He lived his life according to a definite plan, and it had to be something very unusual and extraordinary to be allowed to interfere with his well-ordered, regular mode of living.

He wasn't a young man; nor was he an old man. What he really was, was a prematurely aged man. Ten years ago, a young fellow of twenty-four, he had courted and married the daughter of a wealthy banker. If either he or Elsie had been able to see a little way into the future, they would have waited a few months rather than directly oppose the wishes of Richard Shaw, Elsie's hard and harsh father. But then neither John nor Elsie could see into the future, so in a burst of impulsive recklessness, which derived its impetus from what they both believed to be a perfectly overwhelming love, they dispensed with the consent of papa to their marriage—and eloped.

Next day, Richard Shaw cut his daughter out of his will in the approved fashion. Four months later he died. His huge fortune, willed to charities, was duly handed over to them, and daughter Elsie got nothing. Which was undeniably hard for Elsie—and emphasizes the fact that it was a pity she could not have seen into the future.

But her husband did not seem to mind. Of course his father-in-law's money would have been useful, but it was not absolutely indispensable. He was earning twenty dollars a week, and, with care, they might manage on that.

A year later, a wee bundle of frail humanity lay nestling next its mother, and there were no prouder people in the who'e of New York City than John and Elsie Long. Year after year came, and passed. There had been three more little ones, but except for them and the consequent scheming necessary, and also the fact that every two weeks a pay envelope for sixty dollars, instead of the one-time forty, was handed to John, nothing very much had happened.

True, he was getting to look older. Here and there thin streaks of grey showed in his dark brown hair. His face seemed to grow a little more tired-looking, and his shoulders developed a little more pronounced bend. But he was still plain John Long; even, quiet, methodical John Long.

With his wife there was still less change. She was only thirty, and still retained her wealth of beautiful auburn hair, and her erect, almost stately, carriage.

And tonight, tonight was the eve of the tenth anniversary of their wedding.

After dinner, while the children were playing at the back of the house, Elsie came and sat upon the arm of her husband's chair.

"Do you know what tomorrow is, dear?" she said. "Ten years ago you and I ran away and were married. Ten years ago. It hardly seems that long, does it, John?"

"No, Elsie, indeed it doesn't. Ten years ago, eh? Well, well—and how many times during those ten years have you regretted the step you took, dear? Don't bother to answer; I know you don't regret for a minute. You're the best little wife in the world, Elsie, and we've got on fine together, you and I. And then the children—how happy they have made us, haven't they? But sometimes I feel that, after all, it was hardly fair to you to take you from the comfort and luxury of a Fifth

Avenue home, and bring you to a little house in a narrow street in a suburb, far from the glitter and the lights of beautiful mansions, and the round of society life that must be dear to the heart of one of Society's fairest belles. It seems like plucking the rose which bloomed in a sheltered bower, and transplanting it to a garden where there were none of its kind, but only a mass of weeds. And yet"—and here his voice seemed to caress the words as he uttered them, as if they were very precious to him—"and yet, we have been happy, darling, haven't we?"

He paused, and for a moment there was no response.

Then, "Of course we have, dear. You are all I want, and so what does the rest matter?"

And again there was quietness.

"John," Elsie was saying, "I am wondering if you will do something for me. It's just ten years ago tomorrow since you and I were married. I feel I would like somehow to make to-morrow a red-letter day. Couldn't we do something to commemorate the fact that you and I have been together for ten whole years? In all this time I haven't been to a theatre; have never seen the people 'way up.' No, no, I'm not complaining," she went on, "I have never wanted badly to go, but I don't know why, I would like to make to-morrow stand out as a great day."

She stopped, and looked at her husband.

"Well, John," she said, "why don't you answer? Is it because we can't afford it, or don't you want to please me, or what?"

"It's not that, dear," he returned, "it's not that. I would like to please you, but, listen. For ten years the world 'way up' has seen nothing of you. It has gone rolling on while you and I, in that, at any rate, have stood still. There will be fresh faces. Won't you feel just a little bit out of it? I'd hate to have you come home to regret, instead of to exult over our anniversary."

She saw what he meant, and was prepared.

"Out of it, John?" she said. "Why, I don't want to be in it. I only want to be with you. I shan't look for those that I used to know. They are nothing to me, now. Come, John—let's celebrate. Just for one night, dear. You can get out your dress suit, and you know how well you always looked in it. And I have my white satin; I can soon alter that a little, and make it as good as any thing that Lu ille or Pacquin has turned out this season." She was almost childishly enthusiastic now. "Come, John, say you'll take me."

And, of course, she got her way.

The next day John Long came home just as methodically as he had done for the last ten years. But tonight there was a flush on his cheek, and the light of interest and expectation in his eyes.

An hour later his wife came down the stairs.

"Why, Elsie, what a picture you look, darling. You don't seem a day older than when we ran over to the Falls, and were married. Do you remember?"

His face shone with a pride that was genuine. But it flashed across his mind again that he had not done right to take her away from the world of lights, and joy, and pleasure, to which she belonged.

A taxi drove up to the door.

"Oh, John. This is good of you, dear. A taxi to take us down. Well, we are entitled to one big night, after ten years, aren't we, John?"

Arrived at the theatre John handed his wife out, inquired the fare, and gave the driver a quarter for himself. He had caught the spirit which had prompted Elsie's request, and felt ridiculously like a schoolboy who had just had a hamper from home, and wanted everybody to share its good things.

The play—which they saw from a box, which they had to themselves—was good. But it was hardly as interesting to the occupants of Box C. as the people around them. Especially was this true of John. What would he not give to be one of them? He would have a house in Fifth Avenue, and an auto—the best that money could buy—and Elsie should have diamonds

galore, and—he stopped. What strange coincidence was it that made his hand touch the remainder of his thirty dollars, laid out for the week, in his pocket?

After the show they went to the Savoy. The saloon was magnificently lit, and splendidly appointed. The best band in New York played delicious music in one corner. The plate and cut glass seemed to be resplendent with a blaze of light, and scintillated like a thousand gems. The perfume of the flowers on the tables, and the maddening intoxication of the whole scene seemed to fire the brain of John Long.

But how out of it he felt! His dress suit, fashionable ten years ago, seemed oddly out of date. He fancied other men were noticing it, and scorning him for it. Oh, why couldn't he be like the other men in the room?

But someone was talking.

"Why, Miss Shaw, fancy seeing you here! And yet I knew I couldn't be mistaken. We have all wondered for ten years where you had got—Ah! pardon!" he stopped, and followed the direction of her eyes till they rested upon John. "Your husband?" There was a note of well-bred surprise in his voice. And then, "How are you, Mr. Long. Glad to know you."

But the man addressed wasn't glad. He was sullen. The stranger—evidently one of the set to which Elsie had originally belonged—was politely ignoring him. Gradually his anger rose. Why had he not counted upon this? What a fool he had been. He ought to have known that he could not bring back the rose into its native garden without some one eagerly seizing the opportunity to try and make it bloom again.

His wife had risen.

"Good-bye, Mr. Devine," she said, "so glad to have met you again. It has seemed like old times to talk with you." And, turning to her husband, she went on, "John, Mr. Devine is going now."

The two men bowed, and Percy Devine, heir to a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars, left them.

When he was gone, and husband and wife were left alone, there was silence.

Elsie spoke. "That was one of the boys I used to know, John. Isn't he nice? Such a gentleman, too. So perfectly—"

She stopped and looked at her husband. John Long said nothing for a time. Then, "Let's go home, dear. We're through, aren't we? Come on, then."

So John and Elsie Long, of the Six-Roomed House, left the world of glitter, where a man is judged by the style of his coat.

The next evening, John Long, pursuing his regular systematic methods, arrived home in the same way, at the same time, as for the last ten years.

And late that night his wife came to him and said: "John, dear, I know how you felt over last night. And I'm so sorry. But I want to tell you that to me the face and form of John Long with hair growing grey, and shoulders becoming bent as the years go by, are infinitely more precious than the recognition and conversation of one who does nothing for himself or for others. For you, John, have loved me. We have been together all these years. I have borne your children and am helping to train them. And there is no one in the whole wide world that I can admire so much, nor love so deeply, as my dear, dear husband."

And the kiss that followed testified to that love.

Modern Methods of Teaching the Cause of Nervousness Among Young Children

By Addie Noble

The growing tendency to nervousness among school children has been brought so forcibly before me, particularly the past two years, that I began to ponder as to the cause of it, and after much observation and thought on the subject, I have decided that perhaps many of our so-called "Modern Methods" of teaching may be somewhat responsible for it. Being a teacher of young children I have had an excellent opportunity for studying the question, and will relate two circumstances which have come under my notice during the past

year. A little six-year-old girl, attending school for the first time, and who was naturally of a nervous temperament, grew almost intolerable before the holidays. About Thanksgiving time we had a new book of Pilgrim stories, which were greatly enjoyed by the older pupils, in which bears, Indians, etc., figured conspicuously. This little girl seemed much interested and I noticed that when I read anything particularly pathetic she cried. The effect I saw it was having upon this child was, so it seemed to me, sufficient to cause me to forbear finishing the book. She asked me if those stories were true, and if there were any bears and Indians now, and many other questions of a similar nature, which proved to me, beyond a doubt, that they worried her, and I was afraid that they worked upon her mind and feelings to such an extent that it may have increased her nervousness. This circumstance alone taught me how very careful we should be in the selection of our stories for children.

The past few weeks I have had the privilege of tutoring an eleven-year-old girl, who had not been physically able to do justice to her work during the past year, and now, during the summer vacation, is taking review work with me in order to more fully understand the work gone over. She was telling me how very, very nervous her arithmetic work made her. It seemed that for special Friday afternoons or for practice work they had a plan in her room of choosing sides, and sending a representative to the board to solve problems in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. And she being much stronger in addition and multiplication than in subtraction and division was always pleased when they had that kind of problems, and when she had her choice she chose those subjects, but when her adversary had that privilege and selected those of subtraction and division, she says, "I just got so nervous and hurried (for they were fighting against time as well) that I couldn't do anything," and consequently lost out. I can understand this child's physical and mental condition after such a contest, having known her all her life, I know she is of a nervous temperament, and so very sensitive that she can bear no scoldings or punishments, and is one whose highest aim is to do "just right."

Naturally delicate, it will require the utmost care of her health to enable her to even reach high school.

It seems to me that if we, as teachers, would study the effects our methods produce, we might often be the means of promoting the health of our pupils, as well as the means of developing and cultivating the mind.

Young wife made hubby a biscuit,
He ate it. She didn't dare friscuit.

He lay back and moaned,
And painfully groaned:
"I sure was a fool to riscuit."

Out of the Grand Central Station the other day came a couple the sight of whom caused citizens who saw them to admit to themselves that there might be, after all, some basis of truth in the "Uncle Josh" jokes of the allegedly funny papers. The old man grasped his carpet-bag and bulging green umbrella firmly, and looked up and down the street, his mouth agape.

"There's a heap o' sights in New York, I guess, Maria," he said. "I misdoubt if we see them all."

The old lady's mouth set grimly. "Wall, Silas," she replied, and her manner was more than significant, "bein' as I'm with you, there's some, I expect, that you ain't goin' to see!"

Farmers Should Grow Trees

We have had the pleasure of perusing several letters received by the Patmore Nursery Co., Brandon from delighted customers who have had great success with tree cultivation. This goes to show that both soil and climate are adapted to this branch of horticulture and we trust that farmers generally will go in for tree-growing as the cost is insignificant and the result well worth the little labor required.

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THE PHILOSOPHER

TWO CHRISTMAS CAMPAIGNS

The "Do Your Christmas Shopping Early" campaign, which has come to be a regular annual affair, has begun this year earlier than usual, and a good campaign it is. Early Christmas shopping is an excellent thing all round, and saves much stress of work—day work and night work, that should not be necessary, in manufacturing and in selling and in distribution. There are those who cannot make all their purchases early, but those who can make a real contribution to the Christmas spirit by doing so. Another Christmas campaign which is becoming annual, though it is as yet, only a couple of years old is the "Spug" movement—the name being formed from the initial letters of the title of the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving. This is a movement for the promotion of the true Christmas spirit of unselfish thought and sympathetic understanding of the real needs of others, and the lessening the giving of useless things. The "Spugs" do not want us to give up Christmas giving—not at all. They would be a set of feeble-minded cranks, if they imagined that they could expect that sort of talk to be listened to for a moment. They want giving to be the free and joyous expression of affection, and a true manifestation of the true Christmas spirit.

A TRIUMPH OF THE WILL

Christmas joyfulness would be a hollow thing if it were wholly regardless of the serious undertone of human life, like the deep-toned bells that give body to the music of the chimes. And so it may be said that a book issued three weeks ago in London, which has just come to The Philosopher's table is fitly entitled to a place among the Christmas books. Sad, and even heartrending, it is, being the diary of Captain Scott, under the modest title "Captain Scott's Last Expedition"; but is a brave, inspiring book, and it figures not at all as a dismal kill-joy among the books which are gay and festive with seasonable holiday jollity. It tells the terrible trials which Captain Scott and his companions were subjected to in their endeavors to pierce into the last fastnesses of nature and of how they clung together while pressing onward to the South Pole, each helping the others in illness and in failing strength from suffering and privation. The tale is told in a plain, straightforward way. Worthy of special note is the fact that though the party had opium tablets sufficient to put them all to sleep forever, not one of those brave men sought oblivion by the use of the drug in the face of certain death. The diary continues, almost to the end, in a calm, steady tone, the writer giving his last thoughts to others. The very last entry is, like all the rest, in firm handwriting. This book furnishes proof incontrovertible that Captain Scott was a leader and a leader of heroes.

THE GREATEST POWER IN HISTORY

Each year, as Christmas comes round, our thoughts are carried back to the first Christmas day and the birth in the manger at Bethlehem, which portended such wonderful things to the world. So many years have passed since the shepherds watching their flocks by night saw a bright glory in the sky and heard the angelic song, that we speak of the birth of the Child at Bethlehem as nineteen centuries ago, measuring time by hundreds of years. Using the word "centuries" in its exact sense, we may let our thoughts go back nineteen centuries in this closing month of the year 1913 of the era which dates from the manger at Bethlehem, and try to picture to ourselves the boy Jesus nearing his thirteenth birthday—a village boy in the country districts of Galilee. It helps us to realize how the Son of God was human, even as we ourselves, growing from helpless infancy into childhood and youth and full manhood. As we ponder over that life and then upon the whole pageant of Christian history, and think of the message which came to men on the night of the birth in the manger at Bethlehem, and as we feel in our hearts that peace which such thoughts can give amid the trials and temptations and disappointments, we say to ourselves, "Truly this is the Son of God." With Him came a new power into the world, a new force in the shaping of the life of humanity, a new heaven working in the world. It created a new life, a new hope under the Caesars, withstanding the cruellest persecutions and eventually conquering the Roman Empire. And as we let our thoughts travel down through the centuries we hear the knocking at the distant gates of the Empire—the sound of new nations rising into being. Wild and fierce, the barbarians sweep over the Alps, they overthrow the great cities, they ravage the provinces, they capture Rome itself. But the power that came into the world with the birth of the Child at Bethlehem seizes them. It captures the conquerors, and by them obtains a new and ever spreading dominion. New nations start into the world to gain a new life, and still are inspired by the same faith. New continents are discovered, and that faith establishes itself in new lands that the old world never dreamed of. And so, with the advance of the years, the power that radiates from the manger at Bethlehem lives on, ever growing, wherever humanity is, under tropical suns, on the great sea-like expanses

of our prairies, everywhere throughout the world. How wonderful to think of! True it is that the ideal presented to our thoughts when we think of the first Christmas day is still far from realization, but no less true it is that human progress is towards that realization. It brings us humility to think of how much slower that progress is than it might be, because of our selfishness, our passions and our moral weakness; but there is also inspiration to hope as we note what has been gained, and that we are "sweeping into the wider day," in the growth among us of perception of our duties and responsibilities to other lives than our own, in the spirit of the teaching of Jesus which means a religion of reality to be wrought into the doings of our daily lives—an everyday religion.

THE WORK OF THE SETTLER

There are articles appearing in many German newspapers designed to deter intending immigrants to this country from leaving the Fatherland by declaring that life in Western Canada is filled with hardships which are unknown anywhere in Europe save in the most inclement regions of northernmost Russia. Such misrepresentations are not as successful in this age of rapid and active communications as they would be in the days before steam and telegraphs and all the other wonders by which science has created a veritable system of nerves round about the world. It is not easy work that faces the settler in this country who sets to work to create a home for his family. But it makes him an independent man.

DIVINING RODS AND DIVINE RIGHT

The remark made on this page last month to the effect that if Alberta were in the German Empire the Kaiser would have official diviners with divining rods going over the country to locate oil deposits, has brought from Mr. James Harper, of Verigin, Sask., an interesting letter on this whole subject. Like the German Emperor, Mr. Harper is a believer in the divining rod, or to speak more accurately, in diviners. The Emperor has avowed his faith more unreservedly than Mr. Harper, who takes no stock in the German claim that deposits of minerals can be located in this way. In Mr. Harper's belief, the divining power is a natural gift of certain exceptional persons, and is confined to the locating of flowing water underground. The subject is a curious one. As for the German Emperor's avowal of belief, would anything be surprising from that extraordinary man? He believes profoundly in his own divine right to rule. He is a man of genius, who would have found himself in a more congenial environment several centuries ago. He certainly fulfills his role of "head of the State." A striking example, by the way, of his way of being the head of the State was furnished a couple of weeks ago by his edict that Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer of Arctic regions, who discovered the magnetic pole—and was in Winnipeg last year, it may be mentioned—would be allowed to lecture in Schlesig-Holstein on his coming Antarctic expedition only on condition that he spoke in German, not in Norwegian. Captain Amundsen's appeal to the Kaiser to reconsider the matter was decisively turned down. The Kaiser's idea is that the Norwegian language being much like the Danish, and there being a Danish anti-German sentiment in Schleswig-Holstein, it would be injudicious to allow Captain Amundsen to speak in Norwegian. Captain Amundsen, who speaks both languages, had to deliver his lecture in German. From the Canadian point of view there is something absurdly inexplicable in the German submissiveness to being bossed. An Imperial edict of the Kaiser might order the arrest of a wearer of a red tie in Germany, and it would be submitted to and philosophically accepted as a decree of immutable fate.

NOT CHARITY, BUT JUSTICE

Maternity allowances are already being paid by the British Government, and in several States in the country to the south motherhood pensions are being established. The Dominion Trades Congress at Montreal a couple of months ago favored some such action by the Government of this country. The first official report of the actual working of such a system on this continent has just been made public. It is the report issued by the State Government of Oregon setting forth the results of the experiment tried by establishing in that State pensions for mothers with young children who find themselves in need whether by reason of the death of their husbands, or the inability of their husbands to provide for their families, or by reason of their husbands having abandoned them or having been sentenced to prison. The Oregon report discloses certain unanticipated results—unanticipated in their extent, at any rate if not in their character. In the first place it is to be noted that 50 per cent of the applications for mothers' pensions in Oregon have been rejected as fraudulent. "In many cases," says the official report, "perjury has been committed, and false affidavits as to financial status made." On the other hand, deserving widows have

shrunk from the publicity of asking State aid. "In the mass of the inquiries confronting the pension officers," again to quote the report, "it has been felt that there may be many needy and proud mothers, whose wants are not even known." These are grave and difficult problems, which are also presenting themselves in other States. While there are many women found who seek fraudulently either of their own motion, or as the tools of others, to obtain the public aid provided by these systems, there are many deserving mothers who would rather endure health-breaking privations than submit to what they conceive would be a violation of their dignity and self-respect in accepting "public charity." In the time to come, no doubt, it will be recognized by all as a fundamental fact that every child has the right to a healthy start in life and every mother has the right to the means of providing it and that it is in the interest of the public welfare and progress that there should be public provision in regard to these rights.

ABOUT MAKING SPEECHES

Among the books which have come of late to the Philosopher's desk is the Book of Public Speaking, which is full of rules and good advice for anybody who ever has to "speak" anywhere. There is one rule which for not a few speakers would come first and it is: Don't. A man of sincerity and earnestness, with a real message to deliver, will somehow manage to get it spoken, for all that his tongue may be unready, and his speaking will command attention. But there are men who cultivate the art of speaking simply as a means to the attaining of their own self-seeking ends, who are actors simulating sincerity and earnestness and public spirit, and whose eloquence is "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." There are still others who love to speak for the sake of speaking, who are so charmed by the music of their own voices that they seize every opportunity and occasion of holding forth. Great is the power of speech, when used with truth and conviction for the right and against the wrong. Our schools should devote more attention to training the citizens of the future to be able to stand up, when it is necessary, and say briefly and forcibly and clearly what they feel it to be a public duty to have said. They should be taught especially the value and the beauty of brevity. And still more especially they should be taught to despise windy "oratory" with no sincerity behind it.

AS TO IMPROVING OUR ROADS AND WAYS

These be times when we are hearing much about the importance of Government provision for better roads. Truly there is nothing more important than that we should all keep everlastingly at the work of mending our ways. This of course, applies both literally and figuratively. In this connection it is interesting to note that Lord Durham, in his celebrated Report to the British Government on Canadian Affairs in 1839 relates that the Nova Scotia Legislature a few years previously had appropriated £10,000 for roads and bridges, which sum was divided into 830 Local Improvement Grants, 830 Commissioners being appointed to expend the money, one for each local district, "giving, on an average, one Commissioner for rather more than £12," wrote Lord Durham in his Report, "with a salary of five shillings a day, and a further remuneration of 2½ per cent. on the outlay." In those times the Legislatures found the money for roads and bridges, and made the appropriations for those purposes as large as possible by holding down the appropriations for other purposes. It was not necessary then, as it is now in both the Dominion House and the Legislatures of the Provinces, that money votes should be introduced by Ministers; there was a general scramble among the members, with much log-rolling, and the one who obtained a goodly share of the public money for his constituents was in a position, to quote Lord Durham's words, of being able to "render an easy account of his stewardship, with confident assurance of re-election." In Upper Canada the extension of municipal government improved matters, but in the case of the heavy expenditures by the Province upon needed colonization roads in the newer districts, it is always charged, rightly or wrongly, by the party out of power that there is an enormous leakage and that the party in power sees to it that party advantage is reaped from the outlay—an accusation by no means confined to the political history of Ontario. From New York papers which have come under The Philosopher's notice recently it appears that that State is now spending \$50,000,000 upon the improvement of roads and there, too, the cry is that politics has been a curse. In England the Road Board, a non-partisan body, was given charge of that work a couple of years ago, apparently with satisfactory results. The plan of the Board is to give grants to rural municipalities in aid of local improvements up to 75 per cent of their cost. The income of the Board is something over \$3,000,000 a year, and is derived in part from the revenue duties on gasoline and the motor license fees.

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WOMEN'S QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 66)

"The Wake of Eighteen Twelvets." This is a book by C. H. J. Snider, a new writer but an old newspaper man and competent sailor. It deals in charming narrative form with the war of 1812 and subsequent years, especially as it was carried on on the Great Lakes. The book is most beautifully illustrated with photographs and drawings. The drawings are many of them reproductions of originals from the collection of Hon. Jas. Ross Robertson, and the photographs were taken by the author himself.



C. H. J. Snider
Author of "The Wake of the Eighteen Twelvets"

self; one in particular of the Niagara being secured during a gale last year when this old warship was being raised and restored by the American Government. It is history, but history in the most delightful form, and I can imagine no more appropriate Christmas gift for a lad than this book. It is issued by Bell & Cockbourn Publishing Co., of Toronto.

Another book which will be published is "The Golden Road," by L. M. Montgomery; I have not had time to read it, but I have dipped into it in one or two spots and it looks good. It is in very much the same setting as "Anne of Green Gables." Sara Stanley, the "Story Girl," takes many of the friends which Miss Montgomery has already made us familiar with down the Golden Road to the parting of the Ways; it will be a pleasant journey for the readers, and I am sure that many copies of this book will find their way into Christmas parcels and into Christmas stockings.

The Birds' Christmas Dinner

Since the presence of birds in any neighborhood is accounted for chiefly by the food supply in it, perhaps there is no better way to learn how many bird neighbors remain with us through the winter than to invite them all to dinner. How? Leave an order with your butcher for scraps of suet, beef-bones with some fat and meat remaining on them, a rind of fat pork or other waste trimmings from his shop. These may be placed on high shelves or in shallow boxes nailed against the tree or tied on to the limbs. In frosty weather they keep sweet for days. Do not put such food on the ground which is frequented by the seed-eaters whose needs must be separately considered. Most of the winter birds require a diet that will heat the blood and increase the thickness of the adipose coat under their

skin. Fat little worms and larvae, hidden under the bark and in the crevices, produce heat, and they are therefore devoured wholesale by the birds that we see on the trunks and the larger boughs of rough-barked trees: smooth bark secretes no grubs. It pays to attract such visitors around our homes.

One of the first to respond to your invitation will be the friendly little chickadee, who, in spite of his sombre gray suit and black cap, is really one of the most contagiously cheerful presences in birddom. Surely he is most welcome to the feast. Storms never keep him away: no fair-weather friend is he. His cousin, the tufted titmouse, while rather shy about approaching men's houses, is a common and very noisy bird in the woods south of Washington.

Another guest that is likely to accept your hospitality without delay is the downy woodpecker, an energetic little black and white fellow wearing a red cap which his mate lacks. "Tappety tap-tap-tap," resounding from the tree-trunk where they cling, however numb their frostbitten toes, informs the hostess of their arrival. Once they discover your free lunch they may be depended upon as steady company through snow, sunshine or rain. If the truth must be told they are rather greedy and selfish even to each other, but no less amusing to watch on that account. Look twice to make sure it is not the similar hairy woodpecker you are entertaining. The large red-headed woodpecker, more common in the South and Middle West, relishes the same menu placed high in the trees, whereas another relative, the flicker, often condescends to pick up his food off the ground like any plebeian sparrow.

Far better acrobats than these tireless woodpeckers are the red-breasted and the white-breasted nuthatches, whose gymnastic feats any circus performer might envy. These little slate-blue birds run either up a tree or down it, head first, clinging like firs while they explore the under side of horizontal limbs, and save them-

selves from many a tumble by fluttering in the air an instant to gain a firmer foothold. When they have secured a morsel of food they usually take it to some favorite crevice in the bark that serves as a vise, wedge it in and hammer it apart, be it nut, seed, cocoon or suet.

If you want to see some fun select a Christmas tree on your lawn, tie uncrusted peanuts by strings to the tips of as many twigs as you can reach, then watch titmice, chickadees, nuthatches or woodpeckers dangle and swing on the nuts while trying to force an entrance to the kernels. Indeed, there is no more acceptable food that you could place in the tree-boxes or scatter, when crushed, over the ground, than the rich, oily peanut. Once it is discovered you will not lack feathered visitors. Meadow-larks, crows, blue-jays, grackles, quails and grouse are especially fond of it.

Possibly those charming little sprites, the ruby-crowned and the golden-crowned kinglets, will visit your evergreen. Count that a red-letter day.

The fidgety Carolina wren is even more nervous and shy about approaching the banquet than the winter wren—strange behavior of birds next of kin to Jenny Wren and Sir Christopher, who acted all summer as if they owned your house and grounds.

Though you may not chance to see the little brown creeper hitching his way up the bark and using his stiff tail-feathers as a prop, he may be, nevertheless, a daily pensioner on your bounty.

Quite a different menu must be prepared if one would attract another set of birds, the seed-eaters. For them bits of bread and the scrapings from the dinner-plates, minced fine, may be mixed with waste canary seed, hemp, sunflower seed, buckwheat, cracked corn or other cereals, pea meal, broken nuts, acorns, dried fruit and the sweepings from the hayloft. These and similar ingredients make the most tempting Christmas hash. Each bird picks out what he wants, scattering the rest.



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The Message of the Mountains

By Max McD.

MOUNTAINS, wherever you find them, have qualities of their own; there is an immense variety of type and of charm, but in all this variety of beauty of mountain scenery there are no mountains which combine grace, and at the same time, boldness of form with forest and with water more beautifully blended than the Canadian Rockies." So said Sir Martin Conway after his first trip through the Kicking Horse Pass several years ago. Miss Ilma Schadee, writing in the Springfield Republican, of the Canadian Rockies, says: "Europe has its Switzerland, famous throughout the world for the splendor and magnificence of its mountain scenery, which has lured thousands of travellers because of its variety and charm, as well as because of its accessibility. Its scenery is unchangingly beautiful, and the Alpine heights retain a ceaseless fascination for the mountaineer. Yet we turn with wonder and admiration to our own Switzerland. The paradise of our own continent lies among the rugged Rocky Mountains of Canada."

So thought these travellers, looking from a train window at the glories of our Canadian Rockies. What must be the feeling, and what the thought of one who has lived among them? They are something too imposing for mere words. They are to the eye like sweet music to the ear. They must be seen and studied. One must live among them and watch the glories of sunlight upon their everlasting snows and peaks. One must climb their heights and breathe the cold thin atmosphere of the dizzy elevations, and train one's eyes to measure pinnacles and hollows ere realizing their stupendous grandeur. One must hear the voice of the storm amid their peaks; the avalanche tearing the forest from its native roos; the avulsion of crag and towering boulder from buttresses above the clouds, ere the full power of these matchless mountains is impressed upon his mind.

As they rise before us in imagination or reality, we cannot but be impressed with their greatness. Think of the power that pushed them up till they pierced the clouds! Engineering science knows of no machinery adequate for so gigantic a task. Gaze at the gilded peaks as they glisten against the sunset sky! The imagination of the most gifted architect could not evolve their rugged beauty, nor the hand of the most artistic surpass the tinting and form of those sun-crowned summits. No pen, nor brush, nor tongue, can convey the proper idea of the sublimity of those marvellous mountains.

In fine vicissitude beauty alternates with grandeur. You ride through stony hollows, along straight passes, traversed

by torrents, overhung by high, walls of rock; now winding amid broken shaggy chasms and huge fragments; now suddenly emerging into some emerald valley where the streamlet collects itself into a lake, and it seems as if peace had established herself in the bosom of strength amid these mighty mountains. A murmur of Eternity and Immensity, of Life and Death steals through one's soul, and he feels as if Death and Life were one; as if the earth were not dead: as if the spirit of the earth had its throne in that splendor, and one's own spirit was holding communion therewith.

It is good to turn occasionally from the stagnant atmosphere of the city, and breathe the fragrance of the heights; from the dead level of the plain to the inspiration of these everlasting pyramids of Nature; to let our thoughts rise like the mountains to meet the deep blue of the sky. Who that has once experienced it can ever forget his feelings as he stood beneath the blue dome of Heaven, walled in by age-scarred mountains, enthralled by the ceaseless roar of tumbling, tossing waterfalls, and the mysterious whisperings of forests of firs as the wind tossed and swayed their graceful branches—all Nature enveloped in wonder and beauty?

During a brief residence among the mountains of Canada the writer has more than once lain and watched the morning as the sentinel stars waned and disappeared, a soft pink glow touched the east. Gradually it changed into the warm red illumination that lends to those wild regions a charm that cannot be surpassed, as each rock, and tree, and crystal stream suddenly sprang into vision when the full glory of the sun's radiance lit up the mountains.

Often at evening I have stood overmastered by the sea of glory that filled the western sky. The flaming scarlet crimson, gold, with clouds of darker hue, rolled together in mighty billows, momentarily taking on new tints as luminous as the shapes were varied. Now royal purple, predominated, then beaten gold. Here and there a cloud glistened with that dazzling whiteness that carries with it the thought of the Eternal.

"Emblem, methought, of the departed soul.

To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given."

Caught in the spell the earth seemed to partake of the glory. The red and green took on hues that vied with the splendors of the autumn. The mountain brook looked like a stream of molten gold. All faded away with the sinking of the sun till all was over-arched with the star-studded sky. On all sides the great stern Rockies, those age-long watchers of the rise of mankind, seemed to give their consent to the thoughtful mind.

These mountains, what changes they have witnessed! Great silent watchers of the life of man, could they but speak, what histories they could tell! Slowly the mind takes in the surrounding vastness. Far as the eye can reach the grandeur stretches, as if the ocean, tossed by the wild storms of centuries, with billows tossed to the clouds, were caught, by an Almighty hand, and held motionless forever. Upon these rugged slopes the Red Men once thronged. Driven from the prairies and foothills, upon these rocky grounds they hunted and fought and died. Far up and down the valleys stretch, clothed with waving forests, till the white-capped peaks rise from out the green and pierce the clouds. Glistening in the golden light, these jagged, ice-bound summits rise above all else, unchanged amidst the changing centuries.

The irresistible grandeur of these lofty peaks and shadowy valleys lifts us up into that atmosphere where great souls live and move and have their being. It was from his high watch tower, "sitting alone with the stars," that Tishindorf saw all the complexity of human life. It was the mountain top rising out from

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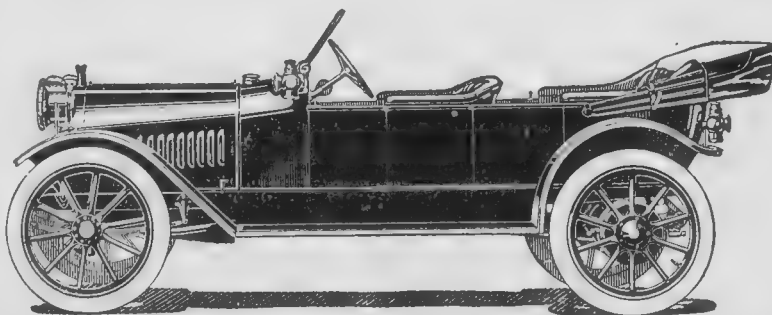
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its silent sea of pines, that inspired Coleridge to write his "Hymn Before Sunrise."

And the mountains have a message for us still. We need the wider horizons, the broader outlooks of which they ever remind us. We, too, need to look out on the great wide Universe. We need their lesson of ruggedness and strength, of vastness of vision, of the infinite patience of a persevering purpose. We need the uplift of magnificent distance. We need the beauty of snow-capped crags and charming cascades, of pine-clad branches, of blue cliffs, and dazzling glaciers, for they all tell us of the might and majesty of the Eternal.

Men are born and buried. Battles are fought and won. Generations rise and pass away; but these mountains remain. Born of fire, earthquake and the pressure of gigantic forces, subjected to all the disintegrating influences of heat, frost, and water, they still stand fast.

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Why Faith Cures Fail

Faith is a large element in many cures. Everybody admits this. In olden times faith cures were much more numerous than in these later days. It is my purpose to call attention to some of the reasons why this is so.

While practicing medicine in the city of Elmira, N. Y., I was somewhat intimately associated in a professional way with the practice of a very eminent surgeon of that city. He was the proprietor of a large surgical institute which was known all over the state of New York, and some of the adjoining states. People came hundreds of miles to consult him, and his office was the theatre of many curious incidents. Some of these incidents fell under my observation.

A young man of prominence in an adjoining town, by a sudden wrenching of

the knee, dislocated the semilunar cartilages. This accident is rather unusual and the diagnosis somewhat obscure. The doctor he consulted did not recognize the difficulty and the knee was treated for a sprain to no avail, and finally rheumatism was attributed as the cause of the trouble with his knee.

After suffering for several weeks he came to Elmira to consult the surgeon above referred to. A careful examination of his knee revealed the nature of the difficulty and the semilunar cartilages were replaced, which resulted in the almost immediate cure of what had been a very serious difficulty with the knee joint.

The young man came on crutches and went away able to walk. The doctor tried to explain to him exactly what had happened, but in spite of all the doctor could say the news spread that an instantaneous cure of an old case of rheu-

matism had been made in his office. The young man returned home and became the wonder of the neighborhood. The miraculous cure was circulated far and wide.

A maiden lady about fifty years of age, who had long been an invalid from chronic rheumatism of the knee joints, heard of the incident. She sent a messenger to the young man to investigate the truth of the reports and satisfy herself that the wonderful surgeon of Elmira had actually performed a miraculous cure. She immediately made up her mind that she would go also and be healed.

A few days afterwards a carriage drove up to the doctor's office and a woman was lifted out and brought in. As soon as the doctor came to understand the situation his first impulse was to protest against her expectations and explain to her that her case was entirely

different from the case of the young man, but a second thought caused him to keep silent. Leaving the patient in the consulting room we retired together and had a lengthy conversation, which was, in substance, as follows:

Here we have a case of genuine chronic rheumatism. The other case was a condition of the knee joint, which, if it could be cured at all, could be cured instantly by simply replacing some displaced cartilages. Now, this lady is strongly of the opinion that her case is the same. She is thoroughly convinced that her case is as quickly curable as the case of the young man. Is it wisdom to destroy that faith that has sprung up within her by a conspiracy of circumstances for which we are not responsible? Shall we go back into the consulting room and tell her that her case is not like the one that inspired her to come here and thus destroy in her the faith which may possibly lead to her cure? We concluded to allow her the benefit of the faith that had so accidentally been acquired.

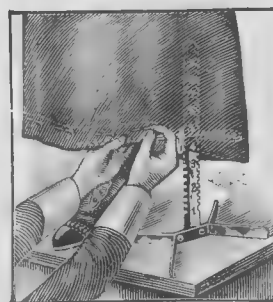
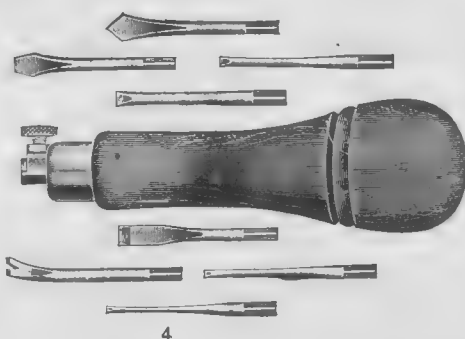
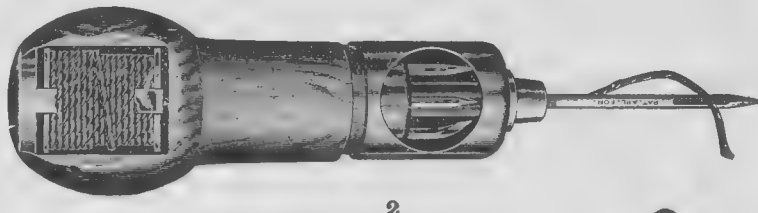
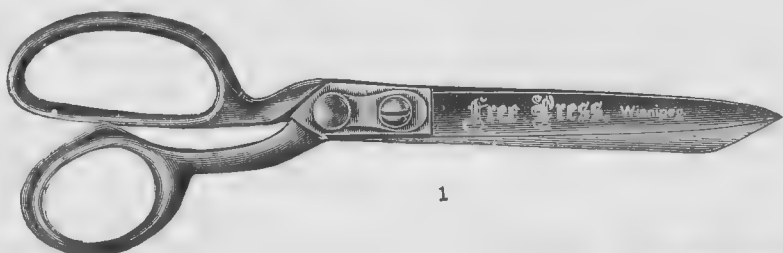
The patient had heard of the misplaced cartilages and insisted that the cartilages in her knee joint were also misplaced. The doctor allowed her to think so and went through some performance or other with her knee which led her to believe that he had replaced the cartilages. The knee was badly swollen, tender, and deformed and surrounded by several bony enlargements.

Despite all this after the doctor had pronounced the cartilages replaced, notwithstanding that she had not taken a step for several years, she immediately arose from the operating table and declared that she was able to walk. She was literally carried into the doctor's office and actually walked back to the carriage.

The doctor advised her to remain in the city for a few days, which she did, coming to the office every morning in a carriage, but always walking from the carriage into the office and from the office back to the carriage.



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Dust Room Exterminates Lice

Henry Bishop of New York has worked out an unusual success with poultry. For a few years the annual net profits have been more than \$2 each for a flock of 200 White Leghorn hens. These hens are kept in warm houses, with windows letting in maximum sunshine, but fitted with storm doors that can be closed over part of them in very cold or stormy weather. Various grains are covered with litter in winter and the hens are compelled to work for their early morning meals. Later they get their mash of a balanced ration of ground grains and alfalfa meal.

Thrice a week they are fed cooked meals. Mr. Bishop cooks on a stove and cooker made for this purpose, placed in his feed room. Pure water, shells and grit, in addition to the above, make the conditions in his hennery in winter as near like summer as possible. He says that one reason for his success is, there are no vermin in his hennery; they could not live in it. If he buys a lousy hen the lice on it soon disappear. His lice exterminator is a dust room, not a small dust box, where nearly the whole flock can take their bath together, and rid themselves of vermin in nature's way. On sunny days the hens like to dust themselves, and they fill the whole house with a cloud of dust that destroys vermin in all parts of it. The dust room, about ten feet square, is in the centre of the

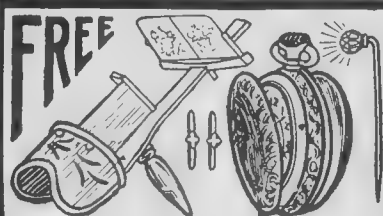
A Premium Worth Having

ALTHOUGH we only offered the combined Tea and Dinner Set for the first time in our November number we have already received many orders, enquiries and appreciations. The following should encourage other readers to try for this premium which for value we guarantee to be unsurpassed:

324 Park Street, Brandon,
Nov. 19th, 1913.

Dear Sirs,—We received the Crokery this morning as advertised for receipt of seven new subscribers. My wife is highly delighted with them. They are certainly worth the little trouble in getting new subscribers. We shall very soon renew our own subscription and, if possible, a few more.—Yours respectfully,

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and if I do not succeed in convincing you, by a preponderance of evidence, that you can make more money by investing a few dollars in Wireless Telegraph stock than by any other use to which you can put your money, you will at least have gained a great deal of very useful and beneficial information. You will be under no obligation to me—I want you to know all about it, whether you buy stock or not. Primarily, of course, my object is to sell stock, but I will not expect you to buy unless your own intelligent judgment tells you it is the proper thing to do. All I ask is a hearing. If the facts I present do not satisfy you that it is safe, sound, conservative and highly profitable venture, then I want none of your money. The only stipulation made is that you shall read carefully all that I submit. Address:

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or some way a miraculous cure would come. The whole drift of their education in those days was to keep alive such hope. Therefore, it was that this class of healers found an excellent field for operation.

But in this day and age of the world people have been educated to look to drugs for cures. Surgical operations or large bottles filled with nauseating mixtures are the sources from which the people are educated nowadays to expect a cure. This has been drilled into them from infancy. Very few of us think of prayer or faith in God or miraculous cures when we are sick. Our faith is pinned to medicine. We look to the drug doctor for a cure. He comes with his unpalatable mixtures. We take them with the same faith the people of olden times used to receive the ministrations of divine healers. The drugs often do us great injury, doubtless, but the beneficial effect of our faith has reacted upon us in spite of the drugs.

Thus it is that divine healers today, if they for any reason are unwilling to use drugs, find themselves confronted with a skepticism which is well nigh universal and perfectly sincere. People stubbornly refuse to accept any other cure but drugs, except in some great extremity when all other things have failed.

The divine healer today has to contend with the whole trend of popular education of the schools and the churches. He has first somehow to contrive a way to set aside nearly everything that the people have been taught, in order to fit them to receive the benefit of mental healing.

hennery. It and the other rooms are partitioned with wire netting, so the dust goes through them all. The dust room is filled with fresh, dry fine soil in the fall and renewed each year.

Her Little Game

As a married couple were walking down one of the main thoroughfares of a city the husband noted the attention which other women obtained from passers-by, and remarked to his better half:

"Folks never look at you. I wish I had married some one better looking."

The woman tartly replied: "It's your fault. Do you think a man will stare at me when you're walking with me? You step behind and see whether men don't look at me."

The husband hung back about a dozen yards, and for the length of the street was surprised to see every man his wife passed stare hard at her and even turn around and look after her.

"Sure, lassie!" he exclaimed as he rejoined her, "I was wrong and take it back. I'll never say aught about your looks again."

The wife had made a face at every man she met.

Pantry shelves covered with white table oilcloth will keep clean for years with an occasional wiping off with a cloth and warm water. Cut the oilcloth in strips three inches wider than the shelves. Cover the front edge and paste underneath, letting the oilcloth come up about an inch against the wall at the back.



Send only 50c., receive by post a lady's pretty waist of dark tartan plaid, winter waisting, or in cream, navy, black and garnet cashmerette, postage 10c extra.
Send only 50c., receive by post two pretty kimono waists, one a blue and white figured perole, one white lawn and lace, all sizes, postage 10c extra.

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Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux

WHAT is this in the press — eggs seventy-five cents a dozen in New York? Surely it will pay to build up a good laying strain of utility fowl and comfortably house them for winter laying. There is no question about the market in Winnipeg or any of our Western cities for new-laid eggs. All winter sixty cents and more is gladly paid. The requirements to secure eggs are within the reach of all poultry raisers who take a personal interest in their laying flock. First, a good, comfortable house, not heated, remember, and not costly. I have never had as much as a stovepipe in my henhouse in a dozen years, and the hens always lay in winter when I can personally supervise them. From early December all through the cold dips of January and February. The house should not be overcrowded, and should face the south; contain three windows, placed to catch the sunlight in winter. Each window should be provided with wooden shutters to keep out the intense cold at night. I prefer these to double windows. One window should have a cotton sash instead of glass for ventilation. This is better than a draughty ventilator. Whenever possible, open a window at noontime. When the sun is high is a good opportunity to thoroughly air the house, especially when the hens are working like niggers digging out kernels of grain in their litter six to eight inches deep on the floor.

A curtain to let down over the roosts is used by many people. In a very cold house it will doubtless keep the hens warmer at night. I have not found it necessary in any of my fowl houses and wonder if hens are not better without a stuffy curtain shutting in all foul odors — and fowls are "odorous" enough at the best of times!

Provide some wheat and oat sheaves, and as winter draws near, when the birds are shut in a good deal, throw a couple of sheaves in a sunny spot, south of the house. Let them scratch here for an hour. Fresh air and exercise spells perfect health and vigor for the fowls; and winter eggs result. Do not, however, look for the "gold nuggets" from old, tired-out hens that would be on the voters' list were suffrage granted to the gentler sex. Well-matured pullets and year-old hens divide the honors usually in laying contests. But, a word in your ear, do not put your fine breeders into the laying pen if you look for strong, fertile eggs in April.

Now is the time to select your breeding stock. Then place them in another house or pen, and don't let them lay if you can help it. Guard against dampness — a most insidious foe to perfect health. Clamy walls and floors are deadly, and croup and rheumatism soon make an appearance. Cleanliness, heaps of sunshine and fresh air with comfort are antilotes. Air-slaked lime scattered freely in damp premises will dry and purify the atmosphere greatly.

As I said before all houses should be whitewashed before winter comes and perfectly cleaned. Poles, or lathes, nailed a few inches apart near the ceiling of a damp or cold house and the space packed with clean straw will help to dry dampness, absorbing it wonderfully. Renew the straw each winter. I heard of a fine henhouse on the C.P.R. farm near Winnipeg where the entire wall had mesh wire stretched over it and filled with straw. The result was splendid; a dry house all winter. Mesh wire nailed over a corner makes a good basket for cabbage, turnips, beets and potatoes — all to be given in the ravens to our winter layers.

The winter quarters should be banked up to the window sills, and higher again on the north exposure of the building. When snow comes, bank up again with it.

Feed, of course, is a great factor. Wheat, oats and barley in turn are good, not forgetting the sheaves of each, which provide a good litter as well. Whole grain in the morning, warmed in the oven when twenty-five to thirty below weather is fashionable. One quart of

whole wheat per day for sixteen hens is thought enough with sorts, and the dry or steamed mash. Judgment must be used in feeding. Big Barred Rocks and Orpingtons need plenty of grain, the Leghorns requiring somewhat less. But the Leghorn finds our winters rather severe. Bran, shorts, crushed oats, some linseed meal, make an excellent dry mash to be fed in a hopper. Hens will not really overfeed on this, and a person can be sure they have enough food if the hopper is regularly filled. Just once in a while for a change I give a steamed mash mixed up with buttermilk or water, and any vegetables handy. Green feed should be always available, and no doubt sprouted oats is ideal, but alfalfa is as good, I am sure, steamed up well. There are now excellent oat sprouters on the market.

Classified Column

BUSINESS CHANCES

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LADIES! ATTENTION!—My Family Needle Case is a beautiful combination of the largest and best assortment of high grade needles ever offered for the money. It contains 115 high grade needles, varying in size from the smallest to the largest in general use and are fully guaranteed. Just what every family needs. This splendid and varied assortment of these high-grade needles would cost at least twice the price if charged separately. It is certainly an unusual bargain, do not miss this opportunity to buy. Price 20c. a case, post free. H. Bradley, Agent, 18 Hayter St., Toronto, Can. 12

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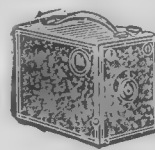
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LADIES WANTED—Do artistic congenial needle work at home. Make from three to five dollars per day decorating cushion tops. Armour Art Company, Dept. C., Warwick Block, Winnipeg. 12

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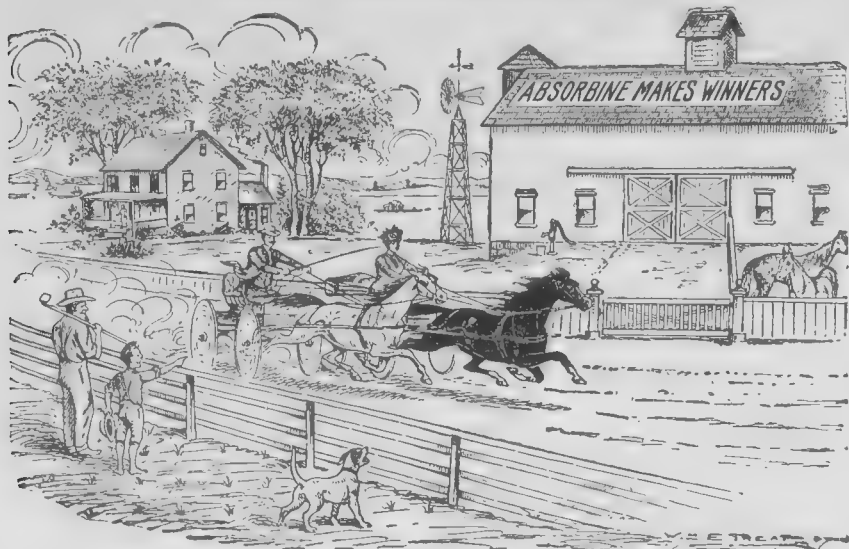
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These are really not much trouble to use, being heated by a lamp underneath. Oyster shells and gravel, some charcoal, a good, deep dust bath of ashes or sand or garden dust, are essentials, of course. Green cut bone is useful, but I do not put in quite the same class as last winter. I could not get the bone cut at all, and the hens gave such good results, laying freely in the coldest weather. If bone is to be obtained, give three pounds to fifty fowls two or three times a week, to increase egg production. It is very stimulating, and should be used sparingly. Liver cut up and beef heads, etc., are useful. Clean water at all times, warmed in cold weather, is important. Never fail to provide this. The patent water fountains are handy, but not a necessity. A hot stone or brick dropped into the water pot will keep it warm a long time.

It does no harm to have the water pan freeze up at night—mine always does—on cold nights. As long as the hens' combs do not get frozen the house is not too cold if the hens are in good shape.

Spices, I do not speak of, as a wise poultryman uses none of these condiments which stimulate and then injure the general health.

Next month I shall give some reliable egg records to show what has been done recently to my knowledge.

Lastly, make the hens work for every grain they eat, and keep down all vermin.

How to Keep Warm

By Elizabeth Gregg

Assemble all the men in a large city who pass their working hours in stores and offices, and at the present time it might probably be found that not

enough of them are free from coughs or colds to decently flog the rest, supposing them incapable of resistance for their carelessness which brought them to their condition of discomfort. Although the busiest city on the continent, and most filled with the habit of haste, a city is really less active than the smallest country village; that is, the men who do sedentary work in stores and offices stay near hot fires through the day, walk rapidly to the cars, the automobiles and the ferry-boats, and then stand or sit in the cold for a time varying from five minutes to two hours. Opposed to all this are the rules for keeping warm, which are: First, have abundant fresh air, not a draft directly upon the person, but a constant renewal of air in the room. Out of the thousands of offices in a city, there are not, probably, fifty decently ventilated, yet the body is simply a stove, and its warmth proceeds solely from the consumption of cool air by the lungs, and the warmer the air that is breathed, the less heat this combustion evolves. The second rule is: Let the throat alone and throw mufflers to the poodles; tying up the throat has the same effect that burying has on celery, it generates local disease, and insures a cold whenever the cold air does happen to find the throat an instant unprotected. Cover the lungs, the arms down to the hands, the legs and feet, and the rest will take care of itself. For the third rule, the sine qua non, do not be a stupid, weak, helpless bundle at the mercy of the railroad inquisitors, but just walk home, and walk all the way. If you are cold, walk fast; if cold still, run; but sooner than take the cars to get warm, sit a while on the curbstone. Two legs will carry you home sooner and in better condition than four will, and if you take the cars you will take cold too. Let us not be babies, but having legs learn to depend on them. A brisk walk of an hour at night is a counteraction to the torpor of all days' sitting, besides being a better

digestor than was ever made. The ladies of the city should also walk more. Furnaces are devices of the undertaker. No woman is healthy who cannot walk her two miles without giving out. Do not be afraid of a quick stroke of the heart. Dissatisfaction and ennui are born of sluggish blood, the relish of existence and the secret of keeping warm are in bounding red blood, which is not to be found in hypophosphate syrup or any preparation of iron.

Christmas Trees and Trimmings

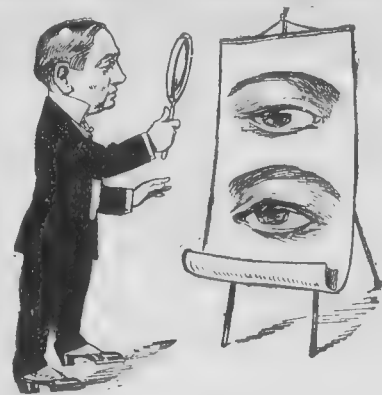
It is a mistaken idea to spend the month before Christmas in lonely preparation, shutting out the children from the living-rooms, hustling them off to bed at unseemly hours, and forbidding them to look at or touch anything for fear they may get a glimpse of the wonderful surprise. It causes them many a heartbreak and many a silent tear. Why leave the children out and make them wish Christmas "never was," as a wee tot expressed herself? Take them into your confidence and have them help you with the trimming for the tree Santa is to bring. Two dollars properly expended will trim a tree splendidly, and give a hundred dollars' worth of pleasure for several weeks.

Purchase two balls of twine—one pink and the other blue—and a quire of best mixed colored tissue-paper. Cut the paper into ribbons two inches wide and four inches long. The string should be two or three yards long. Tie the papers on these strings about three inches apart, alternating the colors. Have on hand several pasteboard boxes to place them in when finished, being careful to arrange newspapers very lightly between, to keep them from tangling and crushing. Several ears of pop-corn nicely popped and strung will furnish amusement for several evenings. A practical and useful idea is the study of paper, how it is colored, and all about pop-corn, where it is grown, how it is cultivated, etc. It is really wonderful how happily and useful the evenings can be spent.

One of the very prettiest decorations is cranberries; these, however, should be left until the last thing, then strung and placed on the tree between the strings of pop-corn, the bright red of the berries contrasting very prettily with the soft green of the pine. A dozen or more penny Japanese lanterns and opened parasols give a fine and unique touch of Oriental color, while a dozen mirror-balls and a few tiny flags with a bunch of silver and gold sprays are all that is necessary to make a tree exceedingly beautiful to the youngsters. Add to this about two dozen candles with fixtures and the tree will be complete. If, however, a little novelty is desired, take some English walnuts, split so the shell will be intact, remove the meats, gild or silver the empty shells, place a tiny doll, candy or motto inside and tie with bright-colored baby ribbon. Small stockings and rabbits made of different colored tarlatans overcast with bright worsteds, filled with candies, nuts, raisins and pop-corn, and arranged so that each little visitor shall receive one of these simple gifts, will give more joy than some elaborate gift.

A Christmas tree should be stout, strong and sturdy, with branches that do not too much lop or bow. A pine box, sufficiently large to hold the tree securely, should be propped with small brackets made of strips of pine. Take an old sheet to cover the carpet, and fasten at each corner with small tacks. Place the tree in the centre, and cover the box with green or red cheese-cloth. The trimming of the tree, of course, is left to the good judgment of Santa Claus. Remove dainty bric-a-brac and cover costly furniture, thus giving perfect freedom of action.

A very pretty Parisian novelty, used also in the South, is the little French-table tree about a foot in height, usually artificial, though any small tree will serve the purpose. This is placed on the dining-table, prettily though simply decorated, and is kept lighted through Christmas week. Friends invited for breakfast, luncheon or dinner will find among its dainty boughs a gift from Santa Claus. It serves as a convenient and clever medium for any number of unique surprises.



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Josephine Davis, the popular stage favorite, whose portrait appears herewith declares that Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to success, health, and happiness to every mortal, no matter what his or her position in life. She believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, will revolutionize the mental status of the human race.

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Three Christmas Songs

When Good Old Kris Comes 'Round

Words and Music by Harry C. Eldridge

1. Eyes so bright, now shut tight, Wea-ry heads at rest, Dream of sleds and wax-doll heads And toys they love the best.
2. Sun's rays peep, rouse from sleep Hap-py girls and boys; Just half dressed, they do their best To man - u - fac - ture noise.
3. Din - ner's done, night has come, Tired and worn are they; Doll all cracked, clean dress blacked, Drum-head torn a-way,
By and by, ver - y aly A jol - ly fel - low comes, Oh! what fun, they've be - gun Their stockings to un - load, Gun won't shoot, horn won't toot, Hocks all lost but ten.

Moderato.

Chorus:
Drops his pack from off his back, And pulls out dolls and drums. } O jol - ly old Saint Nick, The world is glad you've come, For while you're near Smile
Ev - ry - thing from a monkey-on-a-string To a bright tin hop - ping - lead. }
Nev - er fear, just wait one year. Old Kris will come a - gain.

chas - es fear, And sunshine lights the home. Fill well the stock - ing, And leave with - out a sound. No girl or boy but thrills with joy When good old Kris comes 'round.

On This Glorious Christmas Morn

Music by Hermann Kotschmar

Words by Mrs. Hermann Kotschmar

Moderato
1. As the vir - gin moth - er mild Bends a - bove her new - born child, Falls up - on her list - ning ear Words to us, so sweet, so dear:
2. Lit - tle chil - dren, 'tis for you Christ is born, to make you true True in thought, in word and deed By - ee - more to Him give heed.
3. Hap - py lads and maid - ens bright, Do you love the Lord of light? Heart and mind with voi - ces raise, Gifts of ser - vice, as of praise.
4. Men and wom - en, far and near, Lay a - side all doubt and fear, Christ - mas morn to you doth bring Christ your Mas - ter, Lord and King.

Chorus:
"Peace on earth," the an - gels sing, "Good will to men," the ech - oes ring, For the Christ, the Lord, is born On this glo - rious Christ - mas morn.

Hark! 'tis the Bells

Words and Music by Frances Billings Evans

A Soprano.
1. Hark! 'tis the bells, That ring with mer - ry chime; Ding-dong! we hear them wishing us A hap - py Christmas time: Ding-dong! we hear them sing - ing Of a mer - ry Christmas time.
2. Ding-dong! ding-dong! Our stockings hang so low; And see up - on the Christmas tree What fun - ny things do grow! See books and trumpets, dolls and balls, With lan - terns all a - glow.
3. Ring, mer - ry bells, Yes, ring with - out a pause; And help us all to sing in praise Of dear old San - ta Claus: Ding-dong! come join in sing - ing Of our dear old San - ta Claus.

A Alto.
Allegretto.

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Norway and Sweden celebrate with a real Santa Claus. Early Christmas Eve the children are dressed in their finest attire. Days previously songs, dialogues and speeches have been prepared. The house is decorated with the holly and greens, and all day long the children are on the qui vive. Every knock on the door or ring at the bell brings a thrill of expectancy and a rush to the door, until finally Santa Claus appears. The children have on their best behavior with their good clothes, Santa is respectfully saluted, but with expectant eyes, and finally, after repeated handshakings and exchanges of good wishes, he inquires into the behavior of the children. If a child is guilty of any gross misdemeanor he chides the little delinquent, but always forgives under a promise of a better report next year. Little speeches are then made, songs of the day are sung, and the younger children

climb into Santa's lap, thoroughly enjoying his visit. At last comes the grand distribution of gifts. From his pack Santa selects each one's gift, when the ringing of sleigh-bells is heard in the distance, and he must go. Such a tugging and pulling the dear old saint never experienced; but there are other children waiting, other presents to be given, and he cannot disappoint so many, so he must speed on his way.

The good old English custom of hanging up the stocking is fast dying out from the fact that most of the presents are too large to go into it. Then, again, it is quite an expensive affair to fill stockings aside from the gifts. It is, however, the one feature of Christmas which children look forward to more than to anything else, so it is well to know what will fill the stocking at the least expense. Large candy canes at two cents a piece

tarlatan bags filled with candy, nuts and pop-corn, a box costing five cents filled with assorted toys, six in a box, separated and wrapped in tissue-paper, a whistle, a tin cart, a doll, a Jew's harp, marbles and a drawing-book will fill it nicely and cost but fifteen cents when complete.

Ye cottage homes of Scotland,
Where honest men of yore
Were reared, and maiden fair and good,
So be it evermore.
May plenty aye make glad your hearts,
Your rooftrees never fa',
And flowers bloom fair beside your doors,
As by the lordly ha'.

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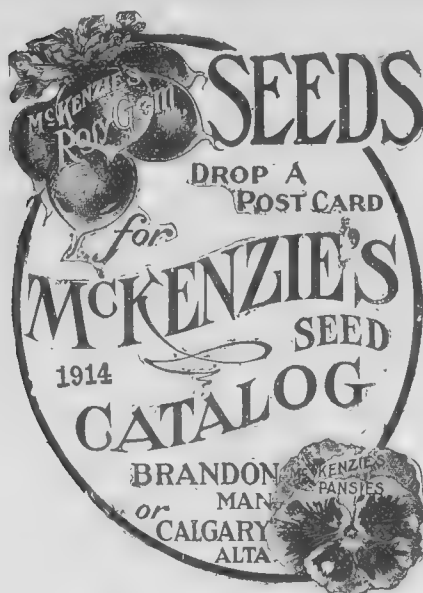
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Christmas

The writer of a contemporaneous story puts in the mouth of a clever character the remark that happiness is impossible until one has got rid of his ideals. If that were true, it would give grounds for increased thankfulness that happiness is not essential to good living, and that mankind is not under an inevitable obligation to attain it. But of course, the observation was not one that was meant to be a vehicle of absolute truth, but rather to evoke a closer approximation to the eternal verities out of the hearer's mind. But even to do that, a remark must at least have a suggestion of truth about it, and this one about ideals and happiness has that. For it is conceivable that a man should not be of much use, and therefore not particularly happy, until he is so far freed from the tyranny of what he wants to do as to settle down to the accomplishment of what he can do. Moreover, while a man who has effectually got rid of his ideals is of little account, there is a property in man that is akin to ideals, and yet not identical with them, which can be spared without detriment to his higher nature, and with very considerable advantage to his practical side. It would seem that a certain decay of one's interest in one's self as an individual is an indispensable condition precedent to the full development of a salutary interest in one's self as a fellow-creature. A man must be interested in himself if he is to amount to anything, but it is possible for the individual interest to dwindle while the human interest develops, and in the very greatest men that process is usually found to have taken place.

The application of which is, firstly, that we are not to allow our ideal of what Christmas ought to be, and of how we ought to spend it, to discourage us from tackling it as we actually find it, and getting as much out of it as we can. And secondly, that Christmas is the time of all the year most fit for our interest in ourselves as individuals to be supplanted by

an interest in ourselves as fellow-creatures.

Wherefore, because our ideal of Christmas feasting is terrapin and canvas-back duck, let us not disdain turkey, which is just as filling, and better fare no doubt than we deserve. Because our ideal of Christmas-giving is point, lace and diamonds, let us not scorn the modest remembrances that our pocket may be able to endure. And if as individuals, with exalted ideals, we may have become careless of Christmas pleasures and opportunities and obligations, let us change our point of view, and regard ourselves merely as one of divers fellow-creatures whose Christmas happiness it is our business to promote. It is an axiom that to make things pleasant for one's fellow-creatures is the way to have fun. If we lump ourselves in as a fellow-creature with as many other fellow-creatures as we can reach, by making Christmas joyous for the whole lot, we are bound to cheer ourselves among the rest. And so by getting rid of part of our ideals we may continue to make the rest so productive as to make us suspect before we get through that it was not a true ideal at all that we parted from, but only one phase of our selfishness.

A man of affluence was heard once to say, "I loathe Christmas, the very thought is distasteful to me." When asked why this was, he replied, "My father did not believe in Christmas and its youthful follies. He said he intended his sons to be brought up to know better than give themselves up to such foolishness. So when my mother took my little stocking—I was then a curly headed lad of five years—to fill it for me he demolished the playthings and candies, and forbid her to purchase more. As he was a very austere, severe man she felt obliged to obey him. The next morning I was out of bed bright and early for my stocking. There it hung, limp and empty. With a cry I fell in a forlorn heap, feeling in my stocking to see if there was not just one bit of candy. Had I found the most trifling remembrance it would have been all right. As it was, to my child-mind I stood convicted by the children's patron saint. Crushed to the earth, I could neither eat nor sleep, and was ashamed to meet my playmates. I was disgraced in my own mind beyond redemption. Strange as it may seem, that feeling has followed me all my life. My Christmases are always a dire and bitter failure." However well meaning that man may have been, to say that his conduct on that occasion was barbarous is not overstating the matter in the least.

A club of young women on charitable purposes intent make happy many a poor child's heart at Christmas time. Dividing the town into divisions, each takes so many houses to visit, dressed in some unique costume. They all visit the poor families, acting as Santa Claus' cousins, sisters and aunts. Ascertaining the number of children in each family, a little gift is left for each. It may be only a penny doll or a stick of candy done up in tissue-paper, but the joy, the gratitude that wells up in that small heart over perhaps the only gift, is in itself enough to bring the Christmas peace, amply repaying the charitable donors for their days of labor and sacrifice. So it is the wide world over, be it a tree, Santa Claus or a tiny tin whistle. Remember the day. Let it bring to your heart "peace on earth and good-will to all."

Tragedies of Christmas

There are homes where the Christmas season brings a series of tragedies. They are where the father refuses to give his daughters a little money for her Christmas presents—sometimes he refuses the son as well. A sister one time listened to a father answer his son with oaths as he refused to give him money for a few presents. When the brother gave his sister a little gift, her eyes filled with tears, for she knew how much he had suffered in his efforts to get the money for that gift. Today all those children are away from the home circle. As every Christmas season approaches, memories dark and bitter crowd into their minds for the recollection of the sad Christmas of their childhood and youth can never be forgotten. The

father died and left them each a comfortable property—but what does that amount to compared with the father who filled the hearts of his girls and boys with love and kind words during the Christmas season. A little consideration keeps boys and girls at home.

Deposed

I useter be "it" at Christmas;
The whole darned thing was me.
But it ain't that way no longer,
For we've got a baby—see?
An' happens that I ain't in it
Around that Christmas tree!

Of course I do get some presents,
The same's I useter get;
If I d'dn't—well, if I didn't
There'd be a kick, you bet.
An' we have the tree an' fixin's
The same's we useter; yet—

It's "Baby! Oh, see, see, baby!"
"Does baby like it? There!"
"Did Santy bring lots of pritties?"
"No, baby mustn't tear!"
"Let babykins have it, brother"—
Till a feller wants to swear.

They've give him a lot more stuff'n
He'll ever, ever use.
An' what do yuh think? It's my stuff
He always has to choose!
An' I have to hand it over
For "baby" to abuse!

He's p'ayed with my truly engine
An' put it on the bum;
An' he's sat on my book of injuns,
An' stuck a hole in my drum;
An' it ain't such fun at Christmas
Snce that there baby come.

But they needn't think they can "Santy"
Him like they've "Santied" me;
For I'm agoin' to tell him
There ain't no Santy—gee!
An' mebbe he'll think he'd rather
Go back to heaven—see?

The One Thing He Wanted

After waiting the usual five or ten minutes the new arrival was served with the first dinner course of soup. Hesitating a moment as he glanced at his plate, the guest said to the waiter:

"I can't eat this soup."
"I'll bring you another kind, sir," said the waiter as he took it away.
"Neither can I eat this soup!" said the guest a trifle more emphatically, when the second plate was served.

The waiter angrily but silently, for the third time brought a plate of soup.
"I simply can't eat this soup!" once more said the guest, in a low, emphatic tone.

By this time the waiter was furious and called the hotel proprietor, while the guests at the near-by table looked over that way with curious glances.

"Really sir, this is unusual. May I ask why can't you eat any of our soups?" demanded the proprietor.

"Because I have no spoon," replied the guest quietly.

Home Keepers

Bright, like the comforting blaze on the hearth,
Sweet, like the blooms on the young apple tree,
Fragrant with promise of fruit yet to be
Are the home-keeping maidens of earth.

Better and greater than talent is worth,
And where is the glory of brush or pen
Like the glory of mothers and molders of men
The home-keeping women of earth?

Crowned since the great solar system had birth,
They reign unsurpassed in their beautiful sphere,
They are queens who can look in God's face without fear—
The home-keeping women of earth.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind.

Keeping Christmas—I suppose it is a sign of increasing years, but it seems like yesterday when I was writing copy for the Christmas Number of 1912 and now the editor is clamoring for Christmas copy for 1913. The weather has been so mild that it has helped the illusion that Christmas cannot be quite so close, but it is just 41 days away. Somehow it seems specially hard to think of Christmas rejoicing in the face of the great calamity which has befallen the merchant marine of both Canada and the United States. There are hundreds of women and little children scattered all over Ontario and in the States bordering on the great lakes who are without a breadwinner and in some cases they are not even certain

whether their dear ones are alive or dead. No such disaster has overtaken the great lakes before in their known history. Just what happened in Lake Huron particularly, will probably never be known, but the mere fact that five vessels, varying in length from 264 to 615 feet, were utterly destroyed, is sufficient to indicate that the storm was one of phenomenal severity. Even as I write the matter of providing for the survivors is being actively taken up and there is not much danger that any of them will suffer actual want, unless it should be some isolated case where they are too proud to make their wants known, but the sadness of bereavement will be with them at what is usually the festive season. I try to think that I am not

superstitious, but I fancy most of us will draw a breath of relief when 1913 gives place to 1914. The 13 of course has nothing to do with it, but the year has been one of very terrible disaster, both on land and on water and somehow the old superstitions about thirteen still lurk in the back of our minds. However this is not very cheerful Christmas talk. When we come to think of it, it is very wonderful that no matter what disasters have preceded it, no matter how many sore and bereaved hearts there may be in the country, when Christmas actually comes it brings with it a spirit of joy and this year will be no exception.

On the Prairies—It must be more difficult to prepare for Christmas on the Prairies than it is in any wooded country. When I think of the Christmas days of my childhood, I realize how large a part the woods played in our preparations. Days before Christmas we went out and if necessary dug the snow away from the mounds in the woods where the pigeon

berries grew and gathered all the sprays with red berries on that we could find. Then there was the collecting of ground cedar, surely one of the most beautiful evergreens in the world and the gathering of spruce and cedar boughs; a large sleigh load was thought none too much to decorate the old farmhouse. The oldest part of the house was built of logs, with a dwelling of lumber and lath erected in front of it. The new section of the house was good enough to sleep in, or to entertain company, but to the children home meant the great living room which had originally been the kitchen and bedrooms for the farmhouse, and which had, when the new section was built, all been thrown into one, giving a great room some 25 feet long by 20 wide. There was a huge stone fireplace and big flagged hearth, on one side a closed-in staircase to the chamber above, with a wood closet below and on the other an immense built-in cupboard, on the top shelf of which reposed the best china and the bottom

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This cabinet measures 75 inches from floor to top, is 42 inches wide and 39 inches deep, the base is 31 inches from the floor.

The construction of this cabinet is all that can be desired, it is made of solid oak finish, is a beautiful dull wax and equally as good as any piece of dining room furniture.

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The Farmers' Supply Co. Limited

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shelves were given over to preserves, cake boxes and cookie jars. The mantelpiece was a plain plank of oak, but time and the fire had mellowed it to a rich brown, which made an admirable resting place for the brass candlesticks and snuffer tray and at Christmas time it was the place where the stockings were hung, so as to be duly convenient for Santa when he came down the chimney. The chimney was so wide that he could have driven the reindeers and sleigh down it without any trouble beyond getting his fur robe singed in the roaring fire. At the other end of the room, from the fireplace, was a large window. In summer this was shaded by a sweet currant tree, but in winter the branches of the tree were fastened back and this window never had a blind. The house was on a very high hill and the light from this window was a beacon that more than once guided travellers who were bewildered in a snow storm. Light muslin curtains saved it from looking barren and bare, but it was one of the laws of the Medes and Persians that that window should not be dark. The big stone fireplace was admirable for spectacular fire, but it was necessary to supplement the heat by an enormous box stove, which stood not very far from this window. The sides of this stove were an endless source of diversion to the children, because they represented the arms of various periods in British history, and with a page of the Encyclopaedia open, it was great fun to trace what the



Lillian Laurie (Mrs A. Vernon Thomas)

A noted Canadian story writer, whose picture was inadvertently omitted from this page in last issue

different arms and flags were. The walls of the room were whitewashed, and also the square beam which ran across it but for some reason the board ceiling which rested on these beams had been left untouched, and the oak through the years had been colored a rich dark brown. The effect was quite striking. The floor was of white oak, and was kept scrubbed to a miracle of whiteness and strewn here and there with pulled rag rugs.

For some reason the Christmas of 1871 stands out with special vividness, perhaps because the writer was ten years old. The children of the present day, who are accustomed to steam heated houses and flats in the city and to hot air furnaces in the country, have little idea how cold were the houses in those days, where there was no heat at all in the chambers, and where the banked fires on the hearth and in the big box stoves gave out mighty little heat during the night. Very early on this particular Christmas morning, three stockings were hung on the front of the mantelpiece while on the hearth out of range from possible sparks from the fire, were scattered packages. From the doorway leading to the new part of the house came three little figures, all in nighties of scarlet flannel. The oldest boy climbs on a chair and cautiously lowers the stockings. It was a great point of honor to take them back to bed unopened, and there was a grand rush back to bed. Once safely back under the covers, there were suppressed shrieks, not to waken the grown-ups, the grown-ups, by the way, having been awake over an hour, but wisely refrain from interference.

Simple Gifts—I am afraid the sophisticated children of to-day would have turned up their noses at the contents of those stockings. The girl, the youngest of the trio had a wonderful doll with a pink crocheted sacque; one boy had a knife, the other a d awing slate, and there was an orange in the toe of each stocking. There were gingerbread men and horses,

hazelnuts and butternuts from the woods, and 'nigger toes' from the store. Squares of delicious maple candy, home made, and the crowning glory of all, red and white striped peppermint walking canes. When daylight came, and the wonders of the stockings had been somewhat exhausted, as a special treat the children were allowed to carry their garments down and dress in front of the big fire, which now blazed and roared up the chimney. Christmas breakfast had one great distinction—there was no mush or porridge. Not but what mush and molasses was a very good dish, but Christmas must be different, so there was home made sausage, hot Johnny cake and other indigestible things not allowed to juveniles on ordinary days. Breakfast over, there were small duties which each child had to perform. The boys did the chores in the stable as all the stock got an extra ration on Christmas morning. Then there was a walk with grandfather in the Christmas woods. The sparkle of the sun on the snow, the winding wood trails with deep snow on each side, patterned with the tracks of foxes, partridge and squirrels, and every step enlivened by stories about bears and wolves in the early days, for grandfather was a wonderful raconteur. The Christmas dinner was at half past twelve and the table was set in the big living room between the open fireplace and the box stove. The black walnut drop leaf table would be a priceless treasure if it were extant in these days. Covered with a snowy tablecloth it had for a centre piece a large cut glass dish on a high stand. This dish was a family relic and was always known as the "porringer." It was a special treat to be allowed to tap it with a knife, when it rang like a miniature chime of bells. On Christmas day it was filled with oranges and rosy checked apples, polished till they shone like mirrors and round its base was a wreath of fragrant cedar, sprinkled with red pigeon berries.

The Christmas dinner began with oyster soup, considered a great luxury by the grown-ups in that remote inland district; therefore it was eaten with a great show of relish by the children, though as a matter of fact none of them liked it. The soup was followed by speckled trout. Now even in those days speckled trout were out of season at Christmas; therefore there was a particularly wicked relish in having them. The trout were followed by the home raised turkey, festooned with strings of sausages, and with a spray of rowan berries to take the place of English holly. With the turkey were served potatoes, turnips and celery. The crowning glory of the dinner was the plum pudding. It was brought to table in a dish of famous willow pattern, which had been brought out from England to Philadelphia in 1832, and then across the Alleghany mountains in a wagon to "Muddy York." My! what a tale that dish could tell if it had been able to talk. The pudding was decorated with a sprig of cedar and scarlet pigeon berries and came to table in a blaze of blue spirit. The dinner took time and it was two o'clock when the last item was discussed. Then came tea, a lighter meal than dinner, and at this meal was cut the Christmas cake. The last bit of Christmas cake of the previous year was always eaten on Christmas Eve, and the new cake cut on Christmas Day. The children heaped to clear this meal away, and were very expeditious, as the Christmas tree was to follow. It had been safely locked up all day in the sitting room of the new part of the house. As soon as the tea dishes were washed, there was a little procession from the old house to the new, grandfather leaning on his oaken stock, then the aunties, who supplied the place of father and mother to the three children, and the dog Ino, a fine collie, always a part of every festive occasion. The tree was ablaze with candles, and gaily decorated with strings of nuts, bright ribbon, (insel, and all the glories that go to make a proper Christmas tree. There were a few simple gifts, and here were the gifts which the children had made for the grown-ups.

It is late when it is finished, that is late for the children, and as grandfather bids them each 'Good-night' he repeats the prayer of Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one," and what more can I wish for the readers of the Woman's Quiet Hour and I too say with Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one."

Sunday Reading

The Trip To Town

Mrs. A. H. Floyd.

There are families in which the husband buys the household supplies. He does not stop to consider that his wife can do this better than he. He does this while she is busy with her household duties. She needs some rest from the general routine of life. She needs to see more than the four walls of her home afford. It is rest to get away from one's home, if only for a little while. There are many things she will see and strive to imitate. Every store has different material. The ready-made clothing suggests a way to make her own dresses or how to remodel an old one. In children's clothes she gains new ideas. Many little articles of neckwear she can imitate if she has patience and an artistic mind. Then in the ten-cent department she finds so many things for her kitchen and home.

There are lessons in every step, and she will enjoy her own home more for her little time from it. And in this trip to town don't drive the slowest old horse on the farm, but drive one with some life in it and let her enjoy the

where father, mother and the children work together and play together. Few children wish to leave their home environment, be it country or city, if it is a place where they have been happy.

The children should be encouraged to have good times in the home and outside. Let them have their friends in in the evenings for parties. The expense need be little. Apples, popcorn and nuts or sandwiches, cake and cocoa or doughnuts and cider are surely not expensive or troublesome to prepare, and yet will be sufficient in the refreshment line. If the house does have a somewhat disheveled appearance the next morning, what of it? In a few hours it can be set in as good order as before, but the memories of the evening's pastime will linger in the memory for years. Play is quite as essential as work for everyone, young or old, and should be regarded as a legitimate part of one's life.

Telling Truth Effectively

Upon the mind of the young boy or girl who is employed to sell goods behind the counter of a big shop, the thought is impressed by constant reiteration by the buyer or shop-walker:



Scene on Lake Lakelse, B.C.

trip to and from town, as well as the time there. If possible, and your means will allow, take dinner at one of the best hotels, not every time, but once in a great while. You will find an improvement at your own home in the way the table is spread, and old dishes will be served in a new style. The glasses will receive a better polish than common and the meal be more inviting. Try it and see for yourself, and you will not be like the man who, when his wife went insane, said he couldn't see what could be the cause, as she hadn't been out of her kitchen for four years.

Taking Time To Play

We are often criticized as a nation because it is said that we do not know how to play. In the early days, life for our forefathers was strenuous, and it took most of the waking hours to keep the wolf from the door. That probably accounts for it, but times have changed. Yet how many people there are whom we all know who are always planning that when the mortgage is paid off or when they have just so much in the bank—then they are going to stop working so hard and enjoy themselves. But, alas, when the particular goal is reached, if it ever is, they find it well nigh impossible to overthrow the habits of a lifetime.

No sight is more pathetic than that of a couple who have worked hard and long, trying to enjoy themselves when they have forgotten how. And what has the home life been meanwhile? Many times the children have left the home nest to enjoy themselves elsewhere, or if still there, they are discontented and unhappy. A home should be the place

where father, mother and the children work together and play together. Few children wish to leave their home environment, be it country or city, if it is a place where they have been happy. The children should be encouraged to have good times in the home and outside. Let them have their friends in in the evenings for parties. The expense need be little. Apples, popcorn and nuts or sandwiches, cake and cocoa or doughnuts and cider are surely not expensive or troublesome to prepare, and yet will be sufficient in the refreshment line. If the house does have a somewhat disheveled appearance the next morning, what of it? In a few hours it can be set in as good order as before, but the memories of the evening's pastime will linger in the memory for years. Play is quite as essential as work for everyone, young or old, and should be regarded as a legitimate part of one's life.

It is as much the duty of the preacher to tell truths effectively as it is that of the salesman to sell goods successfully. How to dispose of these gospel wares is a problem which will engross the attention and energies of a true minister of Jesus Christ during all his life.

Beautiful Old People

Mrs. A. H. Floyd.

We often meet old people whose old age is as beautiful as the bloom of youth and we wonder how it came about. Some old people try to forget disagreeable things. They look for all bright spots along life's pathway and linger there as long as possible, remembering there are missions to be filled here in this world. Why not fill our minds with pleasant things instead of the sad. Be an optimist and think, "If I live to be ninety years old I will enjoy every bit of time the good Master has allowed me."

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Some old people have the art of saying pleasant things and they are the ones who attract people to them—the young people as well as children, and what a benefit to come in contact with them when discouraged or blue. They have traveled the road ahead of us, and if they have passed successfully over the rugged places and still remain sweet and pleasant what an inspiration to us younger ones along life's pathway.

Some old people do not expect too much from their friends, but practise the art of giving up gracefully and retaining their illusions and do not believe that all the world is wicked and unkind. As old age grows apace, their faith is stronger in their friends. They are so cheerful that the miserable cannot stay near them long and remain miserable. Yet this same person is filled with sympathy for the sorrowful. Old people do not have to be handsome or entertaining to be loved. Somehow they

make you comfortable because they are so comfortable themselves. They shame you out of complaining because they never complain. Yet they may not have as many blessings as you, but they may enjoy them to the full extent. With their sorrows they simply bear them. Some old people know how to show a real interest in you: your sorrows, your joys, your tastes, your belongings, and this is what gives them an influence over you. For influence is action of mind upon mind and heart upon heart. They did unto others as they would be done by, and now that old age has come and there is the beautiful crown of white hair upon their heads they are loved and respected. We call them our beautiful old people.

A Fountain of Living Water

It was said of Luther that his words were born "not on his lips but in his

soul." That is where the best sermons are always made—in the heart. The words will come fast and effectively enough when the heart is full of God and of Godlike feelings. Many discourses as a fact represent but lip service. They are either acid with ill-concealed contempt of the world or arid with the unprolific dust of dreary scholastic processes. The true metaphor for the ideal sermon is that of a fountain of living water. God fills the soul of the true preacher so full of goodness and gospel that the blessing inevitably overflows to fructify the lives and hopes of others. In His discourse at the Feast of the Tabernacles, Jesus used the curious expression, "He that believeth on Me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." In the Greek, the word "rivers" stands first, receiving strong emphasis, and when the Hebraistic Orientalism is accommodated to modern modes of speech, the force of the ex-

pression is seen to be, "He that believeth on Me, rivers out of his inner self shall flow"—the copiousness of this spiritual outflow being placed in contrast with the single ewer of water poured forth each day during the Feast.

The teaching is plain—the convert should become a fount of inspiration—the testimony of the lips being but the outgushing of rich emotional forces first stored within the soul by the Spirit of all grace and power.

Somewhere Out

Somewhere out from the toil and grind, Somewhere out where the road is kind, Somewhere out where green trails wait For weary feet through the city's gate— From the snarl and tangle in marts of trade

To the peace of God in the open shade— Through the purple dusk, through the silver dew, Where the rose-sweet dreams of the years come true.

Somewhere out—and we who drive The heart and soul through the city's hive, Where life is bound in the city walls— Have little care where the Red Road calls;

Or little choice where the Trail may wait. So that it leads from the city's gate To the seagrit east or the northern snows, To the sunlit west or the southern rose.

Somewhere out from the grip of greed, Somewhere out as the road may lead, Or where the winds of the world may drift As the burdens fall and the shadows lift—

Wherever the peace of God may wait, And love shall come to the twilight gate Through the purple dusk, through the silver dew, Where the rose-sweet dreams of the years come true.

—"British Weekly."

Submission

I do not ask the furnace fire to shun,
I would not flee;
I only ask that Thou Thyself wilt come,
And walk with me.
I do not ask the lion's den to miss;
I only crave
One single joy, my Lord, and it is this—
Christ in the cave.

I do not ask that paths with flowers be lined
Of many hues,
If flowers would mean that Thou be left behind,
Then thorns I'll choose.
I do not ask that all my way to Heaven
Be hours of ease;
I only pray that every task I'm given
Christ oversee.

If many joys should mean to me the loss
Of Thee, dear Friend,
Then nail my pleasures to my Saviour's Cross
And sorrows send.
I only ask that all my life may be
With Thee bound up,
And what Thy loving Hand doth m'x
for me,
Be in my cup.

Then all that's dark will be illum'd with love,
And all that's bright
Be but a foretaste of my joys above
When Faith wins Sight.
—J. A. W. Hamilton.

A Sound Conclusion

A woman asked her husband to go in the cellar, and draw a jug of beer. He consented, but at the head of the cellar stairs slipped and fell headlong on to the cemented floor. The wife hastened to the cellar door, and called down in an anxious voice, "What is the matter, David?" "Can't you see what's the matter? I've fallen down!" "My goodness, did you break the jug?" There was a pause. "No," replied David, "but I will!" And he did.

What Well-Known English Proverb Does This Picture Represent?



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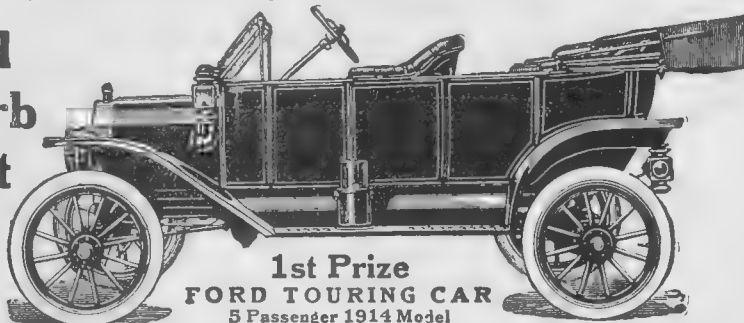
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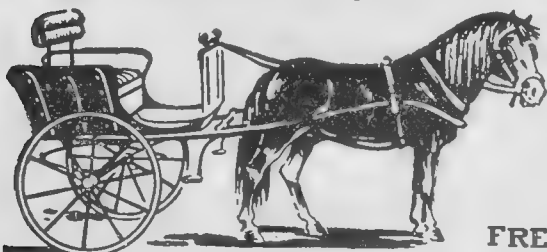
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We have compiled a series of twelve proverb pictures, each one representing a well-known, standard English proverb. Only the first of this series of proverb pictures will be published in this paper, and it is shown above. The complete set of pictures will be sent to you rightaway when you guess the answer to picture No. 1 correctly. You obtain entry to this Great Contest by finding the proverb represented by picture No. 1. This starts you on the road to sharing in this stupendous distribution of prizes. Study the above picture and when you have found the answer write it out and promptly mail it to us. If it is correct, we will write and tell you so and send you

FREE a Fine Book of Standard English Proverbs and the Series of Twelve (12) Proverb Pictures, Completing the Contest

The publishers of Canada's greatest monthly magazine are conducting this great contest. Therefore contestants are assured of its absolute fairness and squareness. In order to give an equal chance to every competitor they have published a fine book of standard English Proverbs and all the proverbs represented by the series of twelve pictures have been chosen from this book. Answer proverb No. 1 correctly and this fine book will be mailed to you free. With it you will receive the complete series of twelve proverb pictures which complete the contest. Thus, there will be no waiting or delay. All the pictures will go to you at once and you can set to work to find the answers that can win you one of these wonderful prizes.

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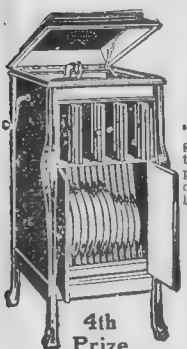
This stupendous Contest is being conducted by the Publishers of "Everywoman's World," solely with the object of introducing Canada's greatest home journal into new homes and to new readers. In addition to the fine standard book of English Proverbs, and the series of proverb pictures, each contestant will receive a free copy of the current number of **EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD**. This is sent to you without charge because the publishers know that once this magnificent journal is introduced into the homes of the intelligent people who will enter this great contest it will be wanted every month. There is no other monthly magazine published in Canada like "Everywoman's World," and you will be delighted to have the people in your home become acquainted with a magazine so live, bright and entertaining. This copy is purely complimentary. You are not asked to subscribe or buy the magazine in the future. You incur no obligation.

Read Carefully the Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest.

- 1.—Write on one side of the paper only, your solution to proverb picture No. 1, and give your full name (stating Mr., Mrs., or Miss) and complete address.
- 2.—Members and employees of this firm, or relations of members or employees are absolutely excluded from competing.
- 3.—Enclose with your answer three (3) two-cent stamps (8 cents). This is to pay the postage on the Book of English Proverbs, complete series of pictures, illustrated prize list, and copy of "Everywoman's World," etc., which we will mail to you.
- 4.—Contestants may send any number of solutions to the complete series of pictures but only one set of answers can win a prize.
- 5.—Different members of a family may compete, but only one prize will be awarded to any one family or household.

- 6.—The Judging Committee will consist of five (5) prominent Toronto business men whose names will be published in due course. Prizes will be awarded to correct or nearest correct answers in accordance with handwriting and general neatness and contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges.
- 7.—Contestants will be asked to show the copy of Everywoman's World, which we will send, to three friends or neighbors who will want to subscribe.

- 8.—As soon as your answer is received and found correct we will write advising you and send you the complete series of proverb pictures, the Book of Famous English Proverbs, Prize List, etc., together with a copy of the current number of "Everywoman's World." Address your letters plainly to Contest Manager.



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Fashions and Patterns

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c.
Order by number stating size wanted
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



9756 A Pleasing Model. Ladies' House Dress with Three Piece Skirt, in Raised or Normal Waistline.

Figured percale in cadet blue and white with facings of blue was used to make this design. Lawn, chambray, gingham, cashmere, or flannelette are equally appropriate. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 44-inch material for a 36 inch size.

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Nainsook, silk, lawn, dimity, crepe, crossbar, or cambric may be used for this design, with decoration of lace, edg-



9763 A New and Practical "Combination." Ladies' Combination Drawers and Corset Cover.

ing, or embroidery. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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9770 A Very Attractive Chamber or Lounging Robe. Ladies' Kimono

Figured crepe in blue tones, is here shown, with trimming of blue sateen. The model is good for cashmere, silk, flannel or flannelette. The waist is in Empire style, and is finished with a pretty collar. The pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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9765 A Dainty Set of Lingerie for the Doll. Doll's One Piece Set of Underwear.

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Address **The Western Home Monthly** Winnipeg, Man.

These models comprise a new style chemise-and-drawers combination, a petticoat-and-waist, and a night dress that may be finished in Empire style. Lawn, cambrie, nainsook, crossbar, crepe or silk may be used for the design, with lace, edging or embroidery for trimming. The pattern comprises all styles illustrated, and is cut in 6 Sizes for Dolls: 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in length. It will require 2 yards of 36 inch material for a Doll 24 inches long, for the entire set.

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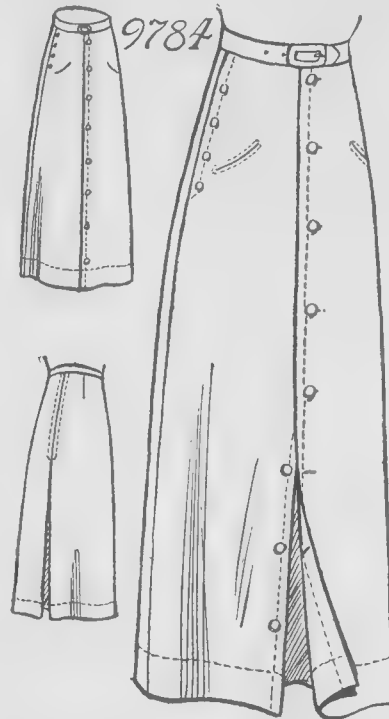
9764 A Dainty Set of Aprons and Work Bag. Ladies' Fancy Aprons and Sewing Bag. Silk, satin, cloth, cretonne, or lawn, may be used for the bag, while lawn, mull, linen, or silk is suitable for the aprons. The patterns are cut in one size, Medium. It requires $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 27 inch material for Heart apron, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards for Bretelle apron and 1 yard for Bag of 36 inch material.



9775 A Seasonable Top Garment. Boys' Overcoat with Yoke Back.

Chinchilla, cheviot, wool mixtures, serge, or corduroy are suitable materials for this style of garment. The back is plaited below a square yoke. The fronts are double breasted and closed high at the neck. The pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 3, 5, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54 inch material for a 5 year size.

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9784 A Popular Design. Ladies' Divided Questrian Skirt with Side Closing.

Velvet, serge, corduroy, eponge, broad cloth, panama, linen or khaki may be used for this model. It is comfortable and graceful. The pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 24 inch size.

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9772 A Stylish and Unique Design. Ladies' Blouse Waist in Coat Style, with Peplum. In Raised or Normal Waistline.

Brocaded silk in a new shade of blue with vest and cuffs of white bengaline, and green velvet for revers, cuff finish, and girdle, was used for this attractive creation. The style is desirable for silk, velvet, woollens, satins or cloth. The pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



9779 A Comfortable Stylish Top Garment. Girl's Coat.

This design is easy to develop. It is fitted by shoulder and underarm seams. The right front is shaped to cross over the left. The two piece sleeve is finished with a deep cuff, and a neat collar completes the neck edge. Velvet, corduroy, plush, fur, cheviot, or broad cloth are all equally suitable for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 10 year size.

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When the Bumble Bees Come

I don't know what the bumble bees
Have got to do with swimmin',
But there ain't no use to argue
When you're talkin' to the wimin,
And ma, she's took a notion,
That the hummin' birds may hum,
But we can't go a swimmin'
'Till the bumble bees have come.

The robins and the thrushes
Are a singin' in the wood,
And everybody's happy
And a' feelin' mighty good—
'Cept me and little brother—
And we can't help feelin' glum
'Cause we can't go a swimmin'
'Till the bumble bees have come.

I went down to the river
And it looked so clear and cool
I 'most fell in a lookin' down
At our old swimmin' pool;
But then—I knowed I dossant—
'Cause ma she'd say I'd swum,
And she'd lick me good for swimmin'
'Fore the bumble bees have come!

There ain't no use of waitin'
As far as I can see,
'Cause I ain't goin' swimmin'
Long side a bumble bee
But when the fellers whistle
I 'tend I'm deaf and dumb,
'Cause I can't go a swimmin'
'Till the bumble bees have come.
—Julia R. Galloway, in "Western Christian Advocate."

Two Germans who were crossing the Luxembourg frontier declared to the customs officials: "We have with us three bottles of red wine each. How much is there to pay?"

"Where is it?" was asked.

"Well, inside us."

The official gravely looked at his tariff book and read: "Wine in casks, 20 shillings; in bottles, 44 shillings; in donkeys' hides, free." "Gentlemen," he added, looking up, "you can go."—Der Guttemplar.

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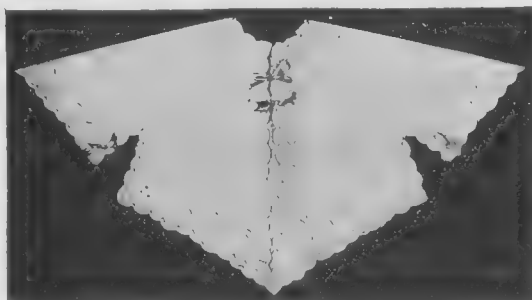
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No. 6401
January Birthday Cushion front..... \$.60
Lace to edge75
Silk to embroider75
Fringe for ends (If preferred)..... .60

Among the gifts to be prepared one usually finds that some of the babies must be remembered and the pretty little Mandarin Jacket shown here is a dainty little trifle. It is stamped on cashmere and embroidered with silk in either white or colored effect, if preferred a silk lining may be added, thus giving extra warmth, the edges of the little jacket are button-holed and pretty ribbon bows complete this dainty little garment.



No. 79
Mandarin Jacket, stamped on cashmere. \$.50
Silk to embroider30
Ribbon for ties15



No. 1457
Shirt Waist Case, made up..... \$.50
Silk to embroider20

The little Needle Book is a Christmas novelty which would make a most acceptable remembrance, the cover is tinted on tan linen, bright red beads are sewn to form the holly berries and the leaves are to be embroidered in green, red ribbons tie the cover together, and a filled needle book is included with the other supplies, thus completing a pretty, as well as useful little article.



No. 6520
Burlap Cushion eyelets and cords.... \$.90
Silk to embroider 1.00

OUR readers, judging from the number of inquiries, are much interested in the Birthday series of cushions we have been illustrating in these columns and the January design will be found very attractive with its effective sprays of Forget-me-nots. These cushions form a most attractive gift, as they convey a very personal idea, the design illustrated may be finished by fringing the ends instead of edging with lace as illustrated.

The Shirt Waist Holder is a most useful little novelty, this comes already made up from muslin and bound with ribbon so that a very little embroidery is needed to produce an attractive little gift, dainty shades of ribbon are used for the binding and the little flowers are tinted. This Shirt Case is just the size to fit into a suit case and thus protect ones dainty waists while travelling.



No. 1490
Needle Book with all supplies,
50 cents.

The Burlap Cushion is one of the useful variety equally suitable for a smoking or living room, this comes in a slip over form eyeletted and with cord for lacing, the design of owls is stamped ready to embroider, the work should be done in padded satin stitch using shades of brown, afterwards being outlined with black. Artificial eyes are also included with the supplies to embroider, and are sewn into place after the work is done, this cushion may be stamped on either green, red, blue or biscuit, colored burlap.



No. 211, ROSES
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Any information regarding the embroidery of articles shown in our Art Needlework Column will be cheerfully furnished on receipt of a stamped envelope.

Articles illustrated in this column will be found on sale at all the up-to-date art needlework departments of the city stores, but if they cannot be obtained in this manner, they will be sent post paid on receipt of the prices quoted.

When ordering kindly mention the design, number and article, thus avoiding any possibility of mistake. Allow at least a week from the time the order is received for filling.

Mother's Letter to Her Son

So you are 21.

And you stand up clear-eyed, clean-minded, to look all the world squarely in the eye. You are a man!

Did you ever think, son, how much it has cost to make a man out of you?

Someone has figured up the cost in money of rearing a child. He says to bring up a young man to legal age, care for him and educate him, costs \$25,000, which is a lot of money to put into flesh and blood.

But that isn't all.

You have cost your father many hard knocks and short dinners and worry and gray streaks in his hair. And your mother—ah, boy, you will never know! You have cost her days and nights of anxiety and wrinkles in her dear face and heartaches and sacrifice.

It has been expensive to grow you.

But—

If you are what we think you are, you are worth all you cost—and much, much more.

Be sure of this: While father does not say much but "Hello, son," away down deep in his tough, staunch heart he thinks you are the finest ever. And, as for the little mother, she simply cannot keep her love and pride for you out of her eyes.

You are a man now.

And some time you must step into your father's shoes. He wouldn't like you to call him old, but, just the same, he isn't as young as he used to be. You see, young man, he has been working pretty hard for more than twenty-five years to help you! And already your mother is beginning to lean on you.

Doesn't that sober you. Twenty-one?

Your father has done fairly well, but you can do better. You may not think so, but he does. He has given you a better chance than he had. In many ways you can begin where he left off. He expects a good deal from you, and that is why he has tried to make a man of you.

Don't flinch, boy.

The world will try you out. It will put to the test every fibre in you. But you are made of good stuff. Once the load is fairly strapped on your young shoulders, you will carry it and scarcely feel it—if only there be the willing and cheerful mind.

All hail, you, on the threshold!

It's high time you were beginning to pay the freight and your back debts to father and mother. You will pay them, won't you, boy?

How shall you pay them?

By being always and everywhere a man!—Grand Rapids Chronicle.

Other Days

The auld Scots sangs, I l'e them well,
Sae tender and sae real, man,
They touch o' hearts an' make us feel
As only Scots can feel, man.
They workin' thoct' o' ither days,
An' scenes oor childhood saw, man,
Again we wander ower the braes
In Scotland faur awa, man.

Again by Clyde's sweet banks sae green,
Or thr' the 'lent grove, man,
At gloamin' wi' some bonnie Jean,
In memory we rove, man,
An' then their witty sparks o' fire
Oor very souls they raise, man,
Frae life's puir diggin' in the mire,
Tae sweeter, brighter days, man.



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Suppose you should wake up Christmas morning to find that some one had put the world of music in your stocking.

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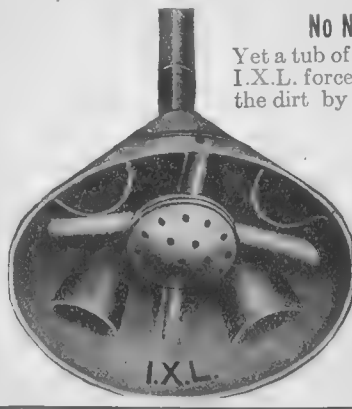
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The National Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.

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Temperance Talk

The Drunkard's Soliloquy

All that's left me now is a bottle old,
A bottle old and black,
With "whiskey" written across its face
And hell across its back.
Yet I grasp it with a trembling hand,
My glass I fill to the brim,
Though the devil I know is laughing low,
For he thinks I belong to him.
Oh, ho! he thinks I belong to him.

Forgotten the ways of boyhood days,
Forgotten are manhood's years;
But the thing I never can forget
Is her face all wet with tears.
To drown that scene I grasp once more
The bottle old and black,
With "whiskey" written across its face
And hell across its back.
Oh, ho! and hell across its back.

They fade away in the distance gray,
The face of child and wife,
And fainter still the outlines grow
Of a noble, manly life.
I gave them all for the bottle old,
The bottle old and black,
With "whiskey" written across its face
And hell across its back.
Oh, ho! and hell across its back.

Ben-Hadad's Canteen

Some men are made immortal by their folly. Ben-Hadad lives in history to show what misfortunes a man may bring on himself and others by strong drink. There were thirty-two kings confederated for the overthrow of Samaria. They had horsemen and chariots and a tremendous host of infantry. With flying banners, pomp, and great ceremony they invaded the land of Israel. The very earth trembled beneath their feet. They would show King Ahab a thing or two! Said the boastful Ben-Hadad: "If my warriors would each pick up a handful of the dust of Samaria there would not be earth enough in the whole city to go round!" Making full allowance for the swagger of this oriental braggart, there must still have been a tremendous army. But all that vast host was ingloriously defeated and whipped back home by a skinful of wine. What Ahab was incapable of doing—rescuing his city from the fury of the invader—the wine glass did in a very short time. That's what comes of having a canteen in the army!

If Ben-Hadad and his thirty-two kings had stayed out of the wine tent the history of their invasion might have had a different ending. The word "pavilions" is marginally rendered "huts." They were wine huts, the canteens of that day. Let the secretary of war and the beer advocates in our army make a note of it. The invisible spirit of wine has wrecked more campaigns than those of the Syrian nobles. Mene, tekell, upharsin, has been traced by many a bodiless hand where voluptuous leaders of armies and nations have made merry over the wine-cup. Belshazzar drowned his kingdom in goblets of red wine, and Alexander the Great was not great enough to conquer the demijohn. Titanic intellects have been swallowed up in oceans of alcohol. At the bottom of the sea lie wrecks of the mighty and the proudest boast of empires.

The cup that inebriates is no respecter of persons. The Ben-Hadads and the Belshazzars, and the Alexanders, and all the nameless, yet drunken potentates of lesser note, down to the ragged, unkempt, unwashed swine-herds whose substance has been wasted in madness and riot, come at length to the yawning jaws of the same wild chasm. "The ways they are many, and the end it is one." He who says, "Drinking never hurt me" has less wit than the inebriate thirty-two in the wine-hut in Samaria. Ben-Hadad, rushing away ingloriously, abandoning his associate generals to their fate, dishonored, disgraced, is the logical end of every general who drowns his judgment, and wrecks the strength of his soldiers in the canteen. No nation can afford to have its officials,

military or civilian, patrons of that which has torn the crown from kings and the sceptre from the mighty, which has only shame for its monument and folly for its epitaph.—United Presbyterian.

Cruelty to Children

Bearing out the well known fact that the intemperance of parents is the greatest cause of suffering to little children, Everybody's Monthly, of January 1st, quotes the following extract from an address given by R. J. Parr, one of the directors of the English N.S.P.C.C.

It is not an exaggerated estimate that 90 per cent. of the cases of neglect enquired into by officers of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children are due to the habits of excessive drinking on the part of one or both of the parents.

It is a significant fact, made evident by the careful enquiry of the Society's Inspectors, that the growth of the drink habit in a parent is marked by a corresponding decline of proper parental instinct; ordinarily kind-hearted people become callous; habits of decency are forgotten, and cruelty sits in the place of love on the domestic hearth.

Incredible as it may appear to those in whom the love of children is inbred as one of nature's best gifts, the development of the selfish indulgence of drinking is accompanied by a growing indifference to the commonest needs of even the smallest children.

The idea prevalent in some circles that neglect of and cruelty to children is mainly due to the poverty of parents is not borne out by facts. Inability to provide the necessities of life does not kill affection as the habit of drinking does, and though it is true that here and there children suffer through their parents' lack of means, such parents often go without the things they themselves need in order to supply the requirements of their little ones.

A Triumph

Mr. Lloyd George, in submitting his budget statement in the House of Commons, stated:

The expenditure on education and social reform was lauded on the other hand by the Chancellor as "reproductive

work promising strength, happiness and efficiency to the nation."

The Chancellor drew an encouraging cheer from the House with the statement that although the consumption of spirits had actually decreased by 28,000,000 gallons in four years, the revenue had increased by \$25,000,000, so proving, he said, that his method of taxing the traffic in liquor was one of the most successful imposts that had ever been levied.

"There are no indications that the trade boom has reached its maximum and there are no signs of over-production," said Mr. Lloyd George, "and taking all facts into consideration I feel justified in coming to the conclusion that we have entered upon the most growing year that British trade has ever seen."

The Chancellor estimated that the increase in the customs and excise taxes would be \$12,825,000, the increase in the death duties, \$7,500,000, and the increase in the income tax and super-tax, \$5,720,000. The balance of the shortage would be made up with the income tax and other revenue due last year, but only paid at the beginning of the current year, and \$5,000,000 taken from the exchequer balances representing money voted for the navy in 1911-1912, but not expended.

The Chancellor estimated that the total revenue on the existing basis of taxation would be \$979,125,000, leaving a margin of \$925,000 over the estimated expenditure.

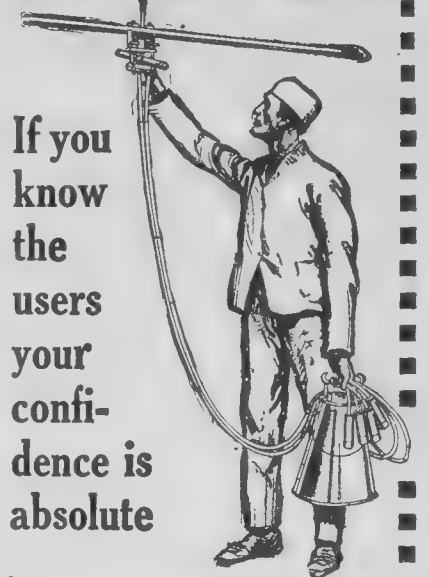
"The cost of armaments," Mr. Lloyd George remarked, "is the largest and most sterile increase in the expenditure, and I cannot see any prospect of this menacing development coming to an end unless some change takes place in the attitude and policy of the nations concerned."

The Root of Evil

The Detroit Saturday Night puts a discriminating finger on the root of political evil in one town. We think that if the municipal problem in other cities were studied with enough steadiness and penetration the same formula would be found:

"The common council of Detroit has evaded the state law as far as it dared. . . . The power of the council is owned or controlled to a large extent by the saloon. Of the thirty-six members of the new council, eight are saloon-keepers. How many of the remaining members owe their election in whole or in part to the aid of the saloon and its agents cannot be accurately measured.

SHARPLES MILKER



America's shrewdest dairy-men use over 6000 Sharples Milkers.

A good example is Hershey, the great chocolate man. He put a Sharples Milker in one of his many dairy barns and tried it out. Then in another barn and another and another, and he now milks twenty-one herds with the Sharples Milker.

Another user is Stephen Francisco, father of certified milk, and the livest wire on sanitary methods in the United States.

A small locality in Southern New York uses over 70 Sharples Milkers—the Province of Ontario milks 2500 cows with the Sharples and many thousands of machines are used throughout the continent.

An average operator milks thirty cows per hour, some milk forty, but we say thirty to be conservative.

It saves money, relieves the help problem nightmare, and insures more and cleaner milk by making healthier, better cows.

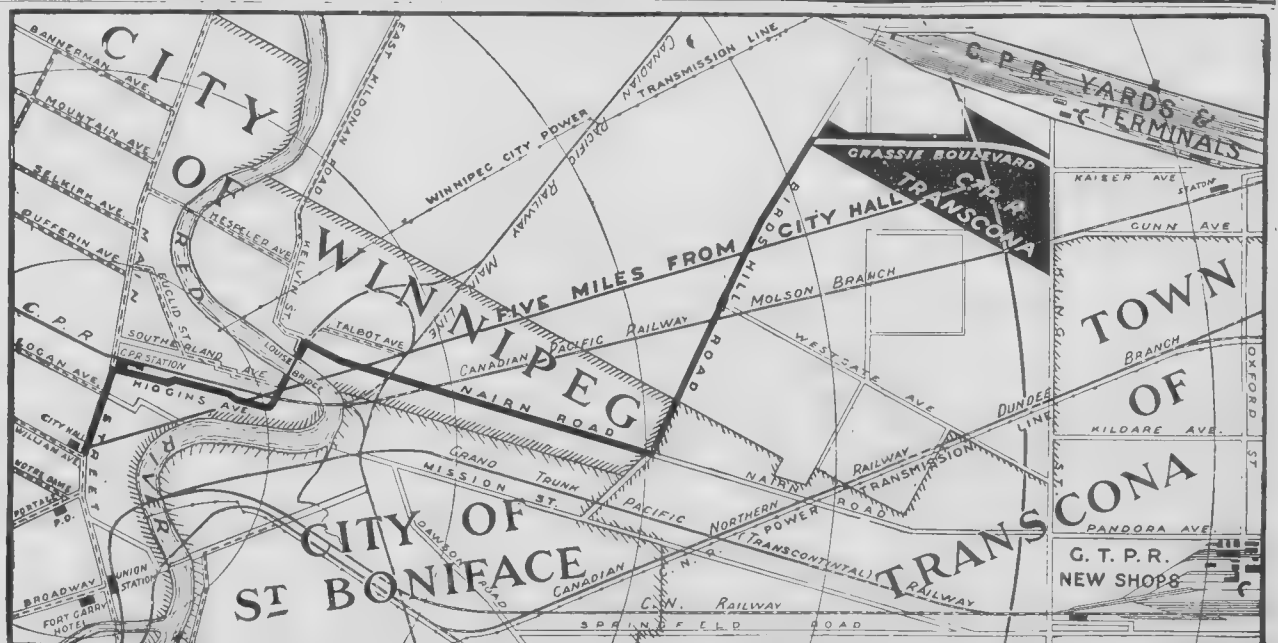
The Milker book is good. Send for it.

The Sharples Separator Co.

West Chester, Pa., U.S.A.

Winnipeg, Can. Toronto, Can.

Agencies Everywhere



The outstanding features of the above key map are as follows:

Our property is shown in black. The straight line between the City Hall and the centre of our property shows the distance to be exactly five miles. The irregular heavy black line connecting with Grassie Boulevard shows the shortest automobile road between the City Hall and the C.P.R. roundhouses. The dotted lines show the electric car routes in operation. The C.P.R., C.N.R., Grand Trunk Pacific and the transmission lines of the Winnipeg Electric Power and the C.N.R. are also shown. Study the map carefully, then write for latest illustrated folder to

WM. GRASSIE, 54 Aikins Building, 221 McDermott Avenue, Winnipeg

WANTED, RELIABLE AGENTS. WRITE FOR SPECIAL SELLING CONTRACT

HOW THE WOMEN OF VIENNA OBTAIN THEIR PERFECT BUST DEVELOPMENT

Dr. Colonnay, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, dispels many popular illusions and upsets all previous theories regarding rapid development of the bust.
Why costly advertised methods fail.

How any woman may now develop her bust at least six inches in thirty days without exercises, massage, prescriptions, apparatus or any similar expensive, inconvenient and harmful methods. The simple home method used by the women of Vienna fully explained below for the benefit of Winnipeg Western Home Monthly Readers.

"No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in this treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust." Thus speaks no less an authority than Dr. Colonnay, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, regarding the remarkable method of natural bust development first used in this country by Mlle. Margarete Merlain, who until a short time ago was so thin and emaciated as to appear almost cadaverous. Her cheeks were horribly sunken, her neck, shoulders and chest showed scraggy outlines of the bones, and her bust was absolutely flat and undeveloped. In startling contrast with her former self Mlle. Merlain is now the proud possessor of face and neck with full and soft rounded contour, her bust has been developed six inches until it is perfectly firm and of exactly the right proportions, and her entire form has the symmetry and youthful grace of outline which excites the admiration and envy of every woman with an angular, masculine figure. A bustless and undeveloped woman always appears utterly lacking in the most essential attribute of feminine physical attractiveness, without which distinguishing feature she appears to be incomplete.

But at last there has been discovered a means whereby any woman can quickly and easily obtain a superb and beautiful bust.

Best of all, every woman has at hand, in the

strict privacy of her own home, facilities for obtaining the same results which Mlle. Merlain and several of her friends have found so simple and easy of accomplishment. There are no prescriptions to have filled, no apparatus or appliance to buy, no time-wasting exercises, massage or similar worthless advertised methods to use. In short, Mlle. Merlain has nothing whatever to sell you, and all you need do is to send for the book she has just published.

By sending the coupon below, as evidence that you are a reader of the Winnipeg "Western Home Monthly," you can obtain one of these books absolutely free of cost, for arrangements have just been made to distribute 1,000 regular copies as a special advertising and introductory offer. At present the books are



not for sale, but you can obtain one in exchange for the attached coupon, with the understanding that you will recommend the method to others after you find it entirely satisfactory yourself, and also write Mlle. Merlain a confidential letter testifying to what the method has done for you. Postage on a letter to England is 2 cents. Send no money for the book, for it is entirely free, but if convenient four cents in stamps may be enclosed for return postage. There is no agreement to sign, and sending for the book places you under no obligation whatever.

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Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W. (Eng.)

I send this coupon as evidence that I am entitled to receive entirely free of cost or obligation, a regular copy of your book, giving full particulars in regard to method by which you developed your bust six inches in 30 days. After using the method and finding it perfectly satisfactory, I agree to recommend it to my friends and send you a testimonial of its effects, but my name is to be kept strictly confidential and on no account to be used, or mentioned to others.

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Note.—The supply of these books for distribution is estimated to last about one month, but if any coupon arrives after supply is exhausted, postage will be returned at once.

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Tone so unusually rich that it thrills you to the very depths. Our wonderful construction and "Reso" Vibrating Sounding Board is the cause of this. Send for full information.

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Na-Dru-Co Laxatives

Gently, thoroughly, and without discomfort, they free the system of the waste which poisons the blood and lowers the vitality. 25c. a box, at your Druggist's.

National Drug and Chemical Co.
of Canada, Limited. 176

Let any interest secure such a measure of control over the affairs of a city as the saloon has secured in this town and you invite incompetence, inefficiency, corruption. This would be true if the controlling interest sold peanuts or potatoes.

Yes, but the mere fact that it is beer and whisky, and not peanuts or potatoes, makes a lot of difference. True, peanuts or potatoes might "invite incompetence, inefficiency, corruption," but beer and whisky bring a good many other things, compared to which inefficiency is harmless. Here is the machinery of a city government borrowed to help stimulate the consumption of a substance which everybody knows destroys the consumer. If the social evil is not largely a commercialized incident of the liquor traffic in Detroit, that city is happy above most others. The saloon-keeper is, of course, merely an ill-paid vassal of the brewer and distiller. The real overlords of Detroit, as of many other cities, are apt to be a few wealthy men at the top of the liquor business; they make their money out of the consumption of liquor and the social evil, and they use each to stimulate the other.—Collier's Weekly.

in the afternoon it is believed, for the last time that he was seen alive was when Custodian H. S. Bailey handed his breakfast in to him.

At about 5.30 Acting Chief Singleton went into the cells to get the names of the prisoners and look them over. He called to Casselman, but got no reply, and seeing that his dinner had been untouched, went in and found him hanging behind the padded cell. The body was stiff, and had evidently been hanging some time. A sheet from the bed had been twisted into a rope and slung over the overhead steam pipes. This had evidently stretched a little, however, from the weight of the body, for Casselman's feet were touching the floor. In his hat, which was placed on the top of the closet, was found a note bearing the written farewell, "Good-bye sweet love. God bless my baby. (Signed), Frank."

He had previously been arrested for public intoxication, and although he had been employed at the brick-yard, he spent much of his time out of work, drank heavily, and, it is reported, made life unpleasant for his family.—Brockville Recorder.



Indian Cemetery, Hazelton, B.C.

Not Needed

The old theory that a liquor license is necessary to make a summer hotel a success is no longer credited by sensible people. As a matter of fact, freedom from liquor selling is one of the attractions of many summer resorts, and is freely advertised as such. The Owen Sound Sun says:—

There is a persistent rumor in the township of Sarawak that a petition will be circulated among the ratepayers of the municipality asking the council to submit a by-law to the electorate with a view to repeal the Dunkin act which has been in force in Sarawak for a great many years. It is understood that the main object of the movement is to get a liquor licence for the King's Royal Hotel. The people of Sarawak should be careful not to become implicated in a movement of this kind, and particularly as the surrounding country is almost entirely under local option, and the granting of a licence would make the little township a mecca for boozers from all parts of this district. A licence is not necessary to the success of a summer hotel; as a matter of fact fully 50 per cent of the summer hotels in Muskoka and other parts of the province are operating successfully without the sale of liquor.

A Sad Suicide

While locked up in the padded cell room of the city lockup at the city hall, Sunday, awaiting arraignment before Judge McConnell in police court on the charge of public intoxication, Samuel Casselman, aged fifty, a resident of Ann Street, committed suicide by hanging. He took his life some time between Sunday morning and two

Something Left Yet

He was a young man, yet the tired lines about his eyes convinced his companions that he had known many a bedless night. But he was among his elders as he sipped his coffee that evening around the fire at the colony camp. The company was made up mostly of quiet men, subdued by a stern fate, who talked little and thought much. This young man, a new arrival, believed his stories of daring would serve him well as proof that he, too, was an initiated, a knight of the dusty road, but to his questions the men replied, for the most part, in monosyllables or left them unanswered.

"I have visited every city in the States; freighted in the Canadas; was with Coxey on his invasion of Washington. I have met all men of prominence; visited with the highest and the lowest—I have seen everything!"

"Have you ever had delirium tremens?" asked a trembling old man, moistening his parched lips and speaking with difficulty. "Have you ever had the tremens?" he demanded.

"No," said the young man.

"Then you never saw anything," answered the old man, rising abruptly from his chair and leaving the room without another word.—The Self Master Magazine.

The Great-West

On November 17th The Great-West Life Assurance Company opened permanent offices at Brandon, Manitoba; an extension made necessary by the increasing business in that territory. The office is located at 44, Clement Block, and is under the care of Mr. R. H. Wright, District Inspector.

"MY ONLY MEDICINE"

Says Mrs. Corbett, Are "Fruit-a-tives"
"They Keep Me In Perfect Health"



Mrs. ANNIE A. CORBETT

AVON, ONT., May 14th. 1913
"I have used "Fruit-a-tives" for Indigestion and Constipation with most excellent results, and they continue to be my only medicine. I am highly pleased with "Fruit-a-tives" and am not ashamed to have the facts published to the world. When I first started, about six years ago, to use them, I took four for a dose, but I cured myself of the above troubles and gradually reduced the dose to one tablet at night.

Before taking "Fruit-a-tives" I took salts and other pills but the treatment was too harsh. I thought I might as well suffer from the disease as from these treatments.

Finally, I saw "Fruit-a-tives" advertised with a letter in which someone recommended them very highly, so I tried them. The results were more than satisfactory and I have no hesitation in recommending them to any other person. They have done me a world of good. I get satisfaction from them, and that is quite a lot!" ANNIE A. CORBETT.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

The Three Wise Girls

We always associate the three wise men with Christmas thoughts. In their search for the Christ-child they stand out prominently in Biblical history. But there were wise girls in the Bible as well as wise men, and their influence has inspired womankind for all time. The girls of the Bible had problems and difficulties just as girls of today have. From the beginning of time through the ages of history on down to the present time there has been the same similarity in the character of girlhood. Sometimes just one act has been recorded, one picture shown in the character of the Biblical girl, yet it tells all that is necessary for us to know about the character.

"One deed may mar a life,
And one can make it;
Hold firm thy will for strife
Lest a quick blow break it."

The Little Captive Maid was one of the wise girls in the Bible. She was torn from her home and carried away into a distant land. In ordinary girlhood new impressions rapidly efface the past. Today we constantly race for the goal of "something new." It requires strength to retain the memories of a pleasant past and still be ready for the duties of an uncongenial present. Western Canada has scores of girls who do live in an uncongenial present, who long for the Old Country home just at this season of the year. It requires courage to take up new duties and retain memories of a pleasant past.

The Little Captive Maid is attractive and wise because she remained tender and unselfish in the midst of a hard life of servitude. When her master was dying she wanted to help him by urging him to place his faith in the Christ. Had she won a place of unusual confidence in this house? Was she not a servant? Is it possible for a servant to win the confidence of the home in which she works? Prove that you can be trusted. Confidence is contagious. The Little Captive Maid took up sweetly the interests around her and yet never yielded an inch from the constant faith in which she had been brought up. The pomp and show of idolatry did not weaken her. This is an indication of a rare and noble spirit. Men are strangely influenced by modest, pure, unspoiled girls. This girl of the Bible touched the heart of a prominent man by her lovely character — and I class her among the wise girls of the Bible.

Then I like to study the character of the Shulammitte maiden in the Song of Solomon. This is the most beautiful love story in history. All girls enjoy love stories. I wish every girl would read the Song of Solomon, for this story delineates the character of a wise girl who sincerely loved her country lover and remained true to him through the attractive temptations of wealth and flattery. I know girls who leave worthy young men in the country — young men they have promised to marry — and after a few weeks in the city they break their engagements to accept the attentions of false, fascinating fops who care nothing whatever for them. The Shulammitte maiden in King Solomon's time was a beautiful, rustic maiden who was carried away from her country home to the corrupt court of Solomon. The fidelity and devotion of the girl remained unmoved by the attractions of the court. They tried to flatter her and bribe her with fine clothes and gay pleasures, but she hungered for the pure, clean atmosphere in the environment of her country lover. All other proposals were odious to her. The genuine healthy country lover alone appealed to her. With her, manhood occupied first place. No Solomon in all his glory could tempt her. Her face flashed scorn at their appeals. Ennobling constancy gives beauty to any face, and

they must have admired her though she would not accept their offers. Her extraordinary firmness to truth, honesty and faithfulness touched the nature of Solomon; a feeling of reverence sprang up in his heart towards this steadfast maid so simple and pure, and he allowed her to go back to her home undefiled and unmolested. The tone of the harem changed before this example of strong girlhood. Purity and innocence are majestic and powerful. When the Shulammitte maid was allowed to return to her country lover to whom she had remained true through all possible temptations, we see a picture of constancy and truth triumphant. She, who had resisted with flashing eyes of scorn all the seductions of the flesh, was united with love and happiness to the end. Men are led by noble examples of girlhood.

Clarissa Harlowe, the story of impregnable chastity and maidenly love, works with the power of purifying inspiration. Men rise from the reading of Shakespeare's Cymbeline, and that constant heroism of Imogen, stronger and better. Paganism treated love lightly. Christianity has taught us to treat love sacredly. Thus do girls in Christian lands owe more to the birth of the Christ-child than they realize. The Shulammitte was a wise girl.

No literature contains a lovelier picture of girlhood in its various aspects than the Book of Ruth. In one of the largest universities in the States a class in English was asked to write the story of Ruth. Out of a very large class only very few knew who Ruth was. I believe the percentage would be much larger in a Canadian college; but I really wonder if girls read the Bible as much as they might. It is crowded with beautiful stories much more interesting and just as dramatic as the sensational stories of today. Why, Ruth was converted by the love of a mother-in-law! Naomi's life and character are sketched in a few master-strokes, but from them the world has learned to love her. Ruth was the kind of girl that draws the world after her — not by a gift of beauty — there is no hint that she was fair to look upon — but by the lasting qualities of unselfish devotion, of helpfulness to others, and of maidenly modesty. She was a girl that humanity loves to remember. Her character illustrates how a religious spirit may be carried into the conduct of daily life. Her life made others see God. At the rustic meal of the reapers everyone was polite to this girl; they respected her for her womanly devotion to what she considered right. Purity and gentleness in womanly character will conquer the most brutal of men. Through all the ages and today femininity has been and is woman's strongest weapon.

Sir Walter Scott, in The Lady of the Lake, takes Ellen into the Guard Room, where the coarsest of men are deformed and fevered from the dregs of debauch. There were Italians, Spaniards, Swiss, French, Germans and English exiles — released from discipline for the time. In this scene of fighting, swearing and drinking Ellen appeared, and the savage soldiery stood amazed as if an angel had descended. The boldest of them all "abashed and tamed, stood half admiring, half ashamed," and this is what he said to his mates:

"Hear ye, my mates; — I go to call The captain of our watch to ball; There lies my halberd on the floor; And he that steps my halberd o'er, To do the maid injurious part, My shaft shall quiver in his heart! — Beware loose speech, or jesting rough: Ye all know John de Brent enough."

There is as much chivalry among men today as in times past, and so it will continue as long as our womanhood emphasizes purity and sincerity in the development of the girl-life. We set the standard for men. The Little Captive Maid, the Shulammitte and Ruth were

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MADE BY THE VILLAGERS IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

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PRICE —
.20 per yard.

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

FREE

The above illustrations give but a faint idea of the many beauties of our PREMIUM RINGS. The setting is ARTISTIC and done by the best workmen. We will give you a sparkling RADIO GEM RING and also a lovely pair of BEAUTY PINS and a FLASHING ELECTRIC DIAMOND PIN FREE for selling only \$3.00 worth of the loveliest PICTURE POST CARDS at 6 for 10c. We have the latest in VIEWS, FLORAL COMICS, also XMAS, VALENTINE and EASTER in their proper season. These cards are of such fine quality and ARTISTIC coloring that you will have no trouble in selling them and winning your premiums, and if you will agree to get some of your friends interested in selling our goods we will send you as an EXTRA PRESENT a MAGNIFICENT WATCH, LADIES' OR GENTS' size, stem wind and set. Write to-day and we will send you the cards to sell. Address COBALT GOLD PEN CO. Dept. R, Toronto, Ont.

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To any Lady correctly naming the two countries illustrated and carrying out conditions below, we guarantee to present as a Free Gift a Lady's Solid Gold Watch, English Government Stamped. Finest jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper, our ordinary price \$15.

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Send your solutions, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply, and stating the name of this paper to DUNN & CO. WATCH FACTORS, 147, Corporation St., Birmingham, Eng.

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Will knit a pair of stockings, heel and toe, in 30 minutes. Improved, up-to-date, with Ribbing Attachment. Knits everything in the home from home-spun or factory yarns. Over 100,000 machines in use. Will knit hosiery with heel and toe proof against holes. This new feature more than doubles the wear and value of hosiery. Investigate our Home-Work, Money-Making proposition. Yarns furnished at cost. Write today for catalogue and samples of work, all FREE. Big Money for Agents.

GEARHART KNITTING MACHINE CO.
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CLEARFIELD, PA.

A COMPLETE DINNER SET

FOR \$17.50

There are 97 pieces in this beautiful set of Orleans china, the pattern of which is one of the prettiest decorations yet seen. The complete service consists of

- 12 Dinner Plates
- 12 Tea Plates
- 12 Bread and Butter Plates
- 12 Soup Plates
- 12 Fruit Saucers
- 1 10-inch Platter
- 1 14-inch Platter
- 1 Oval Vegetable Dish
- 1 Round Vegetable Dish
- 1 Gravy Boat
- 1 Tea Pot
- 1 Sugar Bowl
- 1 Cream Jug
- 1 Slop Bowl
- 12 Tea Cups and Saucers

The usual catalogue price is \$23.30, and we have sold many hundred sets at this price, but as a

CHRISTMAS BARGAIN

for the readers of this magazine we are offering the set for

\$17.50

It is a dainty design of pink and white roses with delicate green leaves and stems in colorings that are true to nature. Just the kind of a decoration that will appeal to the majority of buyers; gold edges on every piece. Nothing could be more suitable or acceptable for a gift.

Robinson & Co. Winnipeg



three wise girls. In the study of their lives one learns the elements of wisdom in womanly womanhood—and this is a necessary Christmas lesson—let us give to Western Canadian manhood the influence of a pure, clean womanhood—our Christmas present to our country.

Wasting Christmas

Thoughtless buying of expensive presents is wasting Christmas. The most beautiful way to celebrate Christmas is the distribution of service. Are you giving real pleasure? Are you giving a part of your service? Or do you rush madly into the whirl of Christmas shoppers and fret at the worn-out girls behind the counters and go home to your family tired and cross? This is wasting Christmas. I have great admiration and respect for the clerks in our Winnipeg stores. I know many of them personally, and they are a splendid class of girls. For this reason I urge the Christmas shopper to be considerate. Why not sit down and make a list of the friends you wish to remember, consider each one's tastes and determine the present you will give each one and write them down with the approximate cost of each. Then go down one day to the stores before the rush begins. This is the most economical method and the most satisfactory. By the way, I do hope married women who want to make some Christmas money will not crowd the unmarried wage earner out of her position. This is done every year and it is not fair. The married woman who is supported by her husband is better dressed and perhaps better nourished than her wage-earning sister; therefore she is more able to serve her customers than is the girl who has a hard time to live comfortably. She robs the girl clerks of sales, and they worry for fear their score card will not stand the test. Many of the steady clerks long for the Christmas season that they may make more sales for their score card. Then the new clerks come in and take their sales from them. This is a common complaint. Perhaps after Christmas the girl loses her position. It has been given to the married woman.

I find so many loyal, worthy girls in our stores. The other day I passed a girl behind the counter. She was not busy at that moment, and she infused the spirit of happiness among the girls around her as well as the passing customer. I looked back to listen to a bright, helpful quotation on contentment that she was repeating. I smiled. So did she. I am sure she is a successful sales-girl. Henry Drummond says: "We do not know what ripples of healing are set in motion when we simply smile on one another. Christianity wants nothing so much in the world as sunny people." The clerk with a smile and courtesy is sure of good sales.

Then there is the clerk who studies her customers. Last summer a customer bought some embroidery and forgot her change. Two weeks later, as she passed the counter, a clerk stopped her, saying: "You forgot your change some time ago. I have kept it for you." Though the customer was a stranger, the clerk had studied her, and had a beautiful sense of honor.

"Are you a new clerk here?" I asked of a bright, obliging young woman in a cloak department. She had a most pleasing personality. When she replied "Yes," I asked her if she had difficulty in securing the position. "No," she replied; "none whatever." I knew that her personality was the best reference she could give. There is a kind of personal pride that lifts a girl to her true level and gives her prestige. It is pride with respect and confidence behind it—pride with enthusiasm and large plans. Unless you take pride in your work, unless you are too proud to do less than your best, you will do inferior work. False pride eats away personal independence and makes one narrow, but honest pride is a vital asset. "Let truth and love, and honor and courtesy flow in all your deeds," says Emerson. Then is the Christmas spirit honored in the true way.

Character in Stitches

The hand-made Christmas present is much appreciated. Girls are busy at this season of the year making gifts for their friends, and I wonder if they realize that the kind of fancy work they do reveals their character. Mrs. St. John, of Manitou, read a paper not long ago on this subject. She convinced her audience that one may judge a woman's character from her fancy work. The girl who selects a poor grade of material and does her work hurriedly and carelessly is inclined to do all of her work in this way. One girl of my acquaintance makes her own dresses. They fit well, but she leaves hooks off where they should be, and neglects to finish her sewing. I am familiar with her office work as well, and find her books carelessly kept, and much of her work is neglected. She lost a good position for this reason—but she never knew why she lost it.

Another girl sees a beautifully painted cushion. She buys a cheap grade of satin and imitates it, or perhaps imitates carelessly a neatly embroidered piece of linen. This girl is, as a rule, artificial in her dress and character; she is not sincere. On the other hand a girl embroiders very carefully on a good piece of linen. Perhaps the piece is small and is not so conspicuous as the flashy pillow-cover, but the work is well done and the material is good. The work is genuine. It is not a pretence of another article, and this girl does all her work well, as a rule. She does not imitate. Her housework and everything she does is accomplished thoroughly. If I were a woman employer, I believe I could judge more ably the applicant from an example of her needlework than from her letter. Think of this when making Christmas presents.

What Shall I Give Him?

Every year at Christmas time I urge my girl readers to be wise in their choice of Christmas gifts to "the young man" friend. First, do not give promiscuously, else the young man may be like one I know who placed his gifts about the room for inspection and named each gift after the giver. When "the other boys" spent an evening in his room the presents were subjected to much ridicule. Then do not attempt to buy your young man friend by giving an expensive present. He will feel that he must give you a present more expensive and may go in debt to pay for it, or worse—buy it on the instalment plan. Young women often lose their young men friends for this very reason. Men like simple gifts. Initialed handkerchiefs of your own work or other needlework of your own pleases them. Make the gift a part of yourself. One girl of my acquaintance is nursing a broken heart because her admirer married another girl. I know why. One Christmas she gave him a silver smoking outfit and a locket set with a diamond. He could not afford to buy her an expensive present, but he did. It required so much sacrifice to pay the debt that he became disgusted with the girl. Then in the matter of engagement rings—do not measure the young man's love by the size of the diamond he buys. Girls do not realize just how much young men sacrifice to buy a diamond for "Kate" that will be as large as "Mary's." One young man went without a warm overcoat to buy a diamond equal to "Mary's" diamond. He has never been strong since that winter. By the way, young men from the Old Country complain of the Canadian girl's extravagant demands. They say they are afraid to take Canadian girls out for they have so little consideration of expense. Girls are often responsible for their own loneliness because young men really feel that they cannot afford to ask for their company an evening because they expect too much. Now, as Christmas approaches make your presents to your admirers simple and inexpensive, and very diplomatically inform him that you do not care for an expensive present. He will admire you all the more for this confession.

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WINNIPEG



Woman and the Home

The Weaving of Fate

Fate at the loom, how the shuttle flies!

Toiling early and late;
Her hands are firm, her looks are wise,
Weave well, O dark-browed Fate!
Fashion a web that is wide and fine,
Smooth and soft, with a silken shine;
The very best, I would have for mine
O, grave, unyielding Fate!

I wound the warp with the greatest care,
Patiently spun the woof,
Sent it forth with many a prayer,
Now I would see the proof;
Such careful work is not done in vain,
Do not tangle my hard-wrought skein!
My heart is weary, and filled with pain,
Give me, my due, O Fate!

With lowered head, lest I read her eyes,
She swings the clanging bar;
He does not heed my puny cries,
Intent, to make or mar;
As well to a brazen idol pray,
For see! I turned and looked away,
And she crossed my golden threads with
grey,
So mercies, is Fate!

I laugh in thy face, O sombre Fate!
You cannot daunt my soul;
God rules e'en over thee, O Fate!

While eons onward roll;
And you shall weave as He doth command,
The woof and warp pass through His hand,
And texture and shade are nobly planned,
I will not fret, O Fate!

—Frances.

Parental Firmness with Sick Child

One of the hardest things a tender-hearted mother is called upon to do is to discipline a sick child, yet if it is not done with kindness and firmness not only the child's health is endangered, but the future happiness of the whole family is in peril. Not long ago a very devoted mother could not resist the pleadings of her sick child for some favorite food, and she disobeyed the doctor's orders in giving it, with the result that she lost her child. If a mother really cannot say no in such a case she should be kept out of the sick room. Children have rights in life, and one of the most important of these is to be protected from foolish maternal affection.

Often a sick child works itself into a high fever by teasing for some prohibited thing, when a quiet, firm denial at first would settle the whole matter. A mother who imagined herself a very pattern of devotion argued for half an hour with a sick and peevish child about a forbidden article of food, and then sat down to weep because the doctor told her sternly that she had injured her child's chances of getting well. The nurse who was called later merely said to the whining child that he could not have the food and then soothed it to sleep at once. It takes two to carry on a conversation, and the child was promptly allowed to remain alone in the room when the whining began. To the mother this was hard-hearted, but the child recovered promptly under the nurse's care.

Then, too, often a sick child becomes a regular tyrant when getting well unless steps are taken to discipline it. "If you don't do it, I'll hold my breath!" was the familiar threat of a sick tyrant, but one day in the absence of the mother the father spanked him soundly for making the assertion. That settled the matter and thereafter the father took his sick son well in hand. If only mothers could remember that sickness is temporary and bad habits permanent in many cases, there would be fewer spoiled children. Many a child has had a fair start in life, but sickness or delicate health has so ruined its disposition as to make it a perfect nuisance at home and abroad. Of course no one in his senses would advocate harsh treatment of a sick or well child, but harsh treatment is not necessary. Merely to be firm and kind and just is all that is needed.

So if fathers and mothers can only remember that the well-being of the child is of first importance and personal convenience or personal likes the last things to be thought of, sick children will likely get

better attention and recover quickly. Dread of a scene gets children many harmful things, but such dread should never be allowed to make a tyrant of a sick child. A little firmness in the start will usually control the patient and quiet him as well, so there is no use allowing things to reach a climax. A calm manner and a quiet tone with the absence of all indecision gives the nurse the great advantage in the sick room, and it is well for all parents to copy the bearing and manners of the trained nurse in the sick room for present success and future welfare.

In line with Mrs. Oswald's observations in this article, was the case of a sick child that I knew of several years ago. He had been very sick and was on a lighter diet. Bananas for one thing were crossed off his list of eatables by the physician. Yet when the child teased for them, the mother yielded in the end, and let him have them. The child died. And the mother said: "It was the Lord's will."—Elizabeth Oswald.

Warm Lunches for the Children

With the beginning of winter the thoughtful, loving mother plans for the children's dinners at school.

There are women who never worry over it one bit. They carelessly butter two or three pieces of bread and stick them together, put in a pickle and a boiled egg and the deed is done. I've known one woman who would put up four lunches in less than five minutes and considered herself a model mother. But for some reason I did not. And I was her children's teacher.

To me there is nothing more pitiful than the thought of so many healthy, happy children becoming sickly and puny after being in school a while.

There are many reasons for this. One is that the little ones are often homesick and lonely, and the unhappy individual is apt to be sickly, whether six years old or sixty.

Mothers can often help here by visiting school and noticing little things that can be worked out at home. The lessons that seem so cold and lifeless will be very different if the little one knows that mamma is just waiting to hear all about it. I remember when a child running till I was nearly out of breath, I was so eager to tell mother a story the teacher had told.

Another harmful thing is impure air. We hear a great deal about improved ventilation, but the fact remains that the air of the ordinary schoolroom (in either city or country) is bad. If I were a school

board member, I'd watch the ventilation even more closely than the teaching. It may save the life of some weakly child.

But the worst thing is the cold dinners our children have to eat. Some schools have already done something along this line, but I'm afraid there are only a few. If you could see some of the dinners I have, you'd wonder how the children have the heart to open their pails. I've often thought that if I had a home and children I'd at least see that they were well fed.

Doctors all agree that food is more nourishing and much more easily digested when it is warm. Also that the more we enjoy eating it, the more good it does. And we know how much better warm food tastes.

But when children live a mile or two from school, giving them something warm isn't so easy. I know that. Still it can be done. And it will be a little more work, but it's worth it.

If it has never been tried before in your school be careful to go at it right or the whole thing may fall through, for there are very few children who would have grit to try this if the others did not.

The best thing to do is to have all the mothers (or as many as will come) meet and talk things over. Perhaps the teacher will help by asking the mothers to come to school late in the afternoon and talk things over after the children are gone. Mother's meetings are so unheard of in the country, but are common enough in the city. It's a pity the country people don't take it up for much good comes both to parents and children.

In this case the thing to be done is to have enough people to go into it to prevent the children who take warm dinners from being laughed at by those who don't. When the mothers see how nice a warm dinner will be, there are very few who won't join in, for the extra enjoyment given to the hungry, growing boys and girls will more than pay for the extra trouble.

I will tell a few things that can be done. Won't the rest of you send in plans that you think worth while?

In the fall and spring when eggs are plentiful, let each child take one or two raw eggs. Some large girl should be appointed to boil them. She can put a large kettle of water on the stove at recess and a couple of minutes at noon will finish the work, especially if a wire egg basket is used. Really, this is the best thing I know of until the hens go on a strike. Eggs are about as nourishing a thing as a child can eat and boiling is one of the best ways of cooking them.

Another thing that works well is toast. If a good fire is built at recess by noon there will be a fine bed of coals. Then if children bring toasters or long forks from home they can make their own toast and have food fit for a king. Toast would be



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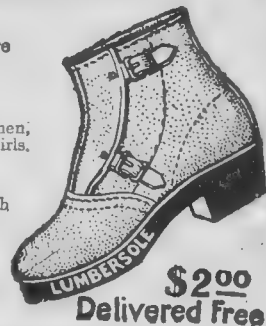
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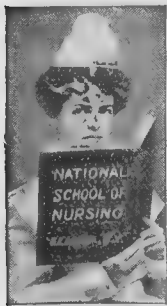
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fine in winter when eggs can't be had for love or money.

If one is lucky enough to live in a neighborhood where everybody likes everybody else, the mothers can take turns in furnishing warm rice or soup. A list should be made out so that each woman knows, at least a week ahead, when her turn comes. I wouldn't advise anyone to go to the work of doing this in warm weather, but in winter it would be nice if you care to go to that amount of work, and live in a locality where it can be done.

If none of these things please, you can at least give the children a cup of hot tea or coffee. Most children prefer coffee, and it is so easy to heat.

Just fill a good-sized bottle with coffee having the right amount of milk and sugar. At recess have a large girl put on a kettle of water having a board or some straw in the bottom; put in the bottles of coffee and by noon they will be just right. And how good the hot coffee does taste!



Miss Violet Asquith, the talented daughter of the British Prime Minister who is taking a lively interest in British Politics

Making tea is even less work. Give each child an empty cup and half a tea-spoonful of tea. At recess have the large girl put on a kettle of water and at noon give each child a cupful. After skimming off the tea leaves it is ready to drink, and more healthful than had it been boiled.

If this plan is tried it would be well to keep loaf sugar on hand and save the work of wrapping up soft sugar. The little ones will be perfectly willing to drink sweetened tea without milk.

Then if the children don't like tea and heating bottles of coffee is too much bother, give each child a tiny bottle of coffee strong "as lye". At noon empty into a cup, fill with hot water and there you are.

These things will all work well, and if managed rightly need be very little work. The main thing is for one or two conscientious women to start the ball rolling.

And really, dear friends, it is worth while. The children will soon grow up and be gone, and then the thought of having helped will be sweet indeed. Anything we can do to add to their health or strength will be bread cast upon the water, which will return to us after many days.—Rebecca Porter.

SWAN LAKE

The October meeting of the Swan Lake Home Economics was held on Saturday, 25th inst., and was well attended, there being many visitors as well as a large number of members. The first item on the programme was a paper read by Miss Conolly who substituted for Mrs. Herb Anderson entitled "A Country Girl's Ideas." It was full of practical and sensible advice and showed the many ways in which a girl may content herself on the farm and the various openings she can find for making extra pocket money.

Miss Lena Gamble followed with a paper on somewhat similar lines but which had additional interest from the fact that it was written by her sister, for whom she substituted. Miss Edith Gamble who is at present taking the second course in Home Economics at the

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It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming, or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different—something delightful and healthful—something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger, and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured, and my friends are cured and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.



I AM FREE—YOU CAN BE FREE

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz, Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send the postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

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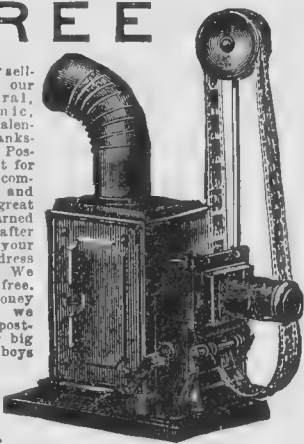
Wm. F. Donohue, Jr., Hamilton, Ont., writes:—"About six months ago my little son's face was literally covered with pimples. I tried every preparation I was told of by my friends, but to no avail. Soon I thought I could not have them fixed up, and would have to wait, and let him grow out of them, but thanks to Burdock Blood Bitters they are all gone, and I gladly recommend it to anyone."

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Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D.

Room 377, 280 College St., Toronto, Ont.

A Work of Love

We are working a work of love;
We have vowed a sacred vow;
We have given our strength to break
the power
That makes our country bow;
Our country, free and mighty,
Our hearts are sore to see
The subtle evil sap her strength
And mock her liberty.

Abroad, her foes she conquers—
At home her sons are slaves;
At home, she serves a tyrant—
Abroad, she rules the waves!
It is true, "No fortress,
However manned and strong,
Is stronger than its weakest point,"
Can strength to her belong?

The foe within our borders
Has many a snare and line,
And many a secret lurking place,
And many a well-planned mine;
From many a well-manned fortress
His banner floateth free;
Oh, Brothers, Britons, Christians!
Ought these things so to be?

Come ye, and join the battle!
Come and take up the sword;
What if the careless mock us?
They mocked our King; our Lord!
Look at the tyrant's triumphs;
Mark ye his blood-stained crown;
Look at his deadly palaces,
And vow they shall come down.

If ye look at strong men ruined,
Body, and mind, and soul,
And say they chose their own mad race,
And have but reached the goal;
If ye say they are but reaping,
Albeit with tear and groan,
The evil fruit of the evil seed
That their own hands have sown

If ye look at grief-worn women,
And say they do but bear
Their own appointed portion
Of this world's pain and care—
Yet, pity the little children—
If ye have not hearts of stone—
Condemned to tread an evil path
For no fault of their own;

Trained in the tongue of curses,
Breathing the breath of sin,
In homes where hardly a gleam of day
Or of truth can enter in.
Oh fathers, mothers, round whose knees
Sweet little children cling,
For the sake of the little children,
Rise up against this thing!
—National Good Templar.

A Mighty Influence

The story is told of a young English nobleman who rode up and down the street one day, in a village of Cornwall, seeking a public-house which would furnish him with a nice drink of liquor. Not finding what he wanted, and meeting a grey-haired peasant returning home after a day of toil, in angry tones he asked him: "Why is it that I cannot get a glass of liquor in this wretched little village?" The old man recognized him as a nobleman, and lifting his cap humbly replied: "My lord, about a hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came to these parts." And the old peasant walked on homeward.

This Girl is a Wonder

You can make dollars and dollars selling Pure Fruit Candy; so if you want more money than you ever possessed, write me, and I will help you start in business. I am glad to help others, who, like myself, need money. People say "the candy is the best they ever tasted." Therein lies the beauty of the business. The candy is eaten immediately and more ordered. You don't have to canvass; you sell right from your own home. I made \$12.00 the first day; so can you. Isabelle Inez, Block 305, East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa.

God lets us have our foolish desire; and thus we find out our mistakes.—Dr. Alex. McLaren.

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Without it costing you a cent, you can have the benefit of my twenty-five years of successful experience—my wide knowledge of Catarrh, its causes and its cure.

Don't neglect Catarrh! Don't let it make you into a worn-out, run-down Catarrhal wreck.

Remember, Catarrh is more than a trifling ailment—more than a disgusting trouble. It's a dangerous one. Unchecked Catarrh too frequently destroys smell, taste and hearing and often opens the way to Consumption. Be warned in time. If you have Catarrh, start to cure it NOW!

Don't think it can't be cured because you've tried to cure it and failed.

Don't waste any more time—energy—money, in trying to conquer it with worthless patent medicines.

Catarrh can be cured, if you take it in hand the right way. Write to me today and I'll give you valuable medical advice free on just what to do for it.



Catarrh Specialist Sproule

LEARN AT ONCE HOW TO CURE CATARRH

Tell me about your trouble. After careful study I'll send you, without any charge whatever, a complete diagnosis of your case which will explain clearly how to get rid of Catarrh. Simply for the asking you'll receive excellent counsel that will point out how Catarrh can be cured, not just for a week, or a month, or a year—but PERMANENTLY.

Don't let this offer pass—accept my assistance today. This treacherous disease has been my life study—I know it in every form and stage. My advice has already cured thousands who now are free from Catarrh.

You can be also if you will.

Read my list of questions carefully, answer them yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines and mail the Free Advice Coupon to me as soon as possible. "I will cost you nothing and will obtain for you the very help you need. I am a graduate in Medicine and Surgery of Dublin University Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service. Address

Catarrh Specialist Sproule

117 Trade Building, Boston

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON

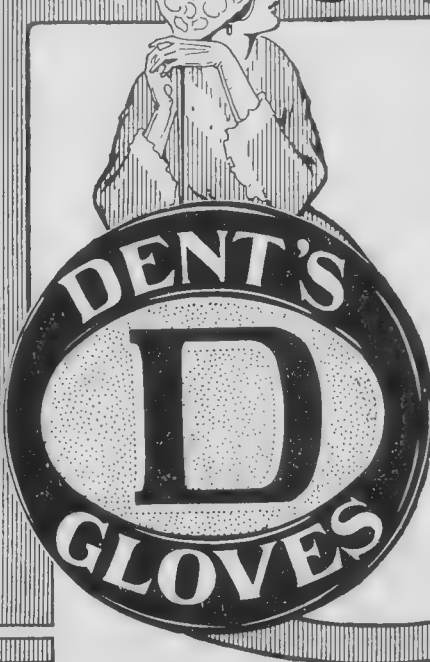
It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from the nose?
Does mucus drop in back of throat?

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

DENT'S GLOVES



Xmas Gifts

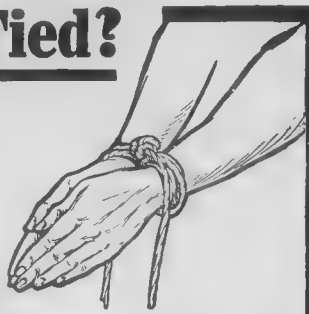
There is no gift more acceptable to a lady at Xmas than a pair of gloves. And when the name Dents is attached to the gift the recipient knows that she is getting the best in quality, style and wear that it is possible to obtain in gloves.

**Insist on
Dent's 2**

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly
Special Rates in combination with other papers

Are Your Hands Tied?

by a chronic disease common to woman-kind? You feel dull—headache? Back-ache, pains here and there—dizziness or perhaps hot flashes? There's nothing you can accomplish—nothing you can enjoy! There's no good reason for it—because you can find permanent relief in



DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

Mrs. Fannie H. Brent, of Bryant, Nelson Co., Va., writes: "I believe I had every pain and ache a woman could have, my back was weak, and I suffered with nervousness and could not sleep at night. Suffered with soreness in my right hip, and every month would have spells and have to stay in bed. I have taken eight bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one vial of your 'Pleasant Pellets'. Can now do my work for six in family, and feel like a new woman. I think it is the best medicine in the world for women. I recommend it to all my friends and many of them have been greatly benefited by it."

Dr. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS
Relieve Liver Ills!

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2nd Prize, \$40.00 In Cash. 4th Prize, \$25.00 in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes, each \$10.00 in Cash.

AND 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY

Below will be found six sets of mixed or jumbled letters. Can you arrange these six sets of letters in such order that each set will spell the name of a well known vegetable. It is not easy to do, but by patience can be accomplished. Try! By sending a proper arrangement you have an opportunity of winning a cash prize. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses published below. Write these six words plainly and neatly on a slip of paper, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time, but as there is **TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS** in cash and one hundred premiums given away it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter.

OPATOT	NIOON	BACEGAB
NRUTPI	RACTOR	EBTE

We do not ask You to Spend One Cent of Your Money in order to enter this Contest.

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received Two Thousand dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, namely, the advertising Managers of the

Montreal Daily Herald and Montreal Daily La Presse, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Below will be found a partial list of the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of any one else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

Names and Addresses of a few Prize-Winners in Recent Contests.

Miss Gracia DeChene, 656 Main Street, Montreal	40 00	Mr. M. C. O'Donnell, 28 St. Joseph St., Toronto, Ont.	40 00
Mr. J. Schuller, 110 LeBreton St., Ottawa, Ont.	50 00	Miss Katie Campbell, Newport, P.E.I.	40 00
Mrs. W. A. C. Orr, 208 Quinell St., Winnipeg	50 00	Miss Daisy Bailey, 124 University Ave., Toronto	40 00
Miss R. Brodeur, 6 Gillespie St., Sherbrooke	50 00	Mr. Jno. W. London, 485 Ross Ave., Winnipeg, Man.	40 00
Mr. Louis Quintal, Charlevoix, Que.	50 00	Miss J. B. Benjamin, 125 Hughson St., Hamilton	40 00
Mr. Alphonse Drouin, Dept. of Sec. of State, Ottawa	50 00	Miss H. C. Powell, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont.	40 00
Mr. J. A. St. Pierre, Arthabaska, Que.	50 00	Mr. Andrew Johnson, Box 102, Roblin, Man.	40 00
Mrs. B. McMillen, 335 Midland St. West, Toronto	50 00	Mr. Norman Robinson, Milford, Iveson, Ont.	40 00
Mr. H. Lloyd, Stanley Bar, Jct. Toronto, Ont.	50 00	Mr. Theo. Humphries, c/o Ayers & Sons, St. John's	40 00
Mr. Joe. P. Champagne, 323 Bolton St., Ottawa, Ont.	50 00	Mr. P. A. Ferguson, 223 James Avenue, Winnipeg	40 00
Mr. G. A. Gaudry, 426 Nelson St., Ottawa, Ont.	50 00	Miss Quinlan R. Stark, 2 St. Mary's Place, Winnipeg, Man.	35 00

Send your reply direct to
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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

In Lighter Vein

Lay of the Christmas Shopper

By Edmund Moberl,

Glad Christmas draws nigh—and we sigh
as we buy—
And our hearts—and our purses—were
ope.

We are full of good cheer—also sickening
fear—
As our cares—and our shekels—elope.

We enjoy a great peace—and our worries
increase—
As our bundles—and debits—expand

While the blithe Yule-tide fun—and the
creditor's dun—
Fill the air—and the mails—through the
land.

The mistletoe green—and the pawnbroker
keen—
Gay enchantments—and needed cash—
lend.

The holly's warm glow—and the debts
that we owe—
Christmas greetings—and troubles—
portend.

Earning Christmas Pennies

"Do you know where Johnny Locke lives, my little boy?" asked a gentle-voiced old lady.

"He ain't home, but if you give me a penny I'll find him for you right off," replied the lad.

"All right, you're a nice little boy. Now, where is he?"

"Tanks—I'm him."

On their Honeymoon

A recently married young woman of Boston was touched by the evidence of thoughtfulness on the part of her young sister who, in packing up the bride's belongings, had included several favorite volumes for use during the honeymoon. However, the bride's emotions were rather mixed when, glancing at the title of the first book she took out on reaching a hotel in Quebec, she found that it was Stevenson's "Travels With a Donkey."

To England, Scotland or Ireland

Thousands of readers of The Western Home Monthly who have settled in Canada have relatives or friends "at home" in the Old Country to whom a monthly visit of this magazine would be like a letter from those who have left them.

One Dollar will pay a whole year's subscription to any address in the old country. By ordering direct and having the paper mailed from this office means a saving of time, labor and expense. No better Christmas box can be sent to friends "at home" than ordering The Western Home Monthly for a year. One dollar is the price per annum, postage prepaid by the publishers. When ordering write address clearly.

A Christmas Query

"Why does Santa reindeer use?"
Asked eager little Kate.
"This time of year I think snowdeer
Much more appropriate!"

There are Others

A big-hearted Irish politician in a Western city had just left a theatre one night when he was approached by a beggar, who said:

"Heaven bless your bright, benevolent face! A little charity, sir, for a poor cripple."

The politician gave the man some coins, saying:

"And how are you crippled, old man?"
"Financially, sir," answered the beggar, as he made off.

Not Dressed Fit for the Party

A proud young housekeeper who had been presented with a piece of statuary was giving a party one evening in Christmas week. Shortly before the guests arrived she looked through the rooms to see that everything was in order. Missing the Venus from its place on the hall pedestal, she asked the old butler what had been done with it.

"Miss Weeny, you mean, ma'am?" he replied.

"Yes, the Venus. Where is it?"
"Well, now, Miss Margrit, ma'am, excuse me, ma'am, but I jes' thought as gemmens was expected dis evenin', I'd better set Miss Weeny under the stairs."

Gave Him all he had

Little six-year-old Harry was asked by his Sunday School teacher:

"And, Harry, what are you going to give your darling little brother for Christmas this year?"

"I dunno," said Harry; "I gave him the measles last year."

When Pat Laughed Last

A short time ago two Englishmen on a visit to Ireland hired a boat for the purpose of having a sail.

One of the Britons, thinking he would have a good joke at Pat's expense, asked him if he knew anything about astrology.

"Be jabbers, no," said Pat.
"Then that's the best part of your life just lost," answered the Englishman.

The second Englishman then asked Pat if he knew anything about theology.

"Be jabbers, no," answered Pat.
"Well," the second said, "I must say that's the very best part of your life lost."

A few minutes later a sudden squall arose and the boat capsized. Pat began to swim. The Britons, however, could not swim, and both called loudly to Pat to help them.

"Do you know anything about swimology?" asked Pat.

"No," answered both Englishmen.
"Well, be jabbers," replied Pat, "then both of your lives is lost!"

The case with which corns and warts can be removed by Holloway's Corn Cure is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.

Children

When Uncle Jimmie Whistles

Written for The W.H.M. by Frances

When Uncle Jimmie whistles.
The winds applaud with groans;
The trees clap hands, in weird-like
sounds,
Suggestive of dry bones;
While, from the corners of the hall
Strange faces look and leer,
And elf-like shadows creep and cringe,
All twisted up and queer.



Displaying Parental Affection

When Uncle Jimmie whistles.
I dare not go upstairs,
Because—just at the landing's turn
A demon paws and rears!
And goblins from the garret come
To peek and squint and grin;
The goose-flesh rises on my spine—
To hear him just begin!

When Uncle Jimmie whistles!—
Rose, Mary picks up pins;
Grandpa sits down and meditates
On hazy, bygone sins;
And father views the smiling skies
For signs of wind and rain;
While mother mutters wearily:
"There, Jimmie goes again!"

When Uncle Jimmie whistles
Some day, he'll sure repent!
When, with his dolorous whistling—
His breath is good and spent,
The imps he conjures with that noise
Will charge him, in array;
In nightmare dreams he'll live again—
That awful, awful day.

The Litenin Express

By Isla May Mullins.

A new house was being built across
the street from where Dicky Drayton
lived, and Dicky had watched the carpen-
ters at work with the greatest interest.
One day he said to his father: "Mr.
Jones, the carpenter, says he will make
me a nice wagon, if you want to have
him."

Mr. Drayton smiled, for he felt pretty
sure Dicky had first said to Mr. Jones:
"Won't you please make me a wagon?"
Then they went over to see Mr. Jones
about it.

When they started to talk it over,
what size it was to be, what kind of
wheels, etc., Mr. Drayton said:

"Now, Mr. Jones, there is one thing
I want to ask you: Do you think you
can make an accommodating wagon?
You see, Dicky and I don't want one of
those red painted things you can get at
the stores, for they are so apt to be all
for fun. They are selfish, and only want
to do just what pleases them. What we
want is a nice homely sort of wagon
that is willing to do kindly errands—an
obliging little turnout."

Mr. Jones looked down at Dicky's
wondering eyes with a twinkle in his
own.

"Why, I am pretty sure I can, Mr.
Dryton. I know just what you and
Dicky want."

So Mr. Drayton and Dicky walked

away hand in hand and talked it over
—how nice it was going to be when
mother sometimes asked him to go to
the grocery for a belated order to find
that sturdy little wagon all ready to
fly around the corner.

Well, two or three days later the
wagon was finished, and Dicky drove
gaily up and down the front pavement
and around the yard, while the wagon
proved so accommodating as to errands
that Dicky actually begged his mother
to send him after things, and the little

turnout made such fine speed that Dicky
printed in big letters on its side, "Litenin
Express." Dicky even carried, with little
brother's help, a monstrous bundle of
clothes several blocks away on his
wagon, and there seemed nothing that
he and the Litenin Express were not
willing to undertake. The little turnout

was simply perfect except for one thing:
Dicky thought he really needed a little
dog to run beside the wagon and bark.

Everything went beautifully for at
least a week, and then one morning when
Dicky was playing marbles with a lot
of boys at Willie Dow's, next door, and
mother called him to take his wagon
quick and go for some sugar which the
grocer had not sent, and which she must
have at once, for there would be com-
pany at dinner. Then came trouble.
Dicky did not want to go—in fact, said
he wouldn't go.

Mother went sorrowfully away, while
Dicky looked in another direction
and continued to say he wouldn't
go. Some of the other boys assured him
they certainly wouldn't do it if they
were in his place.

Then suddenly he looked crossly over
into his own backyard and there stood
the Litenin Express, ready and willing,
at the back door!

With a dash Dicky was out of Willie
Dow's yard and standing at his own
back door waiting orders from mother.
Soon he was off with his wagon, though
he didn't want to go one bit and leave
that game of marbles; so the tears
dropped down his cheeks as he went
along to the grocery. There were still
traces of them left when the grocery
man leaned brightly over the counter and
asked what he would have. The grocery
man liked the little boy very much, for
several times Dicky and his wagon had
done errands for him when it had accom-
modated him greatly.

When the sugar was put up, and Dicky
was ready to go, the grocer exclaimed,
as though he had just thought of it,
"Why, Dicky, you've just come at the
right minute. I've got a mighty pretty
little dog here that I don't know what
to do with. It's been bothering me all
morning. I wish you'd take him home
with you and keep him." The grocer
had often heard how Dicky needed a
dog.

Dicky's eyes glistened in reply till
every tear-drop vanished, and when he

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors.

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for

Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock,
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Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin,
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Cures all skin diseases or Parasites,
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As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.
Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is
Warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50
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SOME men ask for so many bags of
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Others, more careful, say they want
"Portland Cement"—

But the man who does the
best work insists upon get-
ting "Canada" Portland
Cement—

And he looks to
see that every
bag bears this
label

Write the Canada Cement
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treal, for a free copy of
"What the Farmer Can
Do With Concrete."

There is a Canada
Cement dealer in your
neighborhood. If you do
not know him, write for
his name.

and the Litenin Express and the little doggie, who had at once made friends with him appeared at mother's back door, she smiled down upon the happiest little boy in town—"Sunday School Times."

A Good Deed

Harry Blane had been sent by his mother to a neighboring store for a pound of tea. He had just emerged from the gate at home, and started on his way down the sidewalk, when he heard footsteps approaching from behind him. A moment later someone called:

"Wait a moment, boy, I would like to speak to you."

Harry waited, and before he was aware of it, a kind hand was laid on his shoulder, and he stood side by side with a tall young man, who addressed him thus in a polite manner:

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Harry Blane, sir," answered that person.

"Ah, the very boy I am looking for!" At these words Harry became interested and asked:

"Why are you looking for me, sir?"

"Where were you yesterday at this time?" asked the stranger, without heeding Harry's words.

"Returning from school," answered Harry.

"And did anything unusual occur on your way from school yesterday afternoon?"

"Nothing, only a horse ran away," said Harry laughing.

"A horse ran away. Tell me all about it."

"Yesterday afternoon as I was coming along past the church I met a horse which was running away. An old lady was riding in the buggy, but she had lost control of the horse. I sprang to the middle of the road, and as the horse drew near, he slackened his pace considerably, and started to the side of the road, where he could easily pass me. But he was not quick enough. I made

a jump, caught the horse by the bits, and after some pulling and jerking I succeeded in bringing him to a stop. The woman was very much frightened, but otherwise she was unhurt. After asking me my name, she thanked me for helping her, and started on her way."

"You are a very good boy," said the stranger, giving Harry a pat on the shoulder, "and your mother ought to be proud of you."

The boy smiled in gratification, and once more made an attempt to start on his errand, but again the stranger detained him.

"I suppose you would like to know who I am, my boy, and why I am keeping you," he said.

"Yes, sir, I would," answered Harry politely.

"Well, my name is Kenneth Colby, and it was my aunt whose horse you stopped yesterday. She informed me that the bridge over which the horse must have sped had you not stopped him was badly broken, and she was in danger



Enjoying the Morning Spin.

of her life. Now, I have kept you here to tell you this, and that my aunt sent me here to find you, and present you with this reward."

"I do not want any reward, Mr. Colby," answered Harry. "I do not deserve it."

"But you must take it, because my aunt sent me here on purpose with it, and told me not to rest until I had placed it in your hands," said Mr. Colby, drawing something from his pocket, which proved to be a handsome leather purse, which he passed to Harry, who opened it eagerly and examined its contents, which consisted of about fifty dollars in bills.

"This is not the full value of your services but it cannot be fully paid. I feel that you have done my aunt a great service and I shall remember you for it."

"You are very kind, Mr. Colby. I will give this purse to my mother. She will be pleased with it, and call me a good boy, and she will not have to work so hard to pay next month's rent. Tell your aunt I am very thankful for her reward and that I would gladly do as much for her again. And now, Mr. Colby, I must be going on my errand."

"I am very sorry for having delayed you so long, Harry, and if you wish, I will explain to your mother why I detained you."

"I don't think it is necessary," answered Harry, "the present will make amends for all, and now I must be hurrying along. Good-by, Mr. Colby."

"Good-by, Harry."

The two passed on their way, Harry going on his errand and Mr. Colby to his home.

When Harry returned home he found his mother impatient because she had to wait so long for her tea, but when Harry explained to her why he had been gone so long, and when he gave her the money, she was more than pleased, and called her boy by many a loving name, and said that he was the pride of her household.

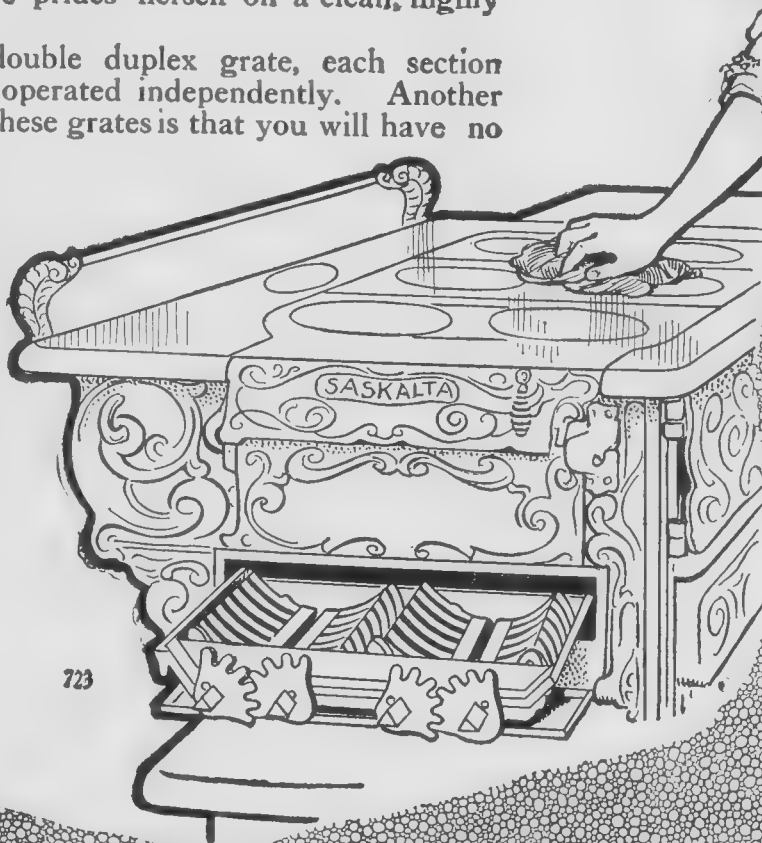


Christmas Delights.

The cooking top is burnished by a special process making the surface perfectly smooth—easily kept clean without blacking. This point appeals strongly to the woman who prides herself on a clean, highly polished range.

The cut shows a double duplex grate, each section of which can be operated independently. Another good point about these grates is that you will have no dead ends in your fire. This feature is exclusive to the Sask-alta and patented.

If the Sask-alta had no other leading features, these are sufficiently important to investigate when purchasing your new range.



723

McClary's

Sask-alta Range

Sask-alta Ranges are sold everywhere by good dealers who back up our guarantee on this splendid range—
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Tommy Chickadee's Tree

Carolyn Bailey

Tommy Chickadee stood on one spot on the snowy front lawn. He was so cold that he kept hopping from one foot to the other and his feathers were puffed out until he looked like a little black and white puff ball.

It had been a hard winter for Tommy Chickadee with the snow so deep that the berries and seeds were all covered up, and very few bread crumbs to be found on the kitchen doorstep. It was Christmas day, too; that Tommy Chickadee knew without anyone having told him, for hadn't he seen the green fir trees being cut down in the woods, and the sleighs full of white parcels dashing by beneath him as he sat on the telegraph pole, shivering, and hadn't he listened to the Christmas bells and the children singing their Christmas carols?

"Chick a dee-dee, chick a dee-dee," sang Tommy Chickadee, for he was a cheerful little bird in spite of being cold and hungry.

"Chick a dee-dee, it's Christmas day in the morning."

"Tommy Chickadee, oh, Tommy Chickadee, look here at what Santa Claus has left for you."

Tommy Chickadee looked up, for he knew the voices. It was the children in the big white house who sometimes gave him food and he was not one bit afraid of them. Yes, there they were, the dear children, Doris, and Joan, and Jack, their pink noses pressing against the window pane and all their hands backoning to Tommy Chickadee.

And there on the snowy window sill

stood a little green Christmas tree, all for one little bird—Tommy Chickadee.

"I cut it down for you, Tommy Chickadee," shouted Jack.

"I fastened it to the window sill," laughed Joan.

"I hung all your presents," said Doris.

Such a fine little Christmas tree as it was. It was hung with strings of raisins and draped with festoons of seeds strung on white thread and covering every branch. There were bits of bacon and fat suet tied with bits of red ribbon and hanging from the ends of the twigs and on the very tiptop was a cookie cut in the shape of a star.

Tommy Chickadee flew up to the window sill and he ate and ate and ate. When he was no longer hungry he looked in at the children who had been kind enough to remember him on Christmas day and he puffed out his little gray breast and sang very loudly:

"Chick a dee-dee," but it was "Merry Christmas" that Tommy Chickadee meant by his cheery song.

Christmas Games

Try these games at your Christmas party. You will find that they are great fun.

Royal Mail—A large room is needed for this game, and all pieces of bric-a-brac should be removed beforehand if your hostess is to continue in a peaceful state of mind. The players stand in a circle, and each one is given the name of some town. The postmaster is placed in the center and calls the name of the mail that is to be exchanged, and while the players are changing places he tries to



A Burden of Roses.

slip into the place of one of them. If one is so dispossessed, he becomes postmaster and the former postmaster takes the name of the city the other has lost. Suppose the postmaster calls: "Winnipeg to Vancouver," the players hav-

ing these names exchange places. Sometimes the postmaster calls three or four pairs in rapid succession so that half a dozen players are moving at the same time. He may not, however, call upon any one city to deliver mail to more than one place at a time. Every few minutes he calls: "General Delivery," and this means a universal scramble, everyone trying to change places at once.

Imitation—This requires five or more players. A leader is chosen and the rest of the players stand facing him. The leader goes through various motions, such as splitting wood, sawing wood, washing clothes, wringing clothes, hopping, jumping, etc., saying with each kind of action, "Do this!" or "Do that!" When he says, "Do this!" the rest of the players are to imitate him; when he says "Do that!" they are not to do so. Any player who imitates the action at the wrong time or fails to do so at the right time is out of the game. The game continues till only one player and the leader remain. The player remaining becomes the next leader.

Christmas Conundrums

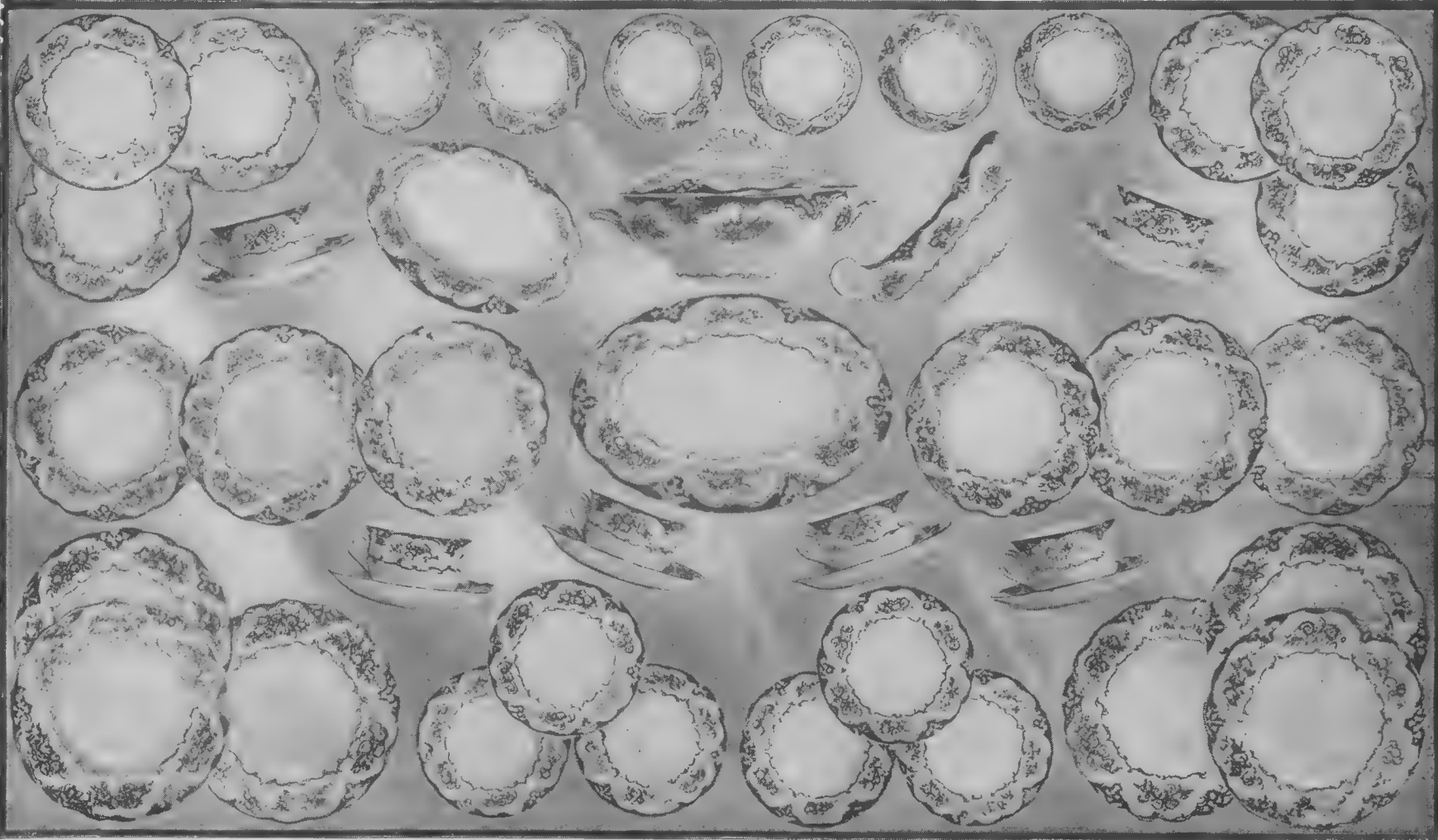
What is the key to the situation at Christmas time? Turkey.

Why is the letter G like a plum cake? Because it makes a lad "glad."

If twelve men sat down to eat one pie, what time would it be? A quarter to three.

Which is one of the longest words in the English language? Smiles, because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

Here is a Great Opportunity for Every Reader of The Western Home Monthly. Avail yourself of it TODAY.



The above illustration only begins to do justice to this handsome combination Tea and Dinner Set, which we have decided to give away Free to our readers.

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, CANADA

Of course, just now my hogs are running on clover pasture and do not need much else to supplement the green feed. A little later, when the pasture is gone, I have some third cutting of alfalfa hay which I will use.

Heretofore I have utilized this in two ways: The easier is, of course, to simply put it in a rack, as I would for sheep, and let the hogs go to it and eat it as their appetites demand. The best way is to run it through a feed cutter and then mix it with swill. This I do when I am coaxing flesh on small pigs or old stock. It is not so necessary with healthy, vigorous hogs. Of course, cutting and mixing with swill adds to the cost of fattening hogs. I give them a little oil meal, not very much, but enough to assist in keeping the hogs in good condition. I am tempted at times to feed a little cracked wheat, but unless I have screenings on hand, I won't do it. This year, of course, we have no winter wheat in our neighborhood, and I will have to depend principally upon corn.

One year I fed tankage to my feeding hogs. I previously used it with growing pigs and found it exceedingly satisfactory. It seemed to help the fat hogs, but not as much as the others, so I do not think that I will feed it again this winter, except to my growing stuff. I think it is a grand feed, but fattening hogs when well along need very little protein except that furnished by the alfalfa hay.

Spraying for Lice.

A few years ago I found my hogs were badly infested with lice. I secured some of the commercial spraying mixture and applied once a month. I then dipped my hogs, but when the cold weather came this was rather disagreeable and sometimes an unsatisfactory operation so for the last few years I have used a knapsack sprayer, and when I feed my hogs in the morning I go among them and see that they are thoroughly sprayed. After they are once free from lice, I am not sure that spraying once a month is necessary. However, it is not much trouble, costs very little, and I believe it pays.

I find it necessary and highly desirable to feed cob charcoal as a condiment. It seems to be very palatable and is easily prepared. I dig a hole in the ground, start a fire, fill with cobs, then cover with a piece of sheet iron. When the cobs are pretty well charred, remove the sheet iron and pour in water. Make the hole large enough to secure charcoal for a month. Sometimes it lasts only two weeks. I find also that breaking up ordinary soft coal in small pieces and feeding it to hogs gives good results.

I find that pure water is very essential to the rapid fattening of hogs. I have a wind pump on the place and the water is pumped into an elevated tank. From this I pipe it to my hog lots, and thus it is possible to have pure water in the troughs at all times. If the troughs become at all filthy I clean them out and wash them thoroughly without delay.

I used to feed cattle quite extensively, and during that time I had quite a number of hogs following steers. The last few years it has been impossible to get steers at anything like a satisfactory price, consequently I have been feeding my hogs by themselves. I think I will again go into the cattle feeding business in a small way.

I realize that my method of fattening hogs is probably no different from that of hundreds of others. I try, however, to have clean pens, pure water, spray to keep the animals free of lice, and then give plenty of corn, alfalfa hay, cob charcoal, etc. If this is done you will have very little difficulty in putting your hogs on the market at the earliest possible moment in fine condition. The time of marketing is somewhat governed by the weight most popular with shippers and to a greater extent by the price of fat hogs in the central markets.

Getting Eggs in Winter

C. N. Whitaker, Van Buren Co. Mich.

Eggs will bring high prices this winter, and farmers who wish to have their poultry yards show a nice balance

during December and January should bear in mind that to bring this about more can be done in a few days during the fall than in several weeks after winter is here.

Start right now and clean out the henhouse. Take out the dirt to the depth worked in by the hens and fill in with clean, fresh soil, so it will dry out before winter comes. Spray the interior well with some good disinfectant. Examine the roof carefully and repair all leaks or weak places that may become leaks before spring. Wash the windows and replace all broken panes of glass with new ones. There will be several months during which the hens will be shut indoors, and everything must be as comfortable for them as possible in order to have them do their best work in filling the egg basket.

Liberal Feeding an Egg Secret.

The hens have probably moulted by this time and growing the new feathers is keeping them thin. The sooner the new feathers are grown the sooner the eggs will come, and to hurry them along as fast as possible the fowls should be fed liberally. Give them all the mash they will eat, and a good feeding of grain at night. To many it looks like throwing away money to practice heavy feeding while there are no eggs coming in, but this is one of the secrets of getting winter eggs. The molting season is the most critical period in the life of a hen. Growth of new feathers is a heavy strain on vitality. As the hen is fed on the average farm it takes her two to four months to recover from the effects of it. By giving her the necessary materials with which to make the feathers so she will not have to take them from the tissues of her body, she will be ready for work as soon as she has her new plumage; often before.

Pullets should be handled in the same way. They are not yet fully developed and will not begin to lay until the amount of food they consume is enough to support growth, with a surplus to go into something else. This surplus will go into eggs or fat, according to whether the food given is fat-forming or egg-producing. With both the hen and the pullet it is the surplus food that

goes to make the egg. The reason the average farmer does not get more winter eggs from his flock is, that after keeping the body in good physical condition the hens have no surplus.

Food Formula for Eggs.

The laying mash has become generally recognized as the most convenient, as well as the most economical method of providing the hen with these materials. The following is a good formula: Coarse wheat bran, coarse middlings, ground corn and oats, alfalfa meal, meat scrap, each 100 pounds; linseed meal 40 pounds, fine table salt 10 pounds. This 550 pounds of feed, costing around \$10, should be enough to last a flock of 100 hens one month, and should produce during that time, at December and January prices from \$50 to \$60 worth of eggs. There is not another animal on the farm that will show this profit from the same amount of feed given in addition to the regular rations.

As soon as snow comes so the hens are confined to the house they should be given a good litter of straw, in which they are compelled to dig for every kernel of grain they get, in order to keep them active and in good health. In the morning give them a light feed of wheat, buckwheat or oats, and about 10 o'clock put enough dry mash in the hoppers to last all day. Be sure it is thoroughly mixed, and remember that when you begin to economize on mash you will get fewer eggs. It is a good plan to have the hoppers cleaned up daily so the fowls will always have fresh feed before them. About an hour before time to go to roost give them a liberal feed of cracked corn in the litter. The exercise they get in scratching for this will get them warmed up by bedtime.

Pure Water and Pure Air Always.

Be sure they have plenty of pure water, and though authorities differ, I do not favor giving them a warm drink. If warm water is put in it will become cold in a short time, and the change from warm to cold and from cold to warm is not beneficial.

One thing more, and this is by no means the least important; pure air night and day is absolutely essential to good health, and, therefore, to good egg

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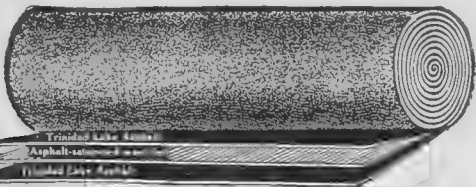
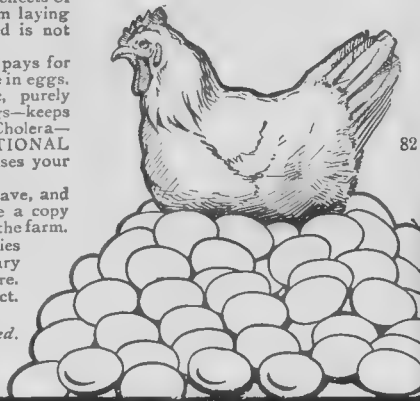
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About the Farm

The Farmer

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by Madge S. Smith.

First Year—Deep down in his heart, he always had been a farmer. It was not his fault that he had never had a farm. It was not his fault that he had been raised in a grimy town, and packed off to work in a bleach-croft before he was of an age to be the master of circumstances. He was a farmer, even then, deep down in his heart. Even in the blue-vat, he saw green, and tended imaginary stock and watched things growing out of soil. Now he was one-and-twenty; and he had crossed the ocean to the country where farms were to be had. And he was going to be a farmer at last. He had not got very far yet, it is true. Just now he was driving a milk wagon on a suburban delivery round. But there was a horse in the wagon, which was a step nearer, and the milk came off a farm, which was two steps nearer, and he was saving money which was three steps nearer. Some day he would get there.

Second Year—He was going to be a farmer. It was all turning out as it was written in the book and in the

Start Fattening Hogs Carefully

J. H. Smith, Illinois.

About this time of the year, or at any rate, around the first of November, I look over my hogs and decide which to fatten for market. Of course, there is no difficulty about it, if the hogs be barrows of the proper age. The spring pigs that have been well taken care of are in fine shape for putting in the feed lot. These are not difficult to handle. To start with, I usually put them all together in a lot and begin feeding, principally corn, in moderate amounts. I give them the run of our blue grass pastures, and some years, but it does not happen to be this season, I have a field of turnips to run them on just before the weather freezes up. This season, fortunately, I have a splendid clover pasture and this, in connection with the new corn, is first class for starting them.

After feeding together for a little while, I separate the sows and runty pigs from the main herd and feed in a separate lot. I give them slops, made by mixing shorts with water, and occasionally add a little bran. Moreover, if we have any skim milk or butter-



A Strawberry Bed in British Columbia

vivid imaginings of his own heart. He had worked in the town, saving every cent he could spare, living austerely and keeping himself very fit. He worked all day, and often did odd jobs in the evenings. Now he had pre-empted a piece of land, bought an axe and a tent, and a case of provisions and started in. The virgin forest rolled down to the thundering surf, challenging him to the conquest. Oh, the joy of realization! He was going to be a farmer now in real earnest.

Third Year—He was a farmer. He had cleared half an acre. He had great muscles on his arms, and a greater courage in his heart. He had also a cow, a pig, and a small wooden house. He had no neighbors for four miles, and he had learned to be content with his own company. He had learned to tighten up his belt when provisions were scarce, and what was better, to troll for salmon in the sea, and to dig clams, and work like a galley-slave on the road-making that helped him to live. The pig fell sick, and he doctored it, and the animal miraculously recovered. The cow had a calf, and he was making first experiments in butter-making, as yet too unsuccessful for any but his own table. He had raised three dozen cabbages as big as his head, and had learned by useful experience to "bust" logs without "busting" his own toes. He could take a man's place in a lumber-boom and shoot his own game; and he knew something about well-boring, also from experience. He was making good. He was a farmer. But then, he always had been a farmer, deep down in his heart.

milk to dispose of, it goes to these sows and pigs. With this additional feed they can run on clover pasture and before very long some of them, at any rate, may be turned in with the main herd. It requires about a month for me to get my hogs on full feed.

Corn Chief Fattening Feed.

In common with other farmers in the corn belt, my principal fattening feed is corn. I find that it must be fed carefully at first. Many of the swine troubles frequently reported as cholera are due to the feeding of too much immature corn. I have never had any serious trouble, but I have always been careful. However, as I said before, do not start in too rapidly, but begin gradually and add to the amount given until the hogs will eat up clean all that is given them at each feed. I feed twice a day, in the morning and between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Sometimes toward the end of the feeding period I feed a little less in the morning and then give them a second feed at noon and the third along the middle of the afternoon. This will cause a little more work than is necessary, and I believe that two feeds a day properly handled will be just as satisfactory.

A few years ago I built a feeding floor 20 x 30 feet, of concrete, this adjacent to the hog house. I can now feed corn any time during the year in perfect safety. No matter how much mud may be worked up in the lot, I keep the feeding floor clean, and upon it dump the corn morning and night. This is one of the best investments I ever made.

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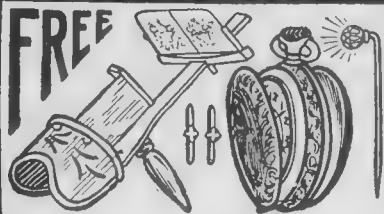
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production. Adopt a system of ventilation that will avoid drafts and yet give pure, fresh air at all times. If the poultry house is of the glass front order remove half the window sashes on the south side and cover the openings with cheese cloth. Remember that pure air insures health, while that which has been breathed over and over again favors disease.

Points of Sex Character

A male animal, if said to have masculine character, must be of a positive masculine type, with a strong masculine head and horn. Weak heads and countenances as usually possessed by steers, should be studiously avoided in a sire. A steery or negative kind of head and countenance is not indicative of prepotency, and an animal of this type will certainly never be an impressive sire. He may be just useful for begetting steers for commercial purposes, but never for begetting breeder's stock. Masculine style also includes a strong, thick neck, wide and well-developed shoulders, broad "chine," wide and full-fleshed back and loin, good, deep and well-sprung ribs, thickness through the heart, and well-developed thighs. These are a few of the chief points which are included in the term "masculine character." Then, again, the word character is applied in the same way with regard to femininity, and a cow

It is important that fall feeding be commenced now before the milk flow is cut down by short grass and scant feed. Those who are fortunate enough to own a silo should give each cow about 25 pounds of silage a day. Every cow should have all the clover, alfalfa or cowpea hay she will clean up. This will amount to about 10 pounds a day if the silage is fed. If silage is not fed more hay should be given. It is well to remember that cowpea hay is one of the cheapest of dairy feeds.

Cows giving over a gallon of milk a day should be fed grain. A good grain mixture is corn chop mixed with bran or cottonseed meal. Corn and cob meal may be substituted for the chop. A pound of this mixture should be given each day for every three pounds of milk produced. The best of cows will not produce milk unless fed liberally on the right kind of feed.

Choosing a Cow

The choosing of dairy cows has been rendered much more easy now that the keeping of milk records has become more popular. When purchasing from a reliable source (which is always advisable), where we can rely upon the cow's record being given authentically and when it is satisfactory, we need trouble no further about her appearance as a milker, as the "proof of the pudding is in the eating."



Panorama of Hazelton, B.C.

should be as distinctly feminine in her chief points as a bull is strong in his.

A cow like a bull, should never have a "steery" countenance, but should look "breedy" and refined about the head. She should be wide between the eyes and have a wide muzzle, but in all points where the male is strong and muscular the female should be refined. There should be a look of sweetness and general refinement all over a breedy-looking cow which is worthy to be described as of true feminine character. The word character, as applied to a breeding animal, includes much that is difficult to explain in writing, but at the same time it behooves the breeders of pedigree stock to see that the animals they breed possess it, and they will always find when it comes to a sale that very great value attaches to it. Likewise, in the show-yard an animal with strong character will always beat an equally good animal without the quality, and in the science of breeding every breeder of experience knows the value of it.

Keep Up Flow of Milk

P. M. Brandt, Missouri.

Butter fat is scarce. The price is high and is going higher. It will pay to produce more butter fat, but it cannot be done by feeding the cows fall grass, cornstalks and timothy hay. It is also a mistake to neglect the cows for a few weeks, intending to make amends by liberal feeding when very cold weather comes. It is important that the milk yield never be allowed to decline. It is almost impossible to bring a cow back to her normal flow after it has been permitted to decline.

It is a good plan to buy when the cow is within three or four months of calving, as one can find out what quantity of milk she is giving and judge for oneself as to whether she has kept up her yield well or not, besides being more easily able to tell whether she is certain in-calf.

I am a great advocate of keeping only pure-bred stock or a first cross. So many farmers seem to keep a herd of so-called Shorthorns, many of them being begging brutes, quite incapable of laying on flesh at all quickly, and which can only fill the pail for a few weeks after calving, and then gradually dry themselves off.

I consider a good cow ought to be giving one-third or thereabouts of her full

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Easy to put on and take off. Fit well—Look well—Wear well. All sizes for women and children.

Buy them and protect yourself and family from winter ills.

Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co. Limited, Montreal.

All Dealers

Every Woman

Is interested and should know about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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General Agents for Canada.

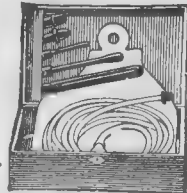
If it's made of

RUBBER

We Have It.

Write us and mention your wants.

UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO. Box 2704. Montreal.



How to Conquer Rheumatism At Your Own Home

If you or any of your friends suffer from rheumatism, kidney disorders or excess of uric acid, causing lameness, backache, muscular pains; stiff, painful, swollen joints, pain in the limbs and feet; dimness of sight, itching skin or frequent neuralgic pains, I invite you to send for a generous Free Trial Treatment of my well-known, reliable Chronicure, with references and full particulars by mail. (This is no C. O. D. scheme.) No matter how many may have failed in your case, let me prove to you, free of cost, that rheumatism can be conquered. Chronicure succeeds where all else fails. Chronicure cleanses the blood and removes the cause. Also for a weakened, run-down condition of the system, you will find Chronicure a most satisfactory general tonic that makes you feel that life is worth living. Please tell your friends of this liberal offer, and send today for large free package, to MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 86, Windsor, Ont.

milk yield when within two or three months of calving again, and require to be dried off by hand.

Among the most useful breeds to keep may be mentioned the Shorthorn, Red Poll, Devon, and Kerry. All these are dual purpose cattle that will, if carefully selected, give a very satisfactory amount of milk, and their bull calves can be turned into excellent butchers' beasts, besides the cows themselves yielding good carcasses when their duties at the pail are over.

Buy Feeding Cattle Carefully

There has probably never been a year when the buyers of feeding cattle were exercising greater discrimination in supplying their needs for the feed lot than at present. Animals that are well grown for their age, and that show evidences of a good proportion of the blood of one of the leading beef breeds, find a ready market at good prices. The steer that seems undersized for his age, indicating that it has been stunted in calfhood, and those having no evidence of beef blood, are touched very lightly and at a large discount, when they find purchasers at all.

The reason for this is that when the cattle shortage first became a well realized fact a great many men all over

of the breed of which the cows are grades. Good cross-bred animals are as good, and probably better, than many pure-bred sires and dams, but this country has not yet reached the real cross-breeding period. There does not yet exist here herds of practically pure-bred cows of the beef breeds, upon which a sire of another of the beef breeds can be used. This is cross-breeding, but it is something very different from changing the breed of the bull in a grade herd, for that is one of the quickest routes back to the scrub. The lesson of the situation with regard to feeding cattle therefore, is the use of good grade dams and a really good, pure-bred bull that shall continue to grade up the products. This, with care in the management and feeding of the progeny, is practically certain to produce beef cattle of the kind that pays.

A Chance to Rise

Said the farmer: "I'll give you work all right—
We're up in the morning before it is light.
And my offer is fair for a boy of your size—
Twelve dollars a month and a chance to rise."

—Eugene C. Dolson.



A British Columbia Cherry Tree

the country bought feeders at the high prices that were based upon the fact of shortage, and found themselves losers at the end of the feeding period. In many instances about all the cattle feeder had to show for the corn he had fed was the company of the steers while he was feeding them. The lesson sunk deeply into the minds of those who thus practically received it, and the live stock press of the Middle West made the truth public for the benefit of others who had not actually tried it. The result is a very general realization on the part of the feeding public that it scarcely pays to feed poor cattle at any price, and that only good ones can be made profitable.

There is still another lesson in the situation by which the growers of feeding cattle, whether for their own use or for sale, should profit, and that is that it is hardly worth while to raise and grow calves at all unless they be well bred and well grown. The well bred, well grown kind pay now, and always pay. The poorer stuff does not pay now, and it is only under exceptional circumstances that it ever will pay. To get good cattle of the paying kind means the use of good cows, of as high a grade as possible, and a good pure-bred bull,

Worms are encouraged by morbid conditions of the stomach and bowels, and so sub-sist. Miller's Worm Powders will alter these conditions almost immediately and will sweep the worms away. No destructive parasite can live in contact with this medicine, which is not only a worm destroyer, but a health-giving medicine most beneficial to the young constitution, and as such it has no superior.

The Best Kind of Sow

In selecting sows they need not all necessarily be pure breds, but should have a good dash of the Berkshire breed in them. They should be roomy, lengthy, well shaped and for breeding purposes, with at least 12 teats. They should be put to a well-bred Berkshire boar. It is important that the sire should, in all cases, be pure-bred. As pigs are liable to degenerate from inbreeding, new blood may be introduced periodically with advantage. The Tamworth boar will also produce good results from such sows. The young will mature early and give a fine mixed quality of flesh—lean and fat. The improved Berkshire is generally, however, preferred to all other breeds, although the Poland China, Large White Yorkshire (cool climate) and Essex breeds will give good results under close attention.

Pig Manure

Few farmers, says the Victorian (Australia) Dairy Inspector, appear to realize the value of pigs' manure, or we would not see so much going to waste as is the case on the majority of the farms in this State. Most farmers have proved that increased returns are obtainable by manuring crops with some purchased artificial manure, but do not trouble to conserve the more valuable material they have in their piggeries, for besides this containing all the

King George's Navy PLUG



10¢

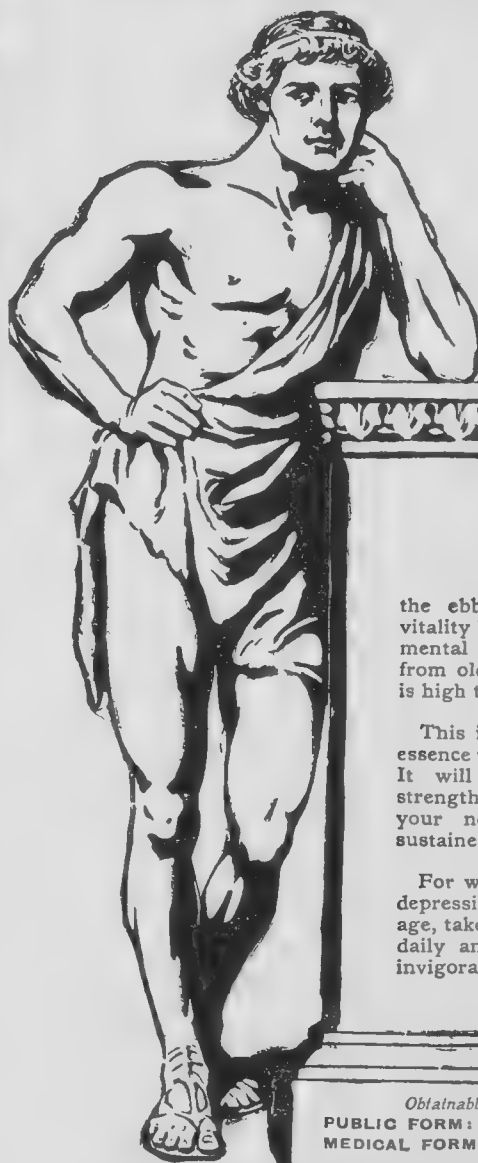
KING GEORGE NAVY PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

It surpasses all others in quality and flavour because the process by which it is made differs from others.—It is deliciously sweet and non-irritating.

SOLD EVERYWHERE: 10c A PLUG

ROCK CITY TOBACCO Co., Manufacturers, QUEBEC



DEFY

the ebb. When you feel your vitality becoming weakened, or your mental activity lessening, whether from old age, overwork or worry, it is high time to take "Sequarine."

This incomparable organic tonic essence will regenerate your powers. It will build up your tissues, strengthen your muscles and steady your nerves—in fact, give you sustained new life.

For weakness, lassitude, nervous depression, signs of advancing old age, take a few drops of "Sequarine" daily and note its wonderful re-invigorating influence.

Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores
PUBLIC FORM: \$1.75 per Bottle
MEDICAL FORM: \$2.00 per Box of 4 Ampoules

If your druggist cannot supply you send the money to The Lyman Brothers & Co., Ltd., 71 Front Street, East, Toronto, who will mail it to you. Postage on the public form 7 cents, and on the Injection form 4 cents.

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly
Write for special clubbing offers

chemical elements required by growing crops, it is teeming with myriads of micro-organisms which are necessary to enable the plants to make use of the food supplied. It should be understood by pig feeders that every ton of feed bought and fed represents so much more manure made available in a more valuable form than it was originally.

Indication of Prepotency

It may be argued from the commercial point of view that provided a good bull, for example, is possessed of a good straight top and underline, good level flesh, and all the rest of it, whatever difference of his value can it make whether he is possessed of character or not? It just makes this difference—that if a well-bred animal has no character, then he is "common," and his qualities would give no indication of prepotency or the power to impress his qualities on his offspring. Therein lies the power and the importance of character. Without it there is not much likelihood of propotency, and moreover, a male animal possessed of strong character will not only impress upon his offspring his own likeness, but will also impress upon them the good qualities of his ancestors and any good points that may be lying dormant if not exposed in himself. The supreme value of style in a sire was never better exemplified than in the case of Belvedere, nor, for that matter, is there any better example of the true breeder's eye and genius than the story of Thomas Bates and his purchase of Belvedere. He heard of the bull and of his breeding, and the blood being what

he particularly wanted at the time he went to purchase him if he was good enough. It is said that when Bates passed by the barn door over which the head of Belvedere was protruding and saw it, he was determined to secure him at any price, and, in fact, did. It is not every man who would settle a matter like that by just a glimpse at a bull's countenance, but that was enough for the genius of Thomas Bates. He saw in the head and countenance character and prepotency, and the result was the production of Shorthorns which made the breed famous the world over.

Character is never seen in other than highly-bred stock. Cross-bred animals never possess it, even though they may be the cross of a pedigree bull and cow of different breeds. They may possess quality in the greatest degree, but they will not possess character; and when one sees otherwise good cattle with a common look about them, it can generally be assumed that there has been a bad cross in the pedigree somewhere.

It very often happens that sires with strong character are not by any means perfect in form—in other words, are not "show" animals; but any experienced breeder knows full well that an animal with a few faults and possessed of individuality in a marked degree is much more likely to prove a good and impressive sire than a "show" animal with a common head and countenance. The good point in a sire is that he should be impressive, and that he should bestow not only his own good qualities, but the good qualities of his ancestors on his progeny, but this can never be expected from a common-looking animal, however good he may be in form and flesh.

Food for Hens

Hens, as a rule, are kept much too fat, especially when they are not laying. When fowls are inactive and standing in a heap, it is one of the best proofs that they are overfed, and when they are underfed, they are almost sure to be on the move, especially when they see anyone about.

It must be remembered that when a fowl is laying her system has to be supported just the same as when she is not laying, beside being supplied with the material or substance to make the eggs. In the evening the birds require a feed of sound grain and next to this, oats. In some cases where the grain is mixed for them—such as wheat, barley, and Indian corn—they will eat the wheat and Indian corn and leave the barley. When they do this the barley should be given alone. Good oats, weighing from 42 lbs. to 46 lbs. per bushel, are most nourishing for fowls; but these should always be separate from other grain. In cold weather, or on wet days, it is a good plan to go round and scatter a handful of oats in every poultry house or covered run amongst the litter after breakfast, as this gives them scratching exercise and varies their systems and prevents them standing about on cold days. When it is raining, they go in for shelter and scratch for the oats.

Green Fly

I made an attempt to get rid of the green fly by washing them off (writes a correspondent) I got a bowl full of

water and a soft brush with long bristles. An old clothes brush will do. Hold the spray which you wish to treat, dip the brush in the water, and brush until you have washed off every fly you can see. Look it over again in a week's time, and repeat the treatment if flies are present. A third washing may be necessary. After the third time my flowers were free from green fly all the summer. It seemed I had killed the breeders. Try this method on small rose bushes, but take care to throw the water down the drain. Don't let it go on the soil, or the fly will return and your labor will be wasted.

When Judging a Horse

In judging a horse he should always be made to stand still. Defects in the limbs or feet that would be unnoticed while in motion will, says a contemporary, be plainly seen by his care to rest weak or diseased muscles when standing still. If perfectly sound he will stand firmly on all his legs, the feet flat on the ground and without moving. If one heel is raised, disease of the navicular bone, or at least tenderness, is probable.

A Household Medicine.—They that are acquainted with the sterling properties of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the treatment of many ailments would not be without it in the house. It is truly a household medicine and as it is effective in dealing with many ordinary complaints it is cheaper than a doctor. So keep it at hand, as the call for it may come most unexpectedly.

A Message to Men Who Are Weak and Ailing

The failure of medicine of quacks, and even of other so-called electric belts is no argument against Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. No other treatment, no other belt, is in the same class with it. Everything else may fail, but Dr. McLaughlin's Belt will cure. IT HAS CURED THOUSANDS WHO TRIED OTHER REMEDIES WITHOUT SUCCESS.

Here's an Offer That
No Weak Man Can
Afford to Miss

Everybody Admires
and Honors a
Strong Man

Are You One?



If You Are Tired of
Useless Drugging
Come Now.

Do You Want to Be
"A Man Among Men?"

WRITE TODAY

This is a message to men. It is to men who want to feel like men, to look like men and act like men. This is to men who lack courage, whose nerves are shaken, whose brains are muddled, ideas confused, sleep restless, confidence gone, spirits low and easily depressed, who are backward, hesitating, unable to venture because they are afraid of failure, who want somebody to decide for them, who are weak, puny and restless. It is to men who have part or all of those symptoms, and want new life, new force, new vigor.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

is no longer an experiment. It is hailed by thousands with loud praise, because it has cured them. "It cured me. I am well and strong as ever. What more could one ask?" writes a man with a heart full of gratitude.

Do not be in error. This grand appliance is like no other. It is new. It has all the good points that are known in electricity. It gives a powerful current, but does not burn or blister, because my special cushion electrodes make the current a warm, gentle glow, which exhilarates and relieves at once.

Dear Sir,—You can use this testimonial if you wish, for after wearing your Belt for two months, I feel sure I am cured. I believe it is the surest and quickest cure known. I feel twice as strong as I did when I left Collingwood, Ont., which was about two weeks or more ago. Thanking you for your kindness, I remain, WILLIAM SHERWOOD, Brandon, Man.

Dear Sir,—I am glad to tell you that after using your Belt for forty days I am completely cured, and I highly recommend it to anyone troubled with backache or any other troubles. I remain, yours very truly, HORMISDOS LAMOUREUX, Lamoureux, Alta.

Dear Sir,—After giving your Belt a fair trial I now drop you these few lines to let you know how much good your Belt has done for me. I am glad to say that my back and stomach are all right. I can sleep fine all night and eat well also. I think your Belt is all right. I would

not part with it for its weight in gold. Hoping you will excuse me for not writing sooner, I am yours truly, F. L. COGHLAN, Edmonton, Alta.

Dear Sir,—Your Belt is great. As soon as I put it on I could feel the glow of warmth in my stomach and back. The Belt is all you claim it to be; in fact, more. It is Nature's own remedy and a good one, for I am feeling twice the man already—no emissions—no pains.—THOMAS MURRAY, 152 Gladstone St., Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir,—My Indigestion has quite disappeared, and my kidneys are free from pain. I no longer feel any weakness in my spine, and my appetite has returned, so that I can enjoy as good a meal as any man my size. I have gained five pounds in weight. I am also free from diarrhoea, which was severe during the summer months. I am most thankful to say that the Belt has about cured me of other weaknesses. I believe your Electric Belt is a genuine success.—A. P. HICKLING, St. James, Man.

Free Book

If you cannot call, then fill out this Coupon, mail it to me, and I will mail you, free, sealed, and in plain envelope, my book, which contains many things you should know, besides describing the price of the appliance and numerous testimonials. Business transacted by mail, or at office only.—No agents.

Now, if you suffer, do not lay this aside and say you will write later. Act today—NOW.

Put Your Name on this Coupon and send it in.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 237 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Send me your Free Book, closely sealed, and oblige.

Name Address

Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1903 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case. I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 29, Gurney Bldg.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.
—Pub.

Don't Wear a Truss!



C. E. BROOKS, the Discoverer of the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that cures rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. **Sent on trial to prove it.** Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today. **C. E. BROOKS, 1705 State St., Marshall, Mich.**

APIOL & STEEL for Ladies' PILLS

the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores **MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist. SOUTHAMPTON, ENG**

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write today for my free treatment. **MRS. F. E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, Ont.**

LADIES

A safe, reliable and effectual monthly medicine. A special

favorite with married ladies. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of \$1.00. Correspondence confidential. **J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.**

C. & G. KEARSLEY'S ORIGINAL WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS

Prompt and reliable, for Ladies. The only genuine. **AWARDED CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at the Tasmanian Exhibition 1891. 100 Years' Reputation.** Ordered by Specialists for the Cure of all Female Complaints. Sold in Bottles 40c and 90c. Agents: **THE GORDON MITCHELL DRUG CO., Main St., Winnipeg.** Mfrs.: **C. & G. Kearsley, 42 Waterloo Road, London, Eng.**

USE ABSORBINE JR. LINIMENT
Swollen Varicose Veins Painful, Knotted, Tortuous, Ulcerated, Ruptured, Bad Legs, Milk Leg, Thrombosis, Elephantiasis. It takes out the inflammation, soreness and discoloration; relieves the pain and tiredness; reduces the swelling, gradually restoring part to normal strength and appearance. **ABSORBINE JR.** is a mild, safe, pleasant antiseptic liniment, healing and soothing. Severe cases where veins have ulcerated and broken have been completely and permanently cured. First few applications of **ABSORBINE JR.** will give relief and prove its merit. \$1.00 and \$2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Detailed directions, reports on recent cases and **Book 6 G** free on request. **It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q.**

Scotch Column

The news frae Moidart cam yestreen
Will soon gar mony ferlie;
For ships o' war hae just came in,
And landed Royal Charlie!
Come through the heather, around him
gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early!
Around him cling, wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be King but Charlie?
—Unknown.

The Kilt. After the "Prince Charlie" escapade, the wearing of the kilt was prohibited by statute. In 1782 this senseless and tyrannical law was repealed. The kilt again became common and fashionable; but it was the influence of Scott's romances that more than any other one thing, led to its present position of respect and honor.

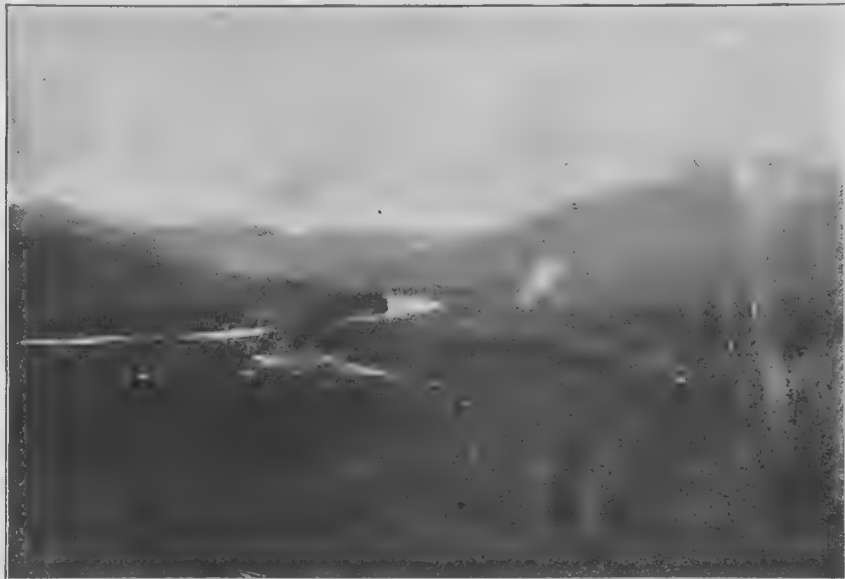
Syboes. "What way do you married women no come to kirk?"
"O, we hae to stay at hame to mak the kail for the gudeman!"
"Mak them on Saturday; and warm them up after kirk!"
"They'll no keep; they'll be sour!"
"Pit neither leeks nor syboes in them, and I caution them!" replied the minister. Whether the absence of "syboes" (onions) wrought a reformation in the matter, we are not told.

Women Teaching. The other day Carlisle School Board appointed two lady teachers by lot. There were over a hundred applications for the two vacancies.

July and to 21st August was very hot and dry in Scotland. Many of the rivers were very shrunken. For instance, the Tay at Perth was said to have been lower than for twenty-six years previously.

Oh, sister, there are midnight dreams
That pass not with the morning;
Then ask not why my reason swims,
In a brain sae wildly burning!
And ask not why I fancy how
Yon wee bird sings wi' sorrow;
For blude lies mingled wi' the dew,
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow!
—Henry Scott Riddell.

"Heard ye no, that Maggie Flyter
waukened this mornin' an' faund her
guidman aed beside her!"
"Ech me! what a waukening; and her
no to hae her breakfast either!"
"Her breakfast, ye haver! what gude
wad that hae dune her?"
"It's you that's the haver! If she
had had her breakfast afore she waukened,
she could hae stooden it better!"



Bird's Eye View of Lorne Creek, B.C.

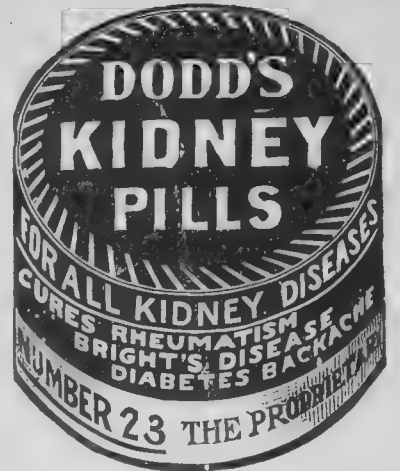
The Gaelic. The Glasgow Herald says: "The present fad among would-be Highlanders is to have a hybrid name—half Gaelic and half English. And those who were baptised plain John Macdonald and James Macgregor now sign themselves Ian Macdonald and Hamish Macgregor."

After Burns! An Ayrshire poet, (a very long way after Burns!) thus allowed his Pegasus to kick over the traces:—
"Unmanly, shameless, worthless villain,
Devoid o' every finer feelin',
Who with a base affected grace,
Applauds thy brother to his face,
Admires his humor, shares his plack,
And cuts his throat behind his back!"

The New Act. Under the new Act for Scotland, the "pubs" are not to be open for the public till 10 a.m. The funny man, in a Glasgow paper, says: "It juist comes to this, man, that when the new Act comes intae force, a Scotsman'll no be able tae get drunk unless he maks up his mind tae keep dead sober a' the time he's drinkin'!"

Burns.
If Independence in the heart
Has ever won its measure
If loves and lives of manly men
Have given the world a treasure
If on the brow of honest worth
A halo has been lighted
Thank Burns! who taught that never-
more
Should man by man be slighted!
W. Wye Smith.

Away with Depression and Melancholy.—These two evils are the accompaniment of a disordered stomach and torpid liver and mean wretchedness to all whom they visit. The surest and speediest way to combat them is with **Parmelee's Vegetable Pills**, which will restore the healthful action of the stomach and bring relief. They have proved their usefulness in thousands of cases and will continue to give relief to the suffering who are wise enough to use them.



French Doll FREE

to the little girl selling 80 sets of our Birthday, Floral, Scenic, Comic, (Christmas, Valentine, Easter, Thanksgiving in season), Postal Cards, (6 in set for 10c.) the doll has sleeping eyes, long flowing curls, jointed limbs, very daintily dressed. Send your name and address to-day plainly written, we will send cards free. Return us money when sold and we will mail doll post paid. Get big catalogue of free premiums for boys and girls. **Toronto Novelty Co. Dept. 100 Toronto, Ont.**



SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. **Duties.**—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. **Duties.**—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior,

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W.86 Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

WANTED

Reliable parties to do **Machine Knitting** for us at home. \$7 to \$10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address:

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A Splendid Selection of Entertaining and Instructive Books!

Each Book consists of a Handsome Octavo Volume of 64 Large Double-Column Pages, Neatly Bound in Attractive Paper Covers.

We take pleasure in announcing that, by special arrangement with a leading New York publishing house, we are enabled to offer to our patrons the splendid list of books enumerated below. These books have been specially selected with a view to meet the needs of the masses, the design being to present so great a variety that all classes of readers will be pleased. No man or woman can fail to be profited by the possession of these books; no home should be without some of them. Each book consists of a handsome octavo volume of 64 double-column pages, nicely printed and bound in attractive paper covers. Many of them are handsomely illustrated. Brief descriptions are appended:

No. h41. **Famous Dialect Recitations.** A large collection of humorous and other recitations in the Irish, Dutch, Negro and Yankee dialect, both in prose and verse. A compilation of some of the most popular recitations, both old and new, ever written.

No. h23. **The Widder Doodle's Love Affair, and Other Stories,** by Josiah Allen's Wife. This book contains fifteen complete stories, descriptive of the laughable doings of the Jonesville folks, by that incomparable humorist, Josiah Allen's Wife.

No. h26. **Popular Plays and Farces for Amateur Theatricals.** Contains those sterling comedies: "Turn Him Out," "Box and Cox," "Popping the Question," "That Rascal Pat," "A Kiss in the Dark," "A Regular Fix," "My Turn Next," and "The Loan of a Lover"—in all, eight, complete plays.

No. h35. **The Ladies' Guide to Beauty.** This book contains minute and practical instructions accompanied by many valuable recipes, for securing a handsome form, a clear and smooth skin, a beautiful complexion, beautiful hair, etc., etc.

No. h7. **Mrs. Partington's Grab-Bag,** the contents of which are very, very funny. The last and best book written by B. P. Shillaber, the original Mrs. Partington.

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The Home Doctor

Look After the Teeth

Physicians now claim that bad teeth are a fruitful cause of disease. Decayed teeth furnish a pleasant environment for the festive germ. A recent article in a medical magazine credits such diseases as typhoid fever, appendicitis and rheumatism in many instances to a bad condition of the teeth. Two years ago an experiment was made in Marion School, Cleveland, Ohio, to determine the effect of poor teeth upon the mental condition. It was found that children suffering from disorders of the teeth after being properly treated showed an improvement in their school work amounting to an average of fifty-seven per cent.

Health Training for the Child

I think it might be well to lay down a few rules that will apply to the child. No time can be better spent for the prevention of tuberculosis than in teaching cleanly habits to young children. It should be the constant aim of parents

15. Never cough or sneeze in a person's face. Turn your face to one side and hold a handkerchief before your mouth.

16. Have your own drinking cups whenever possible.

17. Breathe only fresh air day and night, simply avoid draughts.

18. Breathe, sit, stand and walk correctly. In so doing you will do more to prevent consumption than all the physicians combined. A good pair of lungs is the most efficient barrier to this disease.

19. Go to bed early, rise early, take plenty of physical culture, helping father and mother before and after school with the chores.

20. Study physiology to know how to use rightly and take proper care of every part of the body.

Playing

To learn to play, and indeed to play is an art, and one which is less known in this country than it should be. Older nations know how to play. In Canada we are not yet certain enough of our-



Giants' Pot Holes of the Maligne George, Jasper Park.

and teachers to keep the hair, hands and nails clean, to prevent the picking of the nose and the scratching of the abraded surfaces. Sanitary instructions now being introduced into our public schools promise much for the men and women of tomorrow.

The following brief presentation of simple health rules was made by the Hawthorne Club, a group of tenement-house children in Boston. The twenty axioms are as follows:

1. Health is wealth.
2. Do not put pins into your mouth.
3. Do not hold money in your mouth.
4. Do not put your fingers in your mouth.
5. Do not put pencils in your mouth or wet them with your lips.
6. Do not wet your fingers in your mouth when turning the leaves of books.
7. Do not put anything in your mouth except food or drink.
8. Never spit on your slate or on the floor or sidewalk.
9. Do not pick your nose or wipe it with your hand or sleeve.
10. Keep your face and hands and finger nails clean.
11. Keep the interior of your body clean by allowing nothing to get into it except in pure food and pure drink.
12. Do not keep your rubbers on in school.
13. Do not sit with wet feet or damp clothing, resort to the stove or register until they are dry.
14. Do not swap parts of apples, candy, chewing gum, half-eaten food, whistles, or anything that is to be put into the mouth.

selves to do it. The foreigners in our midst know how. Go out to a public park on a holiday and observe the Norwegians dancing on the green to the accompaniment of songs that sound strangely like Grieg. Observe the newly arrived coster in a gathering of his kind in some quiet holiday place. Notice the Italian, the Hungarian, the Galician, the Icclander, and even our despised Doukhobors. They have their songs, their dances, their games, their jokes old as their race. We admire the abandon of the French, but if we English-speaking Canadians attempted it, most of us would suddenly stop stock-still out of very self consciousness. The English coster on Hampstead Heath of a bank holiday can forget himself and his troubles in a certain uncouth way that signifies his faith in himself and his contentment with his station. This, for one thing, is the explanation of the true Canadian inability to play. He is continually thinking of the class—so-called—above him into which he hopes to graduate. The ribbon-counter girl apes the manner of the last supposed lady she saw. The clerk sees ahead of him the day when he can amuse himself as his manager does. We are self-conscious and, instead of playing, we search for excitement, that of the brilliantly lighted

Asthma Doesn't Wear Off Alone. Do not make the mistake of waiting for asthma to wear away by itself. While you are waiting the disease is surely gathering a stronger foothold and you live in danger of stronger and yet stronger attacks. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy taken early, will prevent incipient condition from becoming chronic and saves hours of awful suffering.

Her HEART and NERVES Were So Bad She Could Not Sleep.

To those who sleep in a kind of a way, but whose rest is broken into by fearful dreams, nightmares, sinking and smothering sensations, who wake in the morning as tired as when they went to bed, we can recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. By taking them you can have your old, peaceful, undisturbed, refreshing sleep back again.

Mrs. Chas. Teel, Horncastle, Ont., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. My heart and nerves were so bad I could not sleep, and the least noise or excitement would make me feel so that I used to think I was going to die, and I would tremble until I could hardly stand. I took doctor's medicine, but it did not do me much good. At last I tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can certainly say they did me a great amount of good. I can recommend them to anyone who is suffering as I was."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitis, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone. I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label. 40c. and \$1.00 per box. Prepared by ALBERT & CO., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

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street, the chute-the-chutes, and the joy ride. How often do you see a real Canadian expressing the mere joy of living and having enough to eat and a little to drink. His only moments of abandon are in a splurge at a vulgar restaurant.

Mental Dyspepsia

There are so many thousands of people suffering from digestive difficulties that the matter has become one of universal importance. There are so many opposing theories, so many conflicting opinions as to the cause for this condition of things, that the suffering dyspeptic is in a hopeless quandary as to what to believe, what course to pursue.

No one in the least degree familiar with the subject can fail to recognize the important part that the mind plays in the digestive function, but we are convinced that its importance is underestimated.

Of the innumerable body of sufferers from digestive derangement throughout the world, it is a positive fact that a large majority of them actually have nothing the matter with them, if they could only be brought to think so.

They are really suffering from mental dyspepsia, a disease that anybody can contract if he makes up his mind to adopt that particular form of idiocy, and to get this form of trouble firmly fastened upon him, all that is necessary is to carry all his cares and worries to the table with him.

If a man sits down to eat while in a bad temper his disturbed mental condition exerts a deleterious effect upon the digestive process. Although the viands may be the best procurable and prepared in a manner to tempt the palate, yet under the influence of his depressed mental condition it is rendered little better than a contaminated mass, a veritable poison to the system.

The whole process of alimentation is under the control of the nervous system, which has its seat in the brain. Consequently, a cheerful mental attitude favors digestion.

Anger is well known to be a veritable thought-poison. A fit of anger has been known to completely arrest digestion. The individual, therefore, who takes his anger and vindictive thoughts to the table with him, practically poisons the very food he eats, or at least, seriously hampers digestion.

It is an equally grave mistake to take business cares or domestic worries to the table, or in fact, any kind of fretful thoughts, for it cannot be doubted that these thought elements have just as much effect upon the nerves that govern digestion, as they have upon the other nerve forces of the system.

Family discords and personal grievances should be relegated to the cellar and never allowed to accompany us into the dining room, for it is in the highest degree unwise to mingle these disturbing elements with our food and still expect the full quota of nutrition.

People need to have the fact impressed upon them that the nerves play a more important part in digestion than they have hitherto suspected—that the mental side of the process is, if anything, more important than the physical.

The trouble of the dyspeptic is invariably aggravated and prolonged by his mental attitude toward his food. He is apprehensive that the food he is eating may be hurtful to him, and by that means brings about the very result he fears. He does not realize that the effect of these adverse thoughts will persist after the thoughts themselves have disappeared, and that the results of these pernicious thoughts will continue to manifest themselves during the later stages of digestion.

It is a common experience to hear people say, when partaking of a certain diet, "I know this will disagree with me," and it is seldom that the prediction is not verified, for they are setting in action the very forces that will promote disagreement. Consciousness of the digestive organs is an offence to them. The more a man is conscious of his stomach, the less will be its capacity for performing good service.

For this reason a dyspeptic should never attempt to follow an experimental course of dietetics with himself, for if

he watches his stomach after his selected meal to note how it will serve him, he will always observe, or think he does, abnormal symptoms. It is never wise to anticipate anything but good results from anything that has been allowed to pass beyond the palate, for that is Nature's infallible safeguard, its province being to reject every objectionable thing.

If you want your food to disagree with you, you only need to fear that it will do so and you are tolerably sure to find your gloomy anticipations realized.

The Alphabet of Health

By Sheldon Leavitt, M.D.

As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. Be master—not servant.

Courage is worth more than medicines. Do not follow the diet fads, but

Eat plenty of ordinary food, with confidence.

Fear not.

Get enthusiastic.

Hold tenaciously to your purposes.

Illness is a reflection of your mental instability.

Joy and gladness are physical tonics.

Keep in the road and you'll meet no "lions."

Live as though you expected to live forever.

Magnify all the bright spots.

Never stop to fight boys or dogs on the way. Go on!

Optimism leads to the hills.

Pessimism leads to the valleys.

Quiet your fears with a big dose of confidence.

Realize your powers over your whole organism.

Smile in the face of threatened defeat. Think health.

Utter no complaints.

View your ambitions as already realized.

That's faith.

Worry kills. Throw it out.

Xercise freely.

Yield not a peg to mere "feelings."

Zealously do what your hand finds to do; live rationally and expectantly; and you will keep well.

Mumps

Mumps is infectious. The child that comes in contact with a patient with the mumps is certain to take the disease. The disease consists of an inflammation and swelling of the glands underneath the jaw. Sometimes only the glands on one side are affected, sometimes both glands are swollen and painful. The swelling extends into the face and neck. The disease is not dangerous if the patient has proper care. The swelling will subside on the fourth or fifth day. The swelling interferes with the swallowing and breathing. Only liquid food can be taken. The child suffering with mumps must have good care. The body must be kept warm and dry. It is better for the child with mumps to be in bed, even if it is not very sick. The child that is around the house dressed as usual, is in danger of taking cold. He is more or less exposed to currents of air and doubly in danger of cold which distributes the mump swellings among the various glands of the body and creates a dangerous stage in the disease.

No violent exercise should be permitted. Much excitement, too, has a tendency to change the location of the inflammation. Giving the child a sweat (the feet and legs in hot water and the body well wrapped is a good method to use), will hasten the recovery. The child should have a physic, and the bowels must be kept open. A flannel around the neck will maintain an even temperature. If the swelling leaves the throat and enters other glands of the body, a fly blister applied over the glands of the throat will restore the soreness to the original location. Hot catnip or peppermint tea taken freely will keep the patient in better condition. It is well to emphasize the previous statement: There is no danger from this disease if the patient has the proper care.

For years Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.

Twice Proven Cure for Nerves

Irritable, Hysterical, Sleepless, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Restores Health.

There is a message in this letter for thousands of women who are suffering from broken-down nervous systems. Sleepless nights, much irritability over little things, spells of dizziness and nervous sick headaches are among the symptoms.

You may not realize the nature of your ailment until nervous prostration comes upon you. But, in whatever stage you find yourself, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is ready to help you.

Mrs. W. J. May, 88 Annette Street, Toronto, writes: "Some years ago I suffered from nervous trouble, and took Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which completely cured me. About six months ago I received a shock which again shattered my nervous system to such an extent that I was irritable and hysterical, and could not sleep nights. I began to use the Nerve Food again and was not disappointed. Improvement was apparent from the first box, and now I am entirely well."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers.

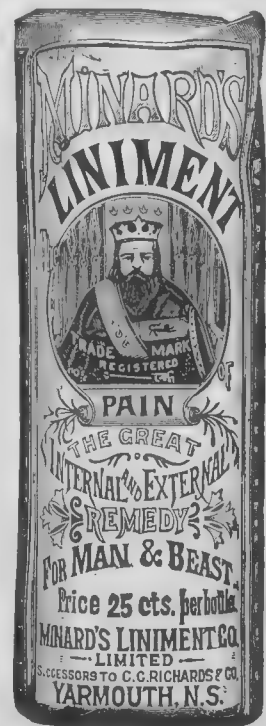
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We have in our possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that we think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So we have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write us for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and we are convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

We think we owe it to our fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what we believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop us a line like this:—Interstate Remedy Co., 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and we will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but we send it entirely free.



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treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address—

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Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mutual development, and readers of the Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

A Suggestion Worth While

Manitoba, Oct., 1913.

Dear Editor—I have just some little time ago returned from town and am now sitting at a table littered with parcels and papers and farm weeklies and

Man and His Problem, and the Correspondence; and I want to ask each and every reader "Where is the magazine that equals the W.H.M.?" Lo! there is none like unto it! "Qui Vive" is right—riches do not bring happiness; neither do they bring misery. Marcus Aurelius says one can be happy "even in a palace." Arnold Bennett in his "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day" says nothing harms us or gives us pleasure outside our own brain. Now we can, if we will, control what takes place in our own brain; therefore, we can be happy or miserable at will. Neither wealth, poverty, position, occupation, location, birth, environment, nationality, size, weight, name, shape or color can give happiness or the reverse. It is "up to" ourselves. We have our lives in our own hands; and it is up to us, boys and girls, to turn in and do our level best. Batty Liz and Silly Sal can enjoy life just as much at a crowded summer resort as yours truly can in the backwoods and vice versa. I am afraid this letter will be too long; but want to say in regard to using "tobac," and



Interlaken.

monthlies, not forgetting the local sheet with its high-sounding head-line. "Here let the press the people's right maintain, etc." But they can all wait while I munch bread and cheese (bachelor fare) and read the W.H.M. I should have "hit the hay" long ago, for it is well past midnight, but tomorrow is Sunday.

Outside, the wind whistles through the poplars with a dreary monotonous moan, suggestive of ghosts, and graveyards, or the phantoms of long-departed generations of dusky aborigines, sorrowing for the fallen children of a once dominant race, pushed back from their ancient hunting-grounds by the inroads of the settler's axe and breaker, or words to that effect. But I toast my shins at the old box stove and peruse the pages of the W.H.M. by the flickering light of a lamp with a blackened globe. I really must clean that lamp some day.

I have read the whole paper through from cover to cover including ads.; I have feasted my eyes on the pictures (that pile of apples makes my mouth water) the scenes of Ont., and Man., and B.C., the four big loaves of bread on the back and the laughing lassie on the front-piece; I've read the stories, the Philosopher's terse comment, Dr. Gordon's vigorous discussion of the Young

drinking "booze," and dancing, I don't think these things in themselves are injurious. It is the over-indulgence in them that harms. "Nothing useless is, or low, Each thing in its place is best." The trouble is we don't keep these things in their place. The fault lies with us. We simply lose control of ourselves; and don't you think, Mr. Editor, that losing our temper is just as harmful, physically and morally, as over-indulgence in any of the foregoing? Couldn't the readers of the Correspondence Sheet, with your help, Mr. Editor, pass some of the long winter hours very probably with debates on various topics? If you, Mr. Editor, would select a subject and name a leader for each side, surely some of those giants of debate, the Doctor, the Cynic, Josephus, Plato, and many others, would consent to take one side or another of any given question, then we common folks could support either side as we chose. Let one subject run for, say, two issues, then the Editor declare the victorious party and name a new subject and leaders. Hoping this proposal will find favor in the eyes of the powers that be, and wishing the W.H.M. and readers every success, I will sign myself,

Northonia.

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Stir It Up By the Use of

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A lazy, slow or torpid liver is a terrible affliction, as it holds back the bile, which is required to move the bowels, and lets it into the blood instead, thus causing Constipation, Catarrh of the Stomach, Sick Headache, Langour, Pain under the Right Shoulder, etc.

Mrs. Wesley Estabrooks, Midgic Station, N.B., writes:—"For several years I had been troubled with pains in the liver. I have had medicine from several doctors, but was only relieved for a time by them. I then tried Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, and I have had no trouble with my liver since. I can honestly recommend them to every person who has liver trouble."

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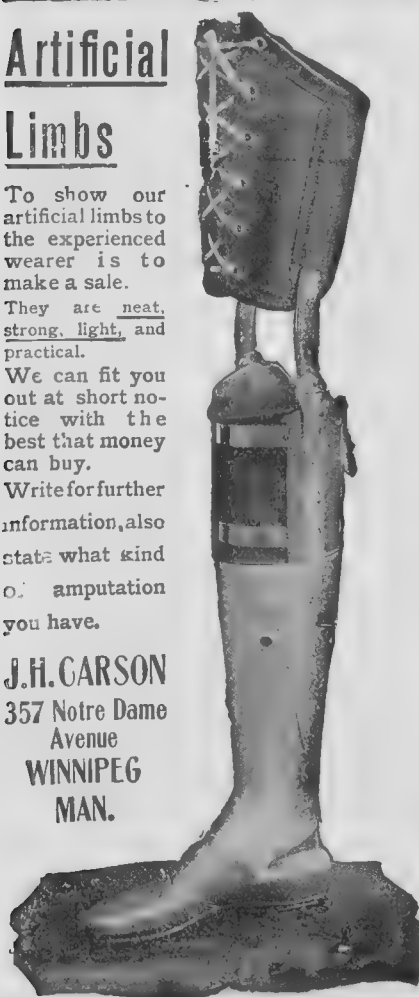
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They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

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357 Notre Dame Avenue
WINNIPEG MAN.



P.S. Would about fifty-two thousand, four hundred and thirty-seven boys and girls, particularly girls, please write to me. Letters will be promptly answered. My address is with the Editor. N

If the person who wrote to Buffalo Bill, No. 1000 and signed "A W.H.M. reader from Nova Scotia," will write again, giving an address, he will be pleased to answer. B.B. No. 1000

A Man's Ideal Man

Alberta, Oct. 13, 1913.

Dear Editor—I am a subscriber to your paper and I fully agree that we should do all the good we can to all the people we can. Glad to join your circle. I have lived in the West ten years, and am a bachelor on a half section. There is sure something fascinating about the grand old prairie, and by the way the Rocky Mountains look fine. The mountains are the most beautiful thing on earth, night descends like a curtain there. My picture of an "ideal man" is as follows: He will be an active Christian worker, doing all he can to down the greatest foe the church has, and that is the saloon. And, also, I quote from the W.H.M. for October "he will understand the meaning of citizenship after the British model." He will realize that the church will reach people, not by stooping from a height, but by walking step by step and side by side with the citizens. He will be highly respected, a great lover of children, he will love the beauties of nature, he will adhere firmly to principle, and will invariably take the part of the weak against the strong. My address is with the Editor, and I would like to hear from "Rosebush" and "A Bachelor Girl" if they will write me, Richard.

The W.H.M. in the Office

Sask., Oct. 19, 1913.

Dear Editor—Here is another lonely girl who would like to join your merry circle. I have been a reader of your paper for a short time, and like it very much. I always look forward to it long before it is due, and I always take it along to the office where I am employed. I enjoy reading it there because I am so lonesome. I don't like staying in the office all the week. I like a farming life much better, but I get very few chances to go to the farm. I feel very sorry for some of those bachelors who live so far away from neighbors. It is not so bad when you have some company. If any one cares to write to a lonely girl I will answer all letters and cards at once, my address is with the Editor. Wishing the W.H.M. continued success, Lonely Elmor.

Agrees With "Lancastrian."

Sask., Oct. 11, 1913.

Dear Editor—Although I have only been a subscriber for a few months I have found the W.H.M. the most interesting paper that I have ever subscribed for. I see quite a few letters discussing dancing and card playing. Everyone has an opinion of their own, but my opinion is that it is all right as long as it is not carried too far. We all like a little enjoyment of some kind—one will prefer this and one that. I surely agree with "Lancastrian" about marrying for riches. I have seen many unhappy homes through it, there are a few like it right in the district where I live. Try and make one another happy and I am sure you will not miss the money. I came to Canada eight years ago, and find it a country of many opportunities for the man who is willing to work. I would be very glad to get some letters and assure prompt answer. Wishing the paper every success, I will sign myself, Tyro.

Still Reads The W.H.M.

Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 6, 1913.

Dear Editor—This is the first time I have written to the W.H.M. and I hope my letter will meet with success. I am not from the country, like most of the members. I live in the City, but I have spent six years in Western Canada, and I would like to go back West again. I think city life is not much as compared with life on the prairie. We used to take the W.H.M. up West, and now I buy it every month, and certainly

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We don't ask you to pay us a cent until you have used this wonderful modern light in your own home for ten days, then you may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied. We want you to prove for yourself that it gives five to fifteen times as much light as the ordinary oil lamp; beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Lights and is put out just like the old oil lamp.

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will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to this Aladdin in every way (details of offer given in our circular). Would we dare make such a challenge to the world if there was the slightest doubt as to the merits of the Aladdin? We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer customers. Write quick for our 10 Day Absolutely Free Trial Proposition, Agents' Wholesale Prices, and learn how to get ONE FREE.

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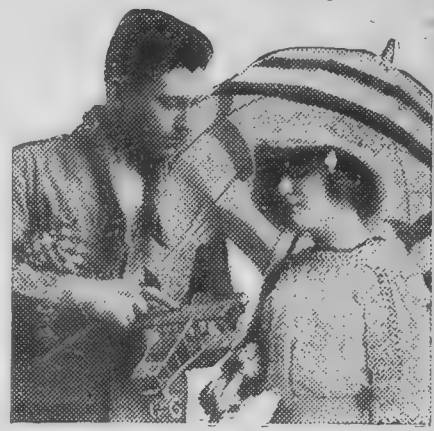
MR. READER:

Here is something I have to offer you absolutely for nothing—a little private book of special information about the legitimate uses and unnatural abuses of manly vigor; about the preservation of manly strength and its possible self-restoration; an illustrated pocket compendium of 8,000 words, 72 pages and 30 half-tone photograph reproductions—which I am very pleased to send by mail, absolutely free of charge, in a plain sealed envelope, to any man, young or elderly, single or married, who writes for it.

Over a million of these books have been thus sent to applicants all over the world since my free offer first appeared. Publishers are charging as much as \$2 for books on sex subjects, while my book is free. Therefore, reader, if you would like a great fund of inside information relating directly to the subject of manly vigor, all put in perfectly plain, easy-to-read language, with many hints that you can surely apply to your own self, no matter how strong you may be, or how nervous or rundown you may be—if you want to know the facts about this particular subject, given to you without a single scare, then fill in the coupon below, send to me and receive my book, sealed, by return mail. In one part of this little publication I describe a mechanical invention of my own, which I call the SANDEN Vitalizer, something you wear at night as an aid to the restoration of lost or waning strength; but you are not expected to get one of these appliances unless you decide for yourself that you want one. The book is complete, and there is absolutely nothing you are required to buy or pay, either now or in the future. Therefore, please send your name and address today.

SANDEN, Author.

MANHOOD! The quality which rules the world today. My friend, there never was a time in the history of the human race when real sturdy manhood, manly vigor and manly courage counted for as much as they do now, this very minute. No matter what your years, whether you are 20 or 60, you must be either entirely in the race or entirely out of it. It is invariably the fellow who proves up strongest in this human strength that forges to the front, while weaklings stand aside; it is he also who is in most demand and most sought after by women and men of his community, simply because he radiates that marvellous magnetic influence which only an abundant vigor and rugged manly health can radiate. I believe any man can hope to completely develop or



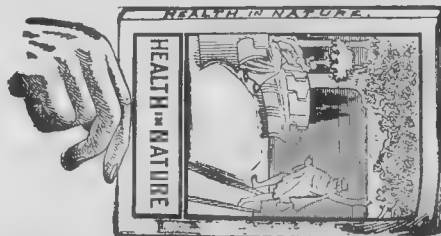
STRENGTH WINS IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE.

restore this same vigor or manly strength, no matter what his past follies may have been, provided he is willing to REALLY MAKE THE EFFORT; and provided, of course, he is not weighed down by extreme old age or is not incurably diseased. To my mind, the road of the one who wants more vigor is perfectly plain, but it is a road that any man MUST travel if he attains the highest ideals in respect to his own manhood. See information in my free book.

As to the SANDEN Vitalizer, previously mentioned, will say it is a little mechanical appliance, weighing but a few ounces, which you wear at night. The Vitalizer generates and sends forth a certain soft, penetrating force which I call Vitality. It drives this Vitality into your nerves, blood, muscles and organs as you sleep. It is quieting to the nervous system—or, at least, so users say. Men write that it takes pain out of the back often at once and restores vitality in 90 days. Remember, the general information of the free book is independent of this Vitalizer, and you are not expected to get one of these little appliances unless you want to. You can write me later as to that if you so desire. With special attachments, my Vitalizer is used by women, as well as men for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc. If you live in, or near this city I should be most pleased to have you call in person at my office, where you may see and test the Vitalizer free of charge. Hours—9 to 6; Sundays, 10 to 1. Or if inconvenient to call, do not fail to write for the free booklet.

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If you live too far, or if you cannot call, please fill in the coupon below and send it to me. You will receive free, sealed, by return mail, my 72-page illustrated book, containing 8,000 words, a complete compendium of useful information for men, young or elderly, single or married, who want the truth about the subject of vital strength, its preservation, its possible self-restoration and its legitimate use and wanton abuses. You get it all free.



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If your cold is feverish Mathieu's Nervine Powders, the wonderful headache cure, will promptly dispel the fever and chase the pain from head, back and limbs. Box of 12 Powders, 25c.

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Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pain in the back have been cured, in the real meaning of the word, by a little Stillingia, Iodide of Potassium, Poke Root, Guaiac Resin and Sarsaparilla. Any person can take these remedies in any reasonable amount with perfect safety, and the results have been found to be astonishing. It has been proven that this combination makes up the best rheumatism remedy in existence, having actually cured many stubborn cases of over 30 and 40 years' standing—even in persons of old age.

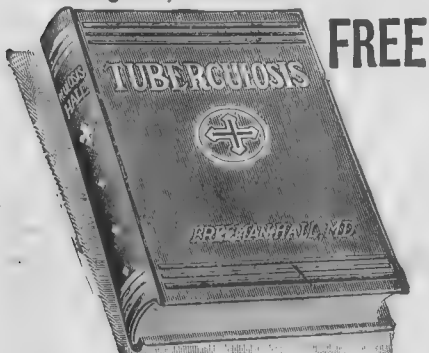
The five ingredients mentioned above prepared with great accuracy and skill not only in regard to proportion, but also in selecting the best material, have been put up in compressed tablet form, and are called

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If you suffer from any form of uric acid in the blood, and have Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, this is the way to drive it out of your system in quick time. Simply send your name and address, enclosing this advertisement, to JOHN A. SMITH, 1654 Laing Building, Windsor, Ontario, and by return mail you will receive the box absolutely free. It is only in "Gloria Tonic" that you can get the above combination ready for use.

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enjoy reading it. I think the bachelors of the West write cheery letters, but I guess they get lonely sometimes. I am enclosing a stamped letter to be forwarded to "Buffalo Bill" as I would like to correspond with him. I would also like to hear from cowboys in the West, and will promise to answer all letters. My address is with the Editor, I will sign myself,

Ruby.

A Great Improvement

Sask., Oct. 14, 1913.

Dear Editor—Although I have been a reader of your valuable paper for two years, this is the first attempt I have made to write to you. I will endeavor to pen a few lines which may be of interest to some of those Eastern girls who have a desire to know a little about us Western bachelors. First of all I want to tell you I have been seven years in the West, so you can guess by that, that I am no newcomer. "Lancastrian" of October number is quite right when he says homesteading is an up-hill life. Certainly we have many battles to fight. Don't be discouraged "Lancastrian," if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. I am very much interested in Blondy's letter. Say girls, there's some sound advice for you which I am sure is worth remembering. "Blondy" is perfectly right when she says

and hope others will take it up. I am not by any means the "ideal woman" whom "Rose Bush" describes; though I am endeavoring to lead a Christian life. I am conscious often of many failures. Although healthy I am not particularly strong, though thanks to Canada—much stronger in recent years. Some of the qualifications probably fit me. Now if I may further trespass on your space, Mr. Editor, I will endeavor to describe my "ideal man," though in many respects he will be a duplicate of "Rose Bush's" description of the "Ideal Woman." He will be an earnest Christian, though with nothing "mamby-pamby" about his nature. As opportunity offers he will be an active Christian worker, healthy, height about 5 feet, 9 inches, age from 32 to 35 years, dark hair and eyes, a clear rather ruddy complexion, well educated, courteous to all, a lover of children and nature in all its phases. He must above all have very high ideals of marriage and home life, though very patient with the little failings incidental to a home. May I add that I am English, though my residence in Canada has been of duration long enough to allow me sometimes to be mistaken for a genuine Canadian. I am a school teacher in a City in Saskatchewan, and thoroughly enjoy the work. I wish I could trespass long enough to tell of the help the W.H.M. has been to me. It cer-



Interlaken, Alta.

Mother will prove a friend to us when all others fail. I would be pleased to hear from "Blondy" if she would care to write to a lonely homesteader. Although I am glad to say it is not so lonely as it used to be four years ago when we had to go sixty miles to town and used to get our mail once a month. Now we are only nine miles from a good town, and the country is well settled. Of course I have work enough to do to keep my hands out of mischief. I have 320 acres of land; I had 200 acres in crop this year. I do all the work myself, so you may guess I am not idle. "Rose Bush" certainly gave us quite a picture of an "ideal woman," now girls hurry up and give us a picture of an "ideal man." I am anxious to see that. I would like to hear from any of the girls, and I leave my address with the Editor,

Western Sun.

A School Teacher's Ideal Man

Sask., Oct. 13, 1913.

Dear Editor and Readers—I have been an appreciative reader of the W.H.M. for three years, but never before have summoned up the courage needed to write to the Correspondence department. If this letter is consigned to the waste paper basket I fear it will be more than three years before I again am courageous enough to venture an opinion. I have enjoyed the October number even more than usual, which is saying a great deal. The letters of "Qui Vive" and "Rose Bush" of the current number, have provided the stimulus I was needing to incite me to my decision to write. I shall be very interested in the subject for discussion proposed by "Rose Bush,"

certainly has helped to mould my ideals. I will welcome any correspondence,
Father's Girl.

Not an Age of Chivalry

Kamloops, B.C., Oct. 17, 1913.

Dear Editor—It is a long time since I have seen anything from Kamloops, B.C., in this column, so if I may have a little space I will tell you how things are going on out West, but, first of all, I would like to praise you for the nice issue of October. The picture of that fine healthy girl on the front page is worth the money. I might say if there are many girls like her in the W.H.M. Club I would give all I had to meet them. It is pretty difficult to find such healthy good looking girls as the one in the picture. The reading in the magazine is fine and very true. The first little paragraph about a visitor at Winnipeg giving up his seat to twelve ladies without one of them thanking him. You can see that all over, what with the rush in work, and eating, and making dollars there is no chivalry. Another is about the religious feeling in the West—it is materialism sure enough, but still I blame the Colleges for sending us such men as they do. They may be versed in the Bible, but they have not got the go and will power to hold a crowd; they think they are safe, but the crowd is supposed to be ignorant and lost. We have a good one now in our settlement, but the last three were surely slow. Send us good talkers, men who will fall in line and make themselves at home, and forget what they used to do away back East. Let us give thanks, yes we can give thanks, we are proud of our country; as Canadians we

GIRL SUFFERED TERRIBLY

At Regular Intervals—Says
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured her.

Adrian, Texas.—"I take pleasure in adding my testimonial to the great list



and hope that it will be of interest to suffering women. For four years I suffered untold agonies at regular intervals. Such pains and cramps, severe chills and sickness at stomach, then finally hemorrhages until I would be nearly blind. I had five

doctors and none of them could do more than relieve me for a time.

"I saw your advertisement in a paper and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took seven boxes of it and used two bottles of the Sanative Wash, and I am completely cured of my trouble. When I began taking the Compound I only weighed ninety-six pounds and now I weigh one hundred and twenty-six pounds. If anyone wishes to address me in person I will cheerfully answer all letters, as I cannot speak too highly of the Pinkham remedies."—Miss JESSIE MARSH, Adrian, Texas.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

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**For Nervous Men is Quick-
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No additional help or medicine necessary with this, which we send you in confidence. Most doctors if they knew this would probably charge \$3.50 to \$5.00 to write it out for you. No charge for this if you

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When you hear from us and get it you can use it or not as you please. Decide then. But take this small chance for big results that you'll quickly feel and enjoy.

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Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a universal remedy for sufferers from all bronchial troubles. Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and Throat and Lung Troubles, disappear quickly after a few doses have been taken.

It will stop that distressing, tickling sensation in the throat which causes coughing and keeps you awake at night.

Price, 25c; large family size, 50c. Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Quickly relieves HEADACHE-CATARH-ETC

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MAN.

have a large country and all kinds of industries in their infancy. We can give thanks for peace; that we, Canadians, can claim we are at peace with the world, and we hope to always remain so. I noticed several pictures that are of B.C., especially of the fish, saw mills, and logs. You see these at the coast, but you can see as much logging right in the interior, and also mining. Then again the Rocky Mountain scenery in Jasper Park and around Banff is a sight never to be forgotten. I have climbed the sulphur mountain—Mount Rundle—and have been part way up Mount Cascade. I can assure you it is a sight from the tops, and many flowers abound just under the snow. I have been around those Hoodoos at Canmore, and if I remember aright a cemetery was close handy. It seems odd those needles of gravel and clay just like cement—they stand as sentinels looking over the valley of the Bow. Now I must say something about Kamloops, the town is situated on the banks of the Thompson River, it is a fine residential town with a population of some 4,000; the altitude is 1160 feet above the sea level, and is in the centre of the dry belt. We have several banks which have put up good stone and brick buildings—the churches have all fine buildings. The Government Court house and offices of the different officials are of stone and brick and are situated on an imposing site which looks up the valley of the N. Thompson. The new hospital built last year is another fine building. The town has its own electric light plant, and a new power house has just been built. It also has its own waterworks, two big reservoirs filled by strong pumps, the water which is soft coming from the river. The town is on the main line of the C.P.R. who have a big round house and machine shops. The C.N.R. is also building into the town, the line will come down the N. Thompson Valley from Tete Jaune Cache. Now about the country around; it is hilly, but those hills fatten up lots of cattle, and high up they produce grain of No. 1 quality. The settlements to the south are known as Rosehill, Beresford, Edith Lake, Long Lake and Campbell Creek—all prosperous and raising grain, poultry, beef, horses and fruit. To the north of Kamloops quite a farming district is to be seen. After you get out of the dry belt which is about eighteen miles you come to the wet belt, where you come in contact with heavy timbered land which has yet to be cleared. The timber can be sold to different local saw mills of which two big ones are in Kamloops. To the West are fruit lands, I might say this land is sold at so much an acre, planted with fruit trees of course would be more in price. The government have two wooden buildings here—one the provincial jail and the other the old man's home, where most of the old time gold miners of Cariboo, who have grown too old to work, are kept and looked after until their time comes and they are buried by the government. It is great to go and hear the old fellows talk of away back when the Cariboo gold mining was all the go. Now I suppose I will have to close, but I would like to have some correspondents for this winter as things are a little slack in the winter. We generally skate if the weather will let us. Now as regards myself, I am a farmer of 33. My address is with the Editor, and I would like to get some letters from any members of the Club, Kamloops.

A Cow Girl

Sask., Oct. 8, 1913.

Dear Editor—I saw the letters in your most interesting paper, and, just thought I would like to write one too. I love sports of all kinds, horseback riding and skating especially. I live on a farm about a mile out of town, and am general cowgirl around there. I don't live very far from the Saskatchewan river, and about twenty-eight miles from the City of Prince Albert. I have not been in the country quite two years, I came from Manitoba up here. I can sympathise with "Buffalo Bill" in the half breeds as there are all kinds of them around here. My address will be with the Editor, and I will be pleased to answer all who care to write to,

A Cow Girl Kid.

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A message for the sick man, woman and child; for everyone who is out of sorts; a message, too, to all who are well, and would keep well.

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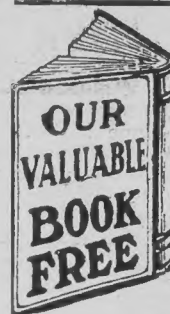
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Write today for book of spontaneous testimony. Send also for our valuable book on health, and which describes fully the Oxydonor—a tried and true agent which has blessed thousands upon thousands of persons during the past 25 years.

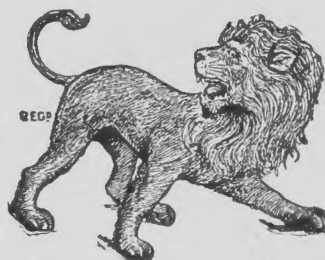
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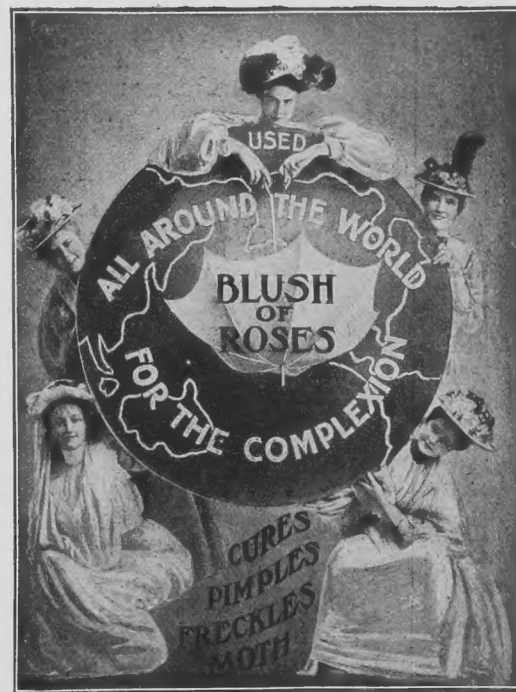
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Household Suggestions

Christmas Chafing Dish Candies

To make chocolate nut wafers place one or two five-cent cakes of German or French sweet chocolate in the upper pan of a chafing-dish. The under pan should contain a pint of water. Then light the alcohol lamp underneath. Place a cover over the upper pan to keep the steam away from the chocolate. When the chocolate becomes soft and not too thin remove the pan and set it in some convenient spot, slightly tilting the dish. With an ordinary teaspoon dip out a small portion and drop it on wax paper or a sheet of aluminium. If it is dropped out when nearly cold the wafers will keep their shape better. Crest each one as they lay in regular rows with a glace cherry or half a walnut or pecan, a ribbon of pineapple glace or a blanched almond. Then set them in a cool room to harden.

Chocolate Fig Dainties.—Melt some chocolate as directed above. Have a quarter of a pound of firm Turkish pressed figs cut in threads with a sharp knife. Stir the threads of fig into the melted chocolate so as to make the mass quite thick. Dip out a small portion of the confection with a dessertspoon, and with a three-tined steel fork scrape the dainty out of the spoon on to wax paper or an aluminium plate. Dip them out when the mixture is nearly cold so that the dainties will hold their rough appearance. Make them the size of hickory-nuts or nutmegs. Place them in a cool room to harden.

Cream Cocoonut Wafers.—Place one pound of powdered sugar (icing sugar) in the chafing-dish and add two ounces of water to it, or enough to make a firm dough when mixed in with a spoon. Have half a pound of shredded cocoonut dampened a little with sweetened water. Light the alcohol lamp under the water-pan and set the chafing-dish containing the dough-sugar into it. Soon the mixture will melt down thin like milk. When the sugar becomes blood-warm stir the dampened cocoonut into it. This should make the cream very thick. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon extract while stirring in the cocoonut. Dip out in lumps the size of English walnuts and arrange in rows over the surface of wax paper and flatten each one out into a thin wafer with a fork. Two or three tablespoonfuls of melted chocolate may be added at the time of stirring in the cocoonut.

Cream Fruit Wafer.—Slice up some glace pineapple into ribbons, also a few figs and glace pears. Mix them into the melted dough-sugar, after the cream cocoonut wafer mode. Have an ample supply of fruit slips to make the mixture thick and easy to dip out. Make the whole into a wafer-sheet on a sheet of wax paper; thin it out with a fork and when it sets firm cut it up into blocks.

Chocolate Crackle.—Procure or make some butter-scotch wafers. Crack them up in very fine bits and roll them down almost to a powder with a rolling-pin. Melt chocolate in the usual way, and stir in an equal quantity of powdered butter-scotch. Mix it all in nicely and when the mixture becomes quite cool dip it out like chocolate fig dainties. Finish in the same way.

Chocolate Mince Lumps.—Shred a quantity of blanched Jordan almonds, also some figs and Canton crystal ginger; mix them in with melted chocolate the same way that the butter-scotch meal was added in the chocolate crackle. Dip out and finish after the manner of other dainties.

Chocolate Roast Titbits.—Blanch half a pound of almonds by placing them in the hot-water pan of your chafing-dish; let them remain in the hot water long enough to loosen the brown skins; dip one out with a spoon, and if the meat will slip out nicely by pressure of the thumb and finger they are all ready. Remove pan or skim them out on a plate and blanch each one. Let them dry and place them in a moderate oven to roast. Have them in a bright tin and stir carefully to have each one roasted through evenly. They may be roasted in the lower pan by attending to the stirring often. Put them in the dry pan and light the alcohol underneath. When they are

roasted bruise them into small particles or chop them finely in a chopping-bowl. Melt half a pound of chocolate and stir the almond crumbs into it thoroughly. Drop them out in buttons on wax paper. Finish in a cool place.

Chocolate Butter Dates.—Select the fresh glossy Persian dates; slit them down the sides and remove the pits. Stuff them with fresh peanut butter. Melt some chocolate; hold a stuffed date, butter-side up, and dip the lower part of date in the melted chocolate. Stand them on wax paper or aluminium plates

another plain wafer with it to form a sandwich effect. Cream wintergreen, pistachio or vanilla wafers are nice when sandwiched with chocolate.

Combinations for Date Stuffing.—Raisins and blanched almonds chopped to a paste; Canton ginger and glace cherries reduced to conserve; a general assortment of glace fruits chopped to a thick mass; peanut cheese and chopped filberts; figs, prunes and shredded cocoonut finely minced.

It is well to know that cooking utensils which retain a disagreeable odor from fish or onions cooked therein, may be made sweet and fresh by being thoroughly heated after washing and drying.

thickly with grated cocoonut, and serve immediately.

To Cook Squash

Cut a thick slice from stem-end of the squash, and scoop out seeds and pulp thoroughly; return the top piece to its place, and put the whole in a shallow pan in the oven to bake. Let cook slowly from one to three hours, according to the size. (A very small squash will require an hour.) It should be so tender that the rind will separate readily from the inside. Season as for the boiled vegetable, adding a little sugar if not of the sweet variety.

Coffee Ice Cream

Coffee ice cream is one for which the materials are quite certain to be at hand, and consequently is frequently in demand, for the fruit supply may fail and other flavorings be put out of reach for the time being. To one quart of cream allow one pint of milk, two eggs, a cupful of sugar and a cupful of strong black coffee. Put the milk in a double boiler and when hot pour slowly over the well-beaten eggs, add the sugar and return to the fire. Stir until the mixture thickens, then remove from the fire and add the coffee. When cool, beat in the cream, add half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and freeze.

Lunches for Travelling

Nothing is more unappetizing than to have to eat from the same lunch basket several meals in succession. After the first meal it looks mussy and scrappy. Try this plan:

Do up each meal by itself in a paste-board box with change of menu as you would for luncheon at home. Strap boxes compactly together.

Let one, for instance, contain sliced ham, olives, brown bread and butter, cookies and apples. Another fried chicken, white bread and butter, cup of jelly, slices of cake and oranges. Another tongue, chow-chow, rolls and butter, ginger cookies and bananas, and so on.

Throw box and scraps away at close of each lunch.

Still another attractive way is to wrap each separate article of food in oiled tissue paper and then arrange neatly in a lunch basket or box. Thus the sandwiches, meats, relishes, cakes and fruits would each be by themselves.

A generous supply of paper napkins (they are so cheap—3 cents a hundred) should be found in all lunch baskets. These should be thrown away after each meal.

Bottled tea and coffee will make quite an addition to a lunch; and where an alcohol lamp is used can easily be served hot.

I find tin cups more convenient for use in travelling than china or glass. Regular travelling cups may be purchased at a small expense.

A dozen lemons squeezed out into a bottle will make it possible, with the addition of sugar, to convert the ice-cold tank water into delicious lemonade.

Sterilized milk will also keep well, and is nice where little children are of the party.

Note—A small child doesn't think it is any fun to travel unless there is a lunch or something to eat on the journey. An older child scorns the idea of carrying a lunch, considering it green and cheap looking, but the wiser ones realize the convenience and true luxury of the lunch box. The dining car may be a delight for one or two meals, but it is not always that dining car service can be obtained; then the hurried station restaurants must be resorted to. The greatest inconvenience is in being obliged to wait until the meals are called.—Josephine Weatherby Cooking Club.

Do not throw away the green leaves of celery. Wash the perfect ones and dry on a plate in a warm room, or on the back of the stove, turning frequently, then keep in a tightly covered tin box, and when celery is out of season they will prove a great addition to soups, stews and dressings.

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| 5 cupfuls flour | 1 cupful canned fruit (strawberries best) |
| 3 lbs. raisins | 1 doz. eggs |
| 2 lbs. currants | 2 tablespoonfuls spice (cloves, cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg) |
| 1 lb. mixed peel | 1/2 teaspoonful salt |
| 1 lb. brown sugar | |
| 1 lb. butter | |
| 1/2 teaspoonful soda | |
| Bake 5 hours | |

GINGER BREAD

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| 1/2 cupful butter | 3 cupfuls flour |
| 1/2 cupful sugar | 2 teaspoonfuls ginger |
| 1 cupful molasses | 2 teaspoonfuls soda |
| 1 cupful milk | 1/4 teaspoonful cloves |
| 1 egg | 1/4 teaspoonful cinnamon |

ORANGE SHERBET

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 4 cupfuls milk | Juice two lemons |
| 2 cupfuls sugar | Juice two oranges |

Mix juice and sugar together; freeze milk until it is a mushy consistency, then add fruit juice and sugar and continue freezing; pack and let stand several hours before using.

SHORTBREAD

- | | |
|-------------|----------------|
| 1 lb. flour | 1/2 lb. butter |
| | 1/4 lb. sugar |

Mix butter and sugar together on baking board; gradually draw in flour, kneading well and keeping dough firm in both hands; press into a shallow cake tin; pinch round the edges and prick over with a fork. Bake in a slow oven for 3/4 of an hour. Sprinkle fine sugar over top.

TOMATO JELLY

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1 can tomatoes | 2 teaspoonfuls sugar |
| 2 bay leaves | 1/2 teaspoonful salt. |
| 2 slices of onions | 1/2 teaspoonful pepper |
| 6 cloves | 1/2 box gelatine |

to finish. Wrap each one in wax paper and twist the ends of the paper.

Chocolate Crackers.—Use little crisp crackers. Melt the chocolate nicely. Roll one cracker at a time in the melted chocolate with a steel-tined fork; drop them on wax paper in regular rows and finish in a cool room. Have the chocolate very thick while dripping the crackers.

Confections from Confections.—Fresh marsh-mallows are fine if half dipped in melted chocolate. When they are finished dip raisins, glace cherries, walnut halves, and so on, slightly in the melted chocolate and place them lightly over the half-dipped marshmallows. They will soon dry and will then be ready to serve.

Mint Wafer Sandwich.—Purchase some plain cream mint wafers at the confectioner's and dip the flat side of one slightly in melted chocolate, and put

Baking Powder Biscuits

Two cups of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of salt, mixed and sifted. Add three-fourths of a cup of milk mixed with flour and one-half tablespoonful of olive oil, mixing well with a knife. Toss on a floured board, roll lightly to one-half inch thickness. Cut with a biscuit cutter and bake in a hot oven from twelve to fifteen minutes.

Ginger Creams

Make a soft gingerbread of two eggs, three cups of molasses, one cup cream, one cup of shortening, six cups of flour, one tablespoon of soda, and two of ginger. Bake in thin sheets. While hot, cut the gingerbread circle with a cookie cutter, place a generous spoonful of whipped cream on each one, sprinkle

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